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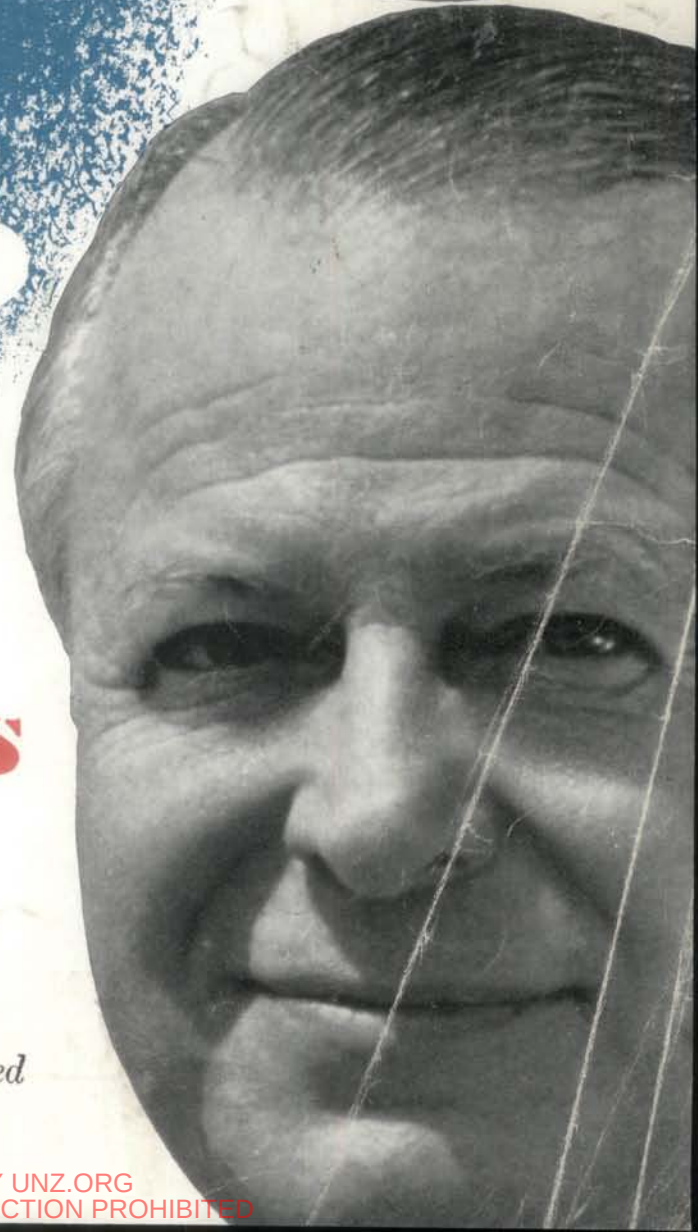
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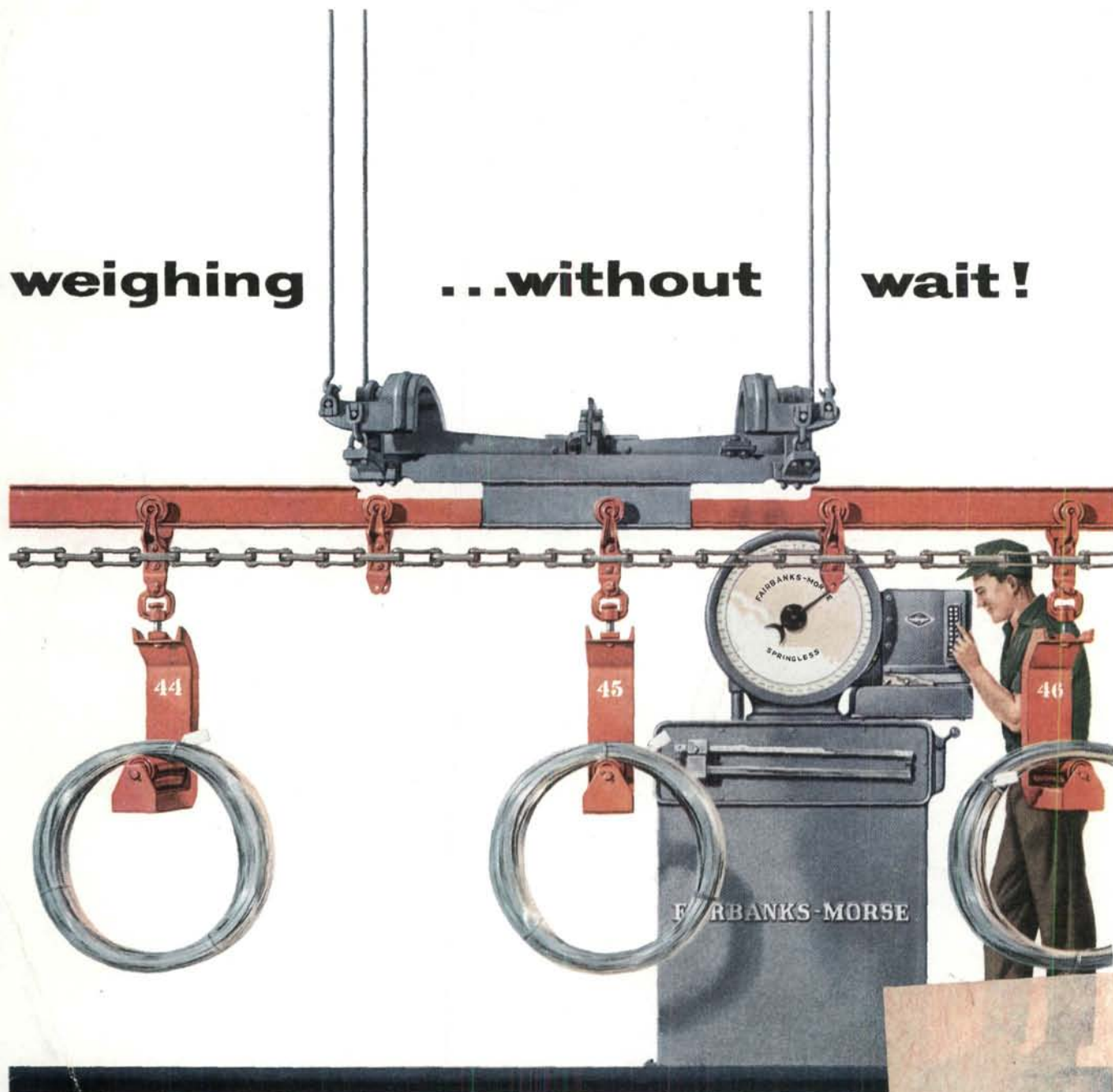
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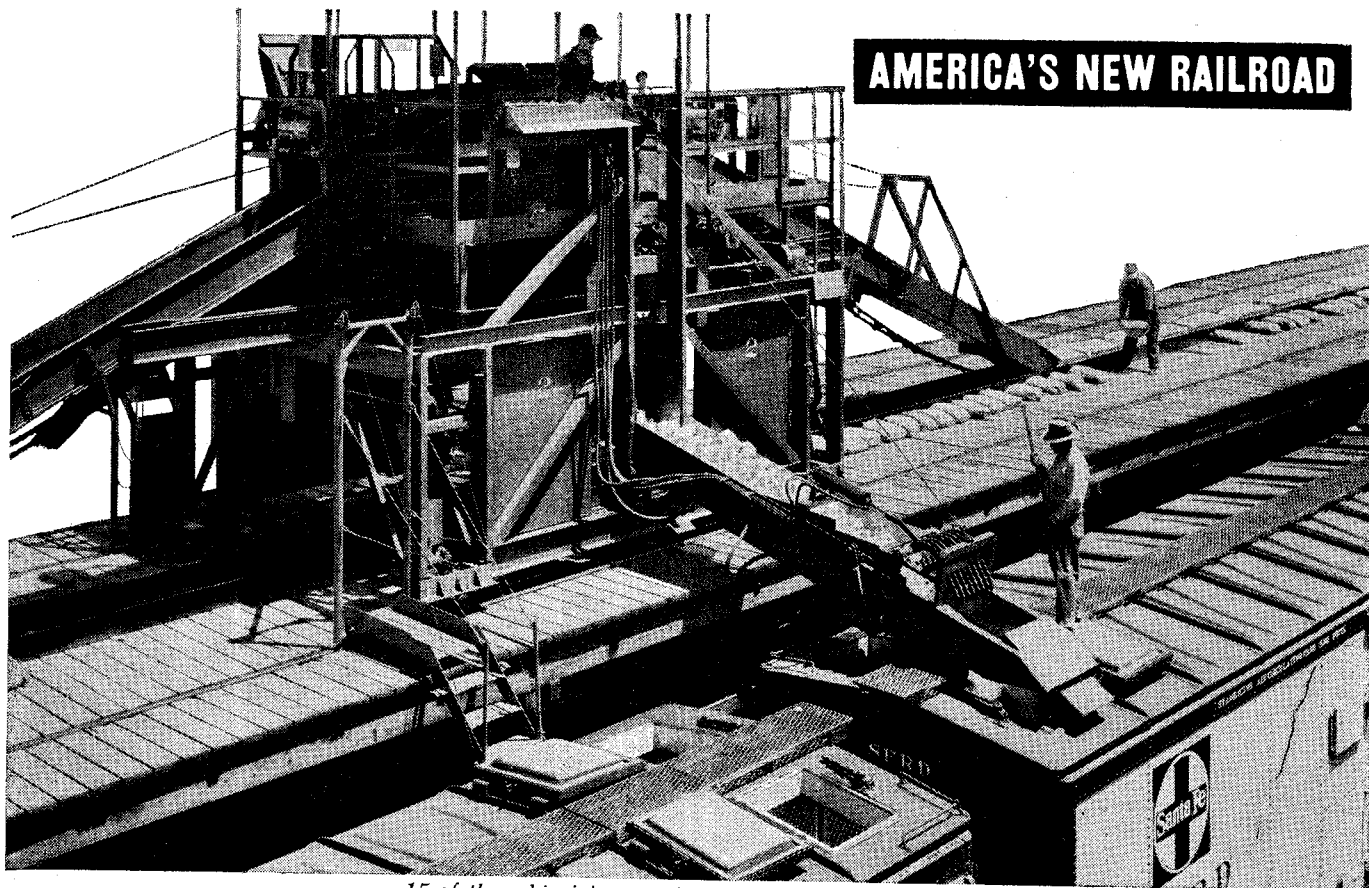
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Cover design by Noel Martin
Photograph of Robert Gross by John Engstead

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, August, 1953, Vol. 192, No. 2. Published monthly. Publication Office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N.H. Editorial and General Offices, 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass. 50 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by return postage. Entered as second-class matter July 15, 1918, at the Post Office at Concord, N.H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the U.S.A., by Rumford Press, Concord, N.H. Copyright 1953, by The Atlantic Monthly Company. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention.



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Washington

SENATOR TAFT's illness has created a leadership problem for the Administration. Despite Taft's gyrations on foreign policy, the White House has relied heavily on his prestige as Senate majority leader to enforce discipline among the Republicans in Congress. Senator Knowland, who is serving as acting floor leader during Taft's incapacity, does not command the same respect.

Whether Taft has acted out of agreement with the Eisenhower program or out of a sense of party responsibility has never been entirely clear. There can be no doubt, however, that he and the President have developed a high mutual regard deriving from their regular legislative conferences as well as their frequent golf matches.

Taft's influence has been especially valuable in holding the troglodyte wing of the Republican Party in line. His prestige has by no means been confined to one side of the aisle; one of the most lavish tributes to him at the outset of his illness came from the minority leader, Senator Lyndon Johnson. But because of the one-vote Republican margin in the Senate, Taft's ability to keep the McCarthy-Bridges-Jenner faction in tow most of the time has been important on issues involving a straight party division.

It is true that Taft's departures on foreign policy have sometimes embarrassed the Administration, particularly in the reactions they have stirred abroad. His "go it alone" criticism of the United Nations as an effective instrument against aggression forced the President to take public issue with his legislative lieutenant. With characteristic inconsistency, Taft replied that what he had in mind was a sort of Pacific version of NATO —

even though in the same week he had asserted that he had "always been a skeptic on the subject of the military practicability of NATO."

Taft also has dismayed some of his colleagues by remarking that "McCarthy is the greatest asset the Republican Party has." But in the net he has been a stabilizing influence.

"The Senator from Formosa"

The affable Knowland, who is substituting for Taft, is a moderate in domestic affairs as well as on policy toward Europe. His liability to the Administration is in his blind eye toward the Far East. Because of his uncompromising devotion to Chiang Kai-shek as the potential savior of China, he has been dubbed "the Senator from Formosa." In this respect Knowland is generally regarded as the leading spokesman for the China lobby. A measure of the control his group has been able to exert over American policy in the Far East may be seen in the fact that the Mutual Security Agency's request called for a billion dollars in military and economic aid for the general area of China (meaning Formosa) as compared with a total of \$94 million for India and Pakistan combined.

There are some who believe that Knowland is the most likely candidate to accede to the mantle of the late Senator Vandenberg. Unquestionably he has the intellectual capacity for statesmanship if he can be persuaded to moderate his championship of Chiang Kai-shek.

Responsibility has wrought some amazing conversions. Senator Wiley, as chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, has shucked off his old isolationism and was the first Senator to reply to

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The Atlantic Report on Washington



the Taft outburst on the UN. Senator Capehart, whose amendment to the 1951 Defense Production Act amounted to a sort of sabotage, took the lead in the move to grant stand-by economic control powers to the President. Senator Hickenlooper, who a few years ago waged a running attack on David E. Lilienthal, conducted an investigation of the foreign information program that was a model of fairness.

Recognition for Red China?

There is increasing realization within the Administration that sooner or later the United States will have to acknowledge the fact of Communist China. This, of course, is directly contrary to what Knowland has been arguing.

The psychological warriors — in particular C. D. Jackson, the President's cold war strategy coordinator — are convinced that the United States must somehow devise a way to drive a wedge between Peiping and Moscow. They believe that, in the aftermath of Stalin's death, Mao Tse-tung considers himself the intellectual leader of world Communism, and they see in this an incipient rivalry between China and Russia.

Incidentally, within the Administration there also is considerable acceptance of the thesis of George F. Kennan that Soviet Premier Malenkov is the virtual prisoner of a triumvirate composed of Beria, Molotov, and Bulganin. In this respect Sir Winston Churchill's overtures to Malenkov are regarded as a mistake, for they run the risk of helping create a new Stalin where none now exists.

The problem is how to drive the wedge between China and Russia in view of the paralysis that has gripped American policy toward Communist China since Truman and Acheson were boxed in by the China lobby. Virtually every suggestion that Chiang Kai-shek probably cannot be restored on the mainland, and that it will eventually be necessary to agree to some sort of accommodation with Red China, has been denounced by the Knowland-Bridges-Judd group as something close to treason.

Particularly in India there has been suspicion that the United States is anxious to engage in unremitting war against Communist China. Happily, the conference between Secretary of State Dulles and Prime Minister Nehru went much better than had been predicted. Dulles was able to reassure Nehru as to our peaceful aims, and one of the fruits he brought back from his trip was Nehru's indorsement of the American plan for a Korean truce.

The thought of another Communist member of the United Nations, with veto power in the Security Council, still brings a chill in Washington. But the issue is bound to come up as a key point in a general Far Eastern settlement. And even though the Administration is coming around to the view that a reorientation of American policy toward China will be necessary, the mechanics will be difficult. One possible first step would be the de-recognition of Chiang Kai-shek as the sovereign of mainland China and the concurrent recognition of the Nationalist government as the *de facto* sovereign in Formosa.

However, President Eisenhower has compromised away a good deal of his bargaining position. The Administration made no effective rejoinder to Senator McCarthy's effort to force a total embargo by distorting the statistics on nonstrategic trade with China. Although the President successfully averted a Senate rider denying funds to the United Nations if Communist China were admitted, he promised in turn to lead a fight against Communist membership.

It is conceivable, however, that the President will have a technical out. Some diplomats in Washington feel that the acceptance of Red China in the UN would call not for formal admission, but merely for a change of credentials. If that should prove to be the case, then the matter would be handled by the General Assembly and would not be subject to a veto in the Security Council.

The legislative record

Despite the past help of Senator Taft, no appraisal of the results of the Eisenhower legislative program can count it an unbounded success. Among the major measures proposed by the President, Congress acted decisively on the submerged oil lands and on the extension of Presidential reorganization powers. It provided continued school aid for some critical areas, and after a long and enervating argument it extended the Reciprocal Trade Act.

But the President drew a blank in his request for statehood for Hawaii, which was bottled up in committee by the Democrats and Senator Malone. Nothing definite was done to broaden social security, and the amendments to the Taft-Hartley Law never were seriously considered. The Administration ran into real trouble, moreover, in the roadblock against extension of the excess profits tax erected by Chairman Reed of the House Ways and Means Committee.



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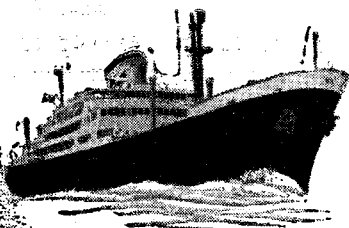
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Not all the blame for the failures attaches to Congress. The Administration's efforts to revise the Truman budget delayed the consideration of money bills on Capitol Hill. No really serious effort was made by the White House on social security and customs simplification. Indecision as to what the Administration wanted changed in the Taft-Hartley Law was responsible for the lack of activity on this score.

Actually, the Administration was content to let a number of items lie over until the next session of Congress. The task of getting hold of the budget was more difficult than some of the planners had envisaged, and there was general relief at the prospect of an end to the Congressional session so that the Administration could collect its thoughts.

By the same token, the Administration faltered on some bills it did regard as urgent. The extension of the Reciprocal Trade Act, for example, was purchased only at the price of an agreement by the President to go along with a rider adding a seventh member to the Tariff Commission.

In view of the President's adherence to the concept of freer trade, the mere extension of the present act without further crippling amendments can hardly be counted a major victory. Numerous special interests got in their licks — the domestic pottery and glass industries, the coal industry, the independent oil producers and, of course, the dairy lobby. Most of the appeals for additional protectionism have come from small concerns; the big industrialists — for example, Henry Ford II — have generally been aligned on the side of liberalized trade. But President Eisenhower's compromises with the high-tariff bloc, particularly on the composition of the Tariff Commission, promise to haunt him in the review of trade legislation next year.

Nixon, Ike's staunch ally

In his policy of settling problems with Congress quietly and behind the scenes, President Eisenhower has had a staunch ally in Vice President Nixon. The youthful Nixon has become by all odds the most active Vice President in many years in the formulation of Administration policy. His primary role has been that of liaison man with Congress, conferring with

Congressional leaders and advising the President on tactics.

But Nixon's utility is by no means confined to legislative affairs. He has been instrumental in the effort to bring teamwork into the Cabinet, and in addition has taken an active part in the work of the National Security Council. In the past there has been a tendency to regard the Vice President as excess baggage in security deliberations. But Nixon has been so alert in the meetings of the Security Council that he has been assigned responsibility for individual projects.

There has been none of the flamboyance that characterized some of Nixon's performances during the political campaign. Indeed, many of the critics who had viewed Nixon as an opportunist with leanings toward McCarthy have revised their opinions. Like Mutual Security Director Stassen, Nixon has become, through circumspect performance, a real asset.

Mood of the Capital

The Capital is puzzled over the contradictions in the Eisenhower leadership. There was distaste at the oversimplifications and advertising agency taint in the President's first television report with members of his Cabinet. The President also indulged in oversimplification in claiming credit for the Supreme Court decision abolishing racial segregation in Washington restaurants — a decision to which, incidentally, the city has adjusted without discord.

Some reports hold that the President has been shaken in his belief in compromise with Congress by rough handling of some of his proposals. Certainly Presidential leadership has had almost no effect in checking the Congressional investigations which now are almost too numerous to count.

A subcommittee of the House Rules Committee is attempting to develop a code of fair play that would curb excesses and protect witnesses. But the last place reform will reach is the McCarthy and Jenner Committees in the Senate. Committee functions do not end with a recess of Congress, and the prospect is that the investigations will continue through the summer to lump wheat, chaff, and headlines.

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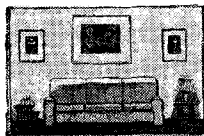
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The Middle East

A REVERSION to neutralism is the likeliest response of the Arab peoples of the Middle East to the stepped-up Russian peace offensive. This region which has been least involved in the cold war now appears to be least affected by such Soviet overtures to the East as that "renouncing" claims to the Turkish provinces of Kars and Ardahan. Arab memories are long. You still hear bitter references to the Crusades in Beirut coffeehouses. It is recalled there now that the Soviets once before made a dramatic renunciation of this same Turkish territory at a time, in 1921, when the Persian Gulf was being referred to in Moscow as the Suez of the Revolution.

On their own home front Arab leaders continue to recount the series of Allied promises of independence made to them during both World Wars, and to brood resentfully over the loss of Palestine. That defeat they attribute to both the U.S.S.R. and the Western powers, whose collaboration at the UN made possible the creation of Israel.

It is characteristic, therefore, that neither President Eisenhower's expressed interest in winning their friendship nor the visit of Secretary of State Dulles last spring should have dispelled their skepticism about any shift of American policy in their favor. They have remained equally unmoved by Soviet gestures in their direction, notably during the recent Soviet campaign against Zionism.

Secretary of State Dulles's report on the Middle East when he returned from his visits there indicated clearly that he sensed this impalpable neutralist spirit and recognized that any workable U.S. policy must come to terms with it. Three days in Cairo were sufficient to convince him that any extension of the NATO defense system to the Arab states is at present impracticable.

"No such system can be imposed from without," Dulles reported. "It should be designed and grow from within out of a sense of common destiny." He was careful to say of the burning issue of Suez that he found nothing irreconcilable between international concern over the Canal Zone bases and "Egyptian sovereignty." Further on he stated

pointedly: "We cannot afford to be distrusted by millions who could be sturdy friends of freedom."

But the most significant of Dulles's findings on the Middle East countries was the distinction he came to make between nationalism and Communism. In public statements before his journey he had attributed most Arab unrest to Communist propaganda. His meetings with Arab leaders in their capitals, and hours of careful listening to their impassioned appeals, obviously impressed him with the real purposes and strength of the Kemalist type of reform movements which they lead. Dulles became aware that their efforts to build an Islamic version of the welfare state, their emphasis on discipline and patriotism, all provide through the so-called Arab Liberation movement an alternative rallying point for the discontented who would tend otherwise to embrace Communism.

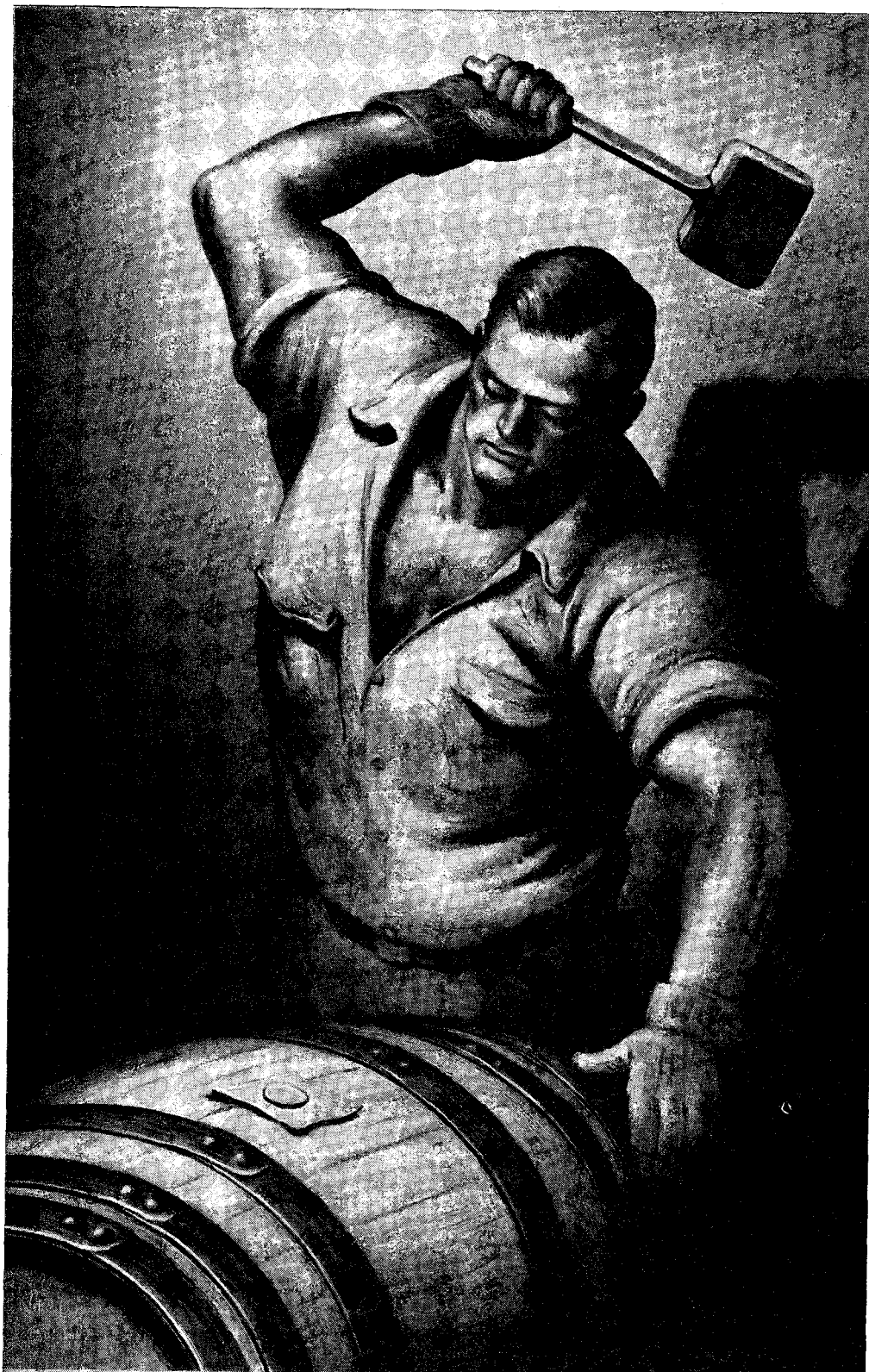
Naguib's leadership

So far, while there is a good deal of talk about reform in all the Arab states today, under a whole new cast of leadership, it is in Egypt and Syria that Islamic socialism comes nearest to emerging. There are significant parallels between the exhortations of General Naguib in Egypt and General Shishakli in Syria to their increasingly large followings.

Both stress that the Arabs must draw inspiration from their great Islamic heritage; that latent energies must be mobilized for the reconstruction of Arab society; that the state has responsibility for the material welfare of the people; and that "self-respect and confidence" must be regained through improving their own military strength.

Beyond these common principles there are differences in detail. Egypt benefits from the moderate influence and magnetic personality of General Naguib, who has attracted to his cause the best brains and most enlightened element among Egyptians. It stands in a favorable light, too, for its open-door policy towards the West, in contrast to Syria's defensive xenophobia.

In dealing with Communism, Naguib has offered Egyptian Communist sympathizers a second chance;



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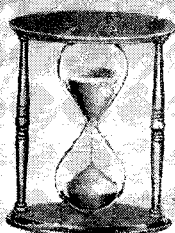
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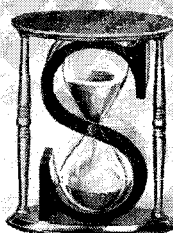


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and many have deserted the Communist cause to work with his reform government. As a result Egypt's Communist Party is reported to have been much weakened. Syria continues to suppress all Communist activity, along with any other opposition to the present regime — a situation which the new constitution may deal with more adequately. Both states, however, are setting a new pace for Arab leaders in the neighboring countries, where echoes of the same general program of reform are now being heard.

Dulles looks for new allies

From Cairo to Karachi, then, Secretary Dulles and Mutual Security Director Stassen heard the same theme with local variations; and admittedly they learned at first hand something of the character of Arab nationalism. It is clear gain for both sides, therefore, that they made their pilgrimage to the East before undertaking a review of U.S. policy there.

This review still goes on. Its purpose is to find ways to improve relations with the Arab East while maintaining firm friendship for Israel.

The minimum goal is that the U.S. shall not, as Dulles put it, be dis-trusted. The maximum goal has been to enlist the Arab states, along with Israel, in a Middle East defense system which would reinforce the line now held by Greece, Yugoslavia, and Turkey.

In Western eyes, if Alexandretta, Haifa, and Suez were freely available and the back roads through the Arab and Israeli desert open to Allied reinforcements, some security for the region would be assured. But in the Arab view this Allied design means that once again they may be over-run; that they may, at best, become victims of scorched-earth tactics and, at worst, of outright conflict on their soil. Given their history of exploitation by the great powers, and their chronic sense of grievance, it is understandable that Allied talk of another Middle East Command arouses resistance, and that the Arab states should seek refuge from the dilemma imposed by their geography in isolationism.

Arab resistance to the idea of collective security under Western tute-

lage has been most forcefully illustrated in the dispute with Britain over the bases in the Suez Canal Zone. The army junta now running Egypt has, unfortunately, staked its prestige on driving out not only British forces but British technicians from the chain of air and supply bases running from Suez to Port Said. At the same time General Naguib and his right-hand adviser, Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser, hope to build up their own military strength and that of an all-Arab command with Western arms and aid.

This dual objective of getting Britain out but assuring a supply of British jets and U.S. arms illustrates a characteristic ambivalence toward the West throughout the Arab states. The chance that U.S. policy makers must continue to weigh is whether, by encouraging the moderate revolutionaries of Egypt by such support, the U.S. will, in fact, be helping to stabilize the Middle East.

Unquestionably arms and economic aid are the twin levers of power which the U.S. can use to win Arab good will. But they will not be used without full guarantees that there will be no second round with Israel, or without full consultation with Britain.

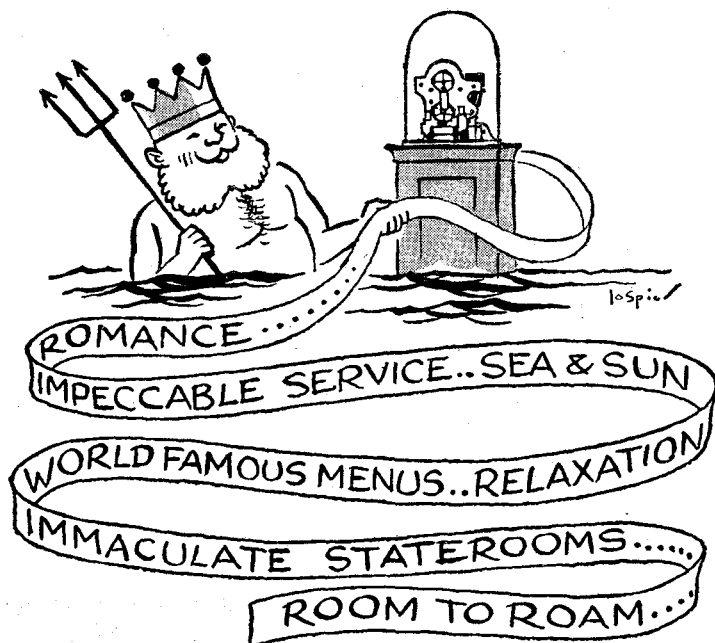
Suez and Egypt's sovereignty

The British dilemma at Suez has been summed up by the Cairo correspondent of the *London Times*. "It may well be," he wrote, "that satisfactory relations with Egypt and the other Middle East states are not to be obtained so long as Britain is a suppliant for facilities on their territory to defend them against dangers which they do not feel to be imminent."

It is becoming increasingly clear also that the useful role of India and Pakistan as Commonwealth members may be at stake if Egyptian nationalism is completely thwarted at Suez. The problem on all sides remains to find a formula whereby Egyptian sensitivity about the appearance of extraterritoriality at the Canal bases is assuaged without abandoning them completely.

The Egyptian solution, offered Dulles as an alternative to British control of the bases, is a joint Arab military command which would "associate" itself with Britain and the

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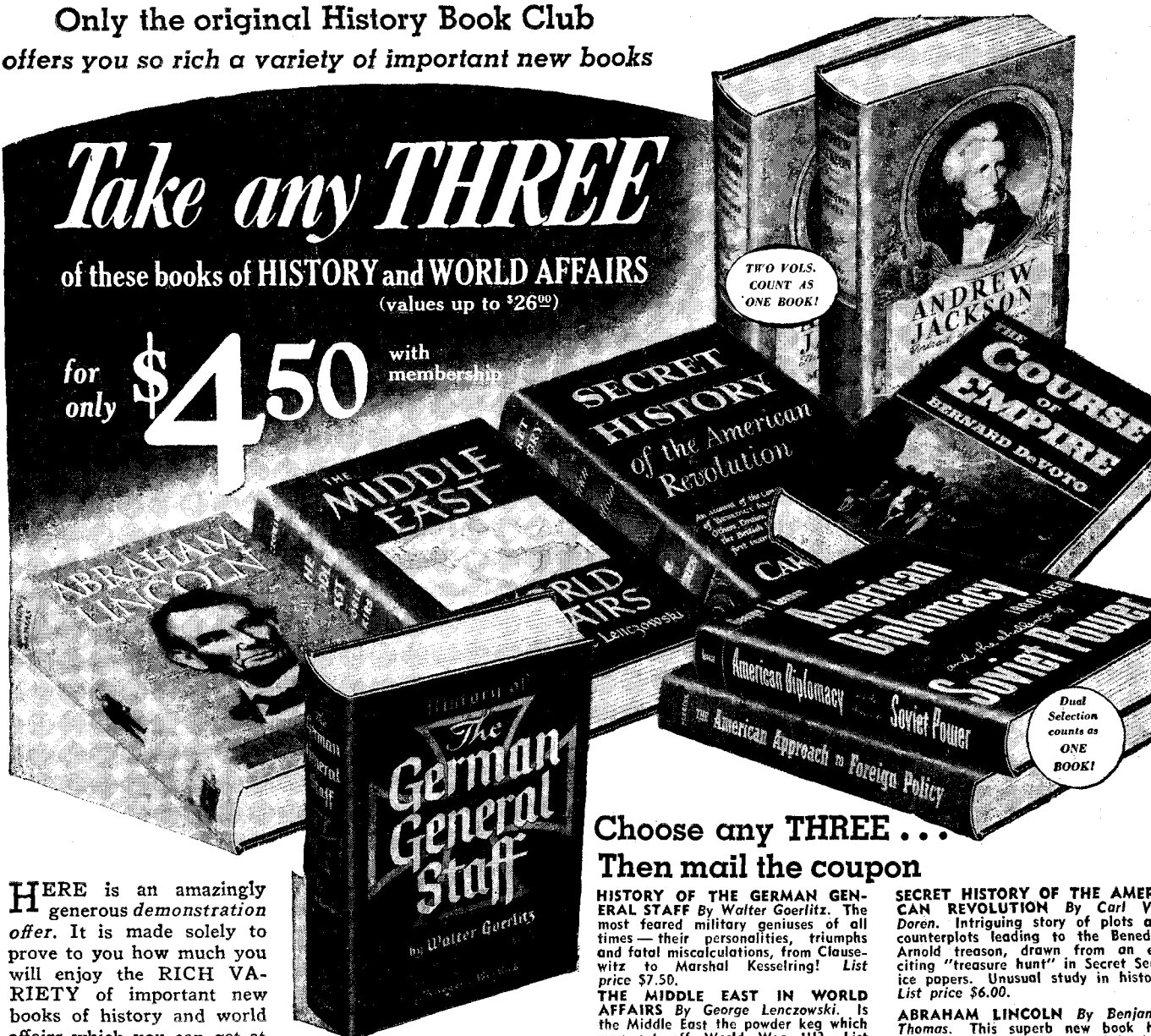
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U.S. but retain control over all Arab forces and installations. It is symptomatic of the times in Arab-Asian relations with the West that, on the matter of sovereignty for Egypt, Indian and Pakistani support is unequivocal; while the question of security of the Canal Zone cannot but concern them to the extent of urging some form of joint management of its installations.

Arab refusal of formal alliance with the West in this crucial instance does not at this stage mean rejection of all Western ties. It is significant that the protection of foreigners and maintenance of security are recurrent themes of official addresses by members of the Revolutionary Council. A British threat to remove British civilian nationals from the country because of the Suez dispute has been countered by repeated assurances that the European community is welcome and safe in Egypt.

Religious tolerance is another point stressed. General Naguib made a point of visiting both a synagogue and a Coptic church during his first year in office as Premier. Colonel

Nasser has stated publicly that Jews in Egypt are to continue to have complete freedom and equal rights as Egyptian citizens. In this respect Egypt and Lebanon stand in favorable contrast to Syria, where minorities are rapidly losing civil rights.

Bolstering Egypt's economy

On the economic front the Egyptian government has demonstrated unmistakably its desire to strengthen ties with the West. Thomas D. Cabot, who visited Egypt at its request with a mission of U.S. industrialists earlier in the year, has reported an urgent interest there in industrialization with U.S. or international aid. He points out that the best hope of economic salvation for the country lies in water storage by means of damming the Nile near Aswan. He estimates the potential increase in arable land as ten times the cost of the dam, which would also assure some 2 million kilowatts of steady power for industry.

Mr. Cabot considers the project a good financial risk, but concedes that a loan which could only be secured by Egyptian cotton would not appeal to

the United States Government. He notes that the lack of a parliament to ratify an international loan blocks that solution, but urges serious consideration of this means of bolstering up Egypt's economy.

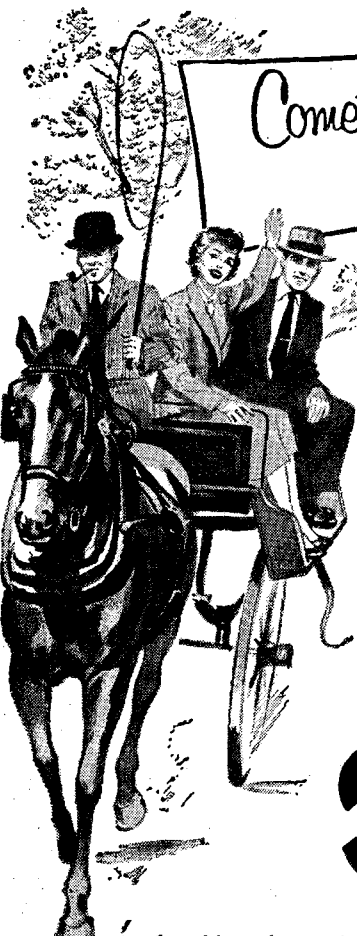
Meanwhile an expanded Point Four program is under way in Egypt. Under a recent agreement U.S. technicians will assist the government in reclaiming large tracts of marshland south of Cairo near Fayoum and north in the province of Baheira. Some 16,000 families will be helped to buy farms in the new areas and trained in managing them under the direction of E. R. Fryer, former Assistant Administrator of the Technical Coöperation Administration.

Too little water

U.S., British, and UN efforts to shore up Jordan financially and help it become a viable state can have only marginal success because of the political impasse between Jordan and Israel. The announcement several months ago that the United Nations Relief and Works Agency for Palestine Refugees had signed an agreement with Jordan for a \$40 million power and irrigation project in the Jordan valley raises an old question in the valley. It is the problem of utilizing fully the waters of the Jordan and its chief tributary, the Yarmuk, in a divided Palestine.

Long before partition it was realized by all concerned that the irrigation of the coastal plain and the Negev desert, envisioned by Zionist planners, would require taking most, if not all, of the water from the Jordan through a system of reservoirs and canals to the desert in the south. This would necessarily leave much of the Jordan valley without water. With the accomplishment of partition, Israel acquired access to the Jordan's headwaters and to Lake Huleh. She secured as well the southern outlet of Lake Tiberias.

Jordan, however, retains control of the Yarmuk, which rises in Syria. Any scheme, then, which involves diverting water from the Yarmuk for the benefit of farmers and some of the Arab refugees in Jordan runs up against the over-all problem of just division and full utilization of the entire river. It also raises the frequently overlooked point that there is not enough water in these



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streams to irrigate both the Jordan valley, as Jordan requires be done, and the coastal and desert regions now belonging to Israel.

Jordan valley TVA?

This is the basic economic problem of divided Palestine. To meet it the U.S. and UNRWA have been trying to use the TVA approach, treating the rivers as part of one system. Dulles stressed this again in his remark that he and Stassen had the impression that refugee relief funds "can well be spent . . . on a coordinated use of the rivers which run through the Arab countries and Israel."

The difficulty now, as it has been for previous U.S. and UN administrators, is to bridge the political abyss which has, for example, immobilized for five years a Palestine hydroelectric station just below Tiberias because the water there belongs to Israel and the station to Jordan.

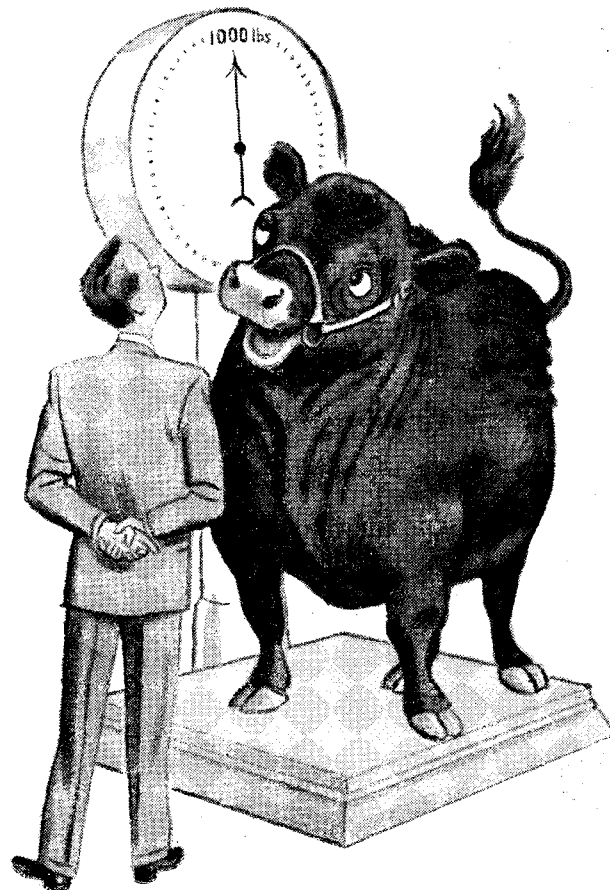
Dulles indicated in his summary of his trip his awareness of this political cleavage and its implications for the U.S. With his announced purpose of reassuring the Arabs as to U.S. impartiality, he included several hints of contemplated action on their behalf. He noted the special character of Jerusalem, as the holy place of three faiths, adding that this had been repeatedly emphasized by the United Nations and that the world religious community has claims in Jerusalem which take precedence over the political claims of any particular nation.

Speaking of the Arab refugees, he remarked that some of them could be settled in the area presently controlled by Israel, but most could more readily fit into neighboring states, once irrigated land is available. He suggested concessions on both sides in the political impasse.

Statements like these have raised Arab hopes. But it would take politically difficult decisions, backed by the U.S. Congress, to accomplish the Administration's minimum goal of winning confidence in the Middle East. The maximum goal of collective security remains, as the Secretary acknowledged, for the future. Its final achievement becomes doubly difficult in the face of the new Soviet peace strategy.

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Australia

THE discovery of uranium in Australia in considerable quantities has enhanced her value to her allies, and may also increase her value as a prize. Progress during the last two years indicates that Australia will become one of the world's leading uranium producers.

Agreements have been signed by which the output of Australia's most promising fields, with the exception of supplies required for her own use, will go to America and Britain, while Australia is assured of financial and technical assistance for the development of the fields. It is expected, also, that uranium will become an increasingly important factor in helping to solve Australia's dollar problems.

The finding of uranium, coupled with the British atomic explosion on the Monte Bello Islands, has aroused interest among Australian scientists regarding the possible use of atomic energy as a source of power supply, particularly in areas remote from coal and water. Australia has a nucleus of top-ranking scientists with experience in the atomic field, and research facilities are available. An Australian Atomic Energy Commission has been formed, whose duties include research into, and development of, atomic energy both for defense and for industrial purposes.

Planes without men

The Long Range Weapons Establishment in South Australia, known as the Woomera Rocket Range, links Australia directly with Britain's guided-missile research and experiments. It was set up by arrangement with Britain shortly after the war as a testing ground for the new weapons, and will eventually cover an immense area extending from southern Australia to beyond the northwest seaboard, a distance of 1200 miles on land and a further 1500 miles out to sea.

Great progress has been made in the development and use of the range, and it is claimed that projects now in hand will make Woomera one of the best equipped installations of its kind in the world.

Early in May, tests were run at Woomera of two pilotless aircraft: a jet designed and built in Aus-

tralia and a new British rocket-engine plane. For the first time, the press was permitted to see missiles fired on the range, which is jointly operated by the British and Australian governments. Since 1950, 440 guided missiles and 700 rockets have been fired at Woomera.

A second test center for rockets and guided missiles is being set up at Salisbury in South Australia by Armstrong Whitworth Aircraft, Ltd. In addition to the testing range, the center will have a factory which will produce rockets and guided missiles after basic research has been carried out in the company's plant in England. Although privately financed, the Salisbury project will be operated in conjunction with the British and Australian governments.

The Anzus Treaty

The Pacific treaty, now known as the Anzus Treaty, which was signed by America, New Zealand, and Australia in September, 1951, was a step towards Australia's integration into a Pacific defense plan. The treaty has been welcomed in Australia as an insurance against aggression.

However, in view of Australia's membership in the British Commonwealth, there has been some confusion in the minds of Australians as to the precise impact of the treaty upon Commonwealth relations. Australia wants to maintain her intimate association with Britain, but the unstable world situation and the inescapable facts of geography press for a closer relationship between Australia and America in defense matters. Australia is only too conscious of the need for America and Britain to evolve a common and unified defense policy for the whole Pacific area.

Australia tightens her belt

After six years of high profits and full employment, Australia is now going through a period of readjustment to changed economic conditions. Measures introduced by the Liberal-Country Party Coalition Government in 1951 were designed to halt inflation by means of heavy taxation and credit restrictions, and to divert labor from nonessential to essential industries such as fuel and steel, the

products of which had been in short supply for several years. These measures were followed in March, 1952, by severe import restrictions, consequent on a glut of imports which threatened to wipe out Australia's overseas balances.

The full effect of the anti-inflationary program has only made itself felt in recent months: the rise in prices has been checked, sterling balances have improved, blackouts have been reduced, and shortages and black markets have largely disappeared. There has been a marked diminution of industrial disputes and a steady movement of labor into agriculture and the heavy industries.

Steel output, for instance, is now back to normal and the industry is planning further large expansion. There has also been a noticeable improvement in the efficiency of management and labor, both of which had developed a tendency towards slackness under the easy conditions to which they had grown accustomed.

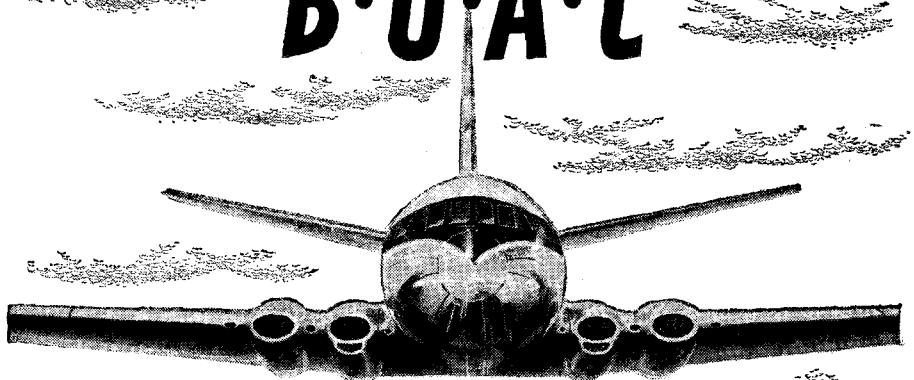
There is, unfortunately, another side to the picture. The Government's plan to divert labor did not stop at its displacement from the less essential industries. The tightening of credit and the imposition of heavy taxation, coinciding with a sharp fall in wool prices from their previous fantastic level, and a large accumulation of imports, all combined to bring about a general business recession, and unemployment on a fairly substantial scale made its appearance for the first time since the war.

Heavy industry slumps

The result was a lowering of demand for the products of the heavy industries. This has been particularly evident in the case of the coal industry. In place of an acute coal shortage the industry is now faced with over-production.

Because wages are tied to variations in the cost of living, they rose to unprecedented heights during the inflation period. Together with high taxation they have brought manufacturing costs to a level which threatens Australia's ability to meet overseas competition. Last September employers' organizations applied to the Arbitration Court for a reduction in wages and for an extension of the working week, which was reduced

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from forty-four to forty hours immediately after the war. The employers' application was naturally opposed by the combined trade unions. And on April 17 the Australian Arbitration Court announced further increases varying from about 20 cents to 75 cents on a basic wage of roughly \$25.

Communists in the unions

Following the depression of twenty years ago, the Communist Party made serious inroads into trade-union leadership, and through the apathy of union members they were able gradually to entrench themselves in several key unions. It has since been proved that they maintained their position by ballot rigging and other means.

In the last two years the efforts of Labor Party members in the unions, aided by an amendment to the law, which provided for secret union ballots, have had spectacular successes in eliminating or reducing Communist influence. Three years ago, one of the largest of the metal trades unions was staffed almost entirely by Communist officials and contributed liberally to Communist Party funds. There is now not a single Communist among its officials.

Communist influence still retains a hold over the waterfront unions, but Communism can no longer be regarded as a menace to the trade unions as a whole. There never was any question of Communism's being widespread among the rank and file of union members.

Too many immigrants

The recession has also led to a 50 per cent cut in immigration, which will mean an intake for this year of not more than 80,000 persons. During the four years to December, 1952, Australia received nearly 700,000 immigrants—equivalent to about one twelfth of the present population. The influx of migrants did much to relieve the acute labor shortage of the post-war years, and migrant labor was particularly useful in enabling the steel industry to reach capacity production during the last quarter of 1952.

Last year nearly 128,000 people migrated to Australia, half of them from the United Kingdom, Eire, and Commonwealth countries. Of the rest, 29,000 came from Italy, 15,000 from the Netherlands, and 8000 from Ger-

many, with smaller numbers from Greece, Yugoslavia, and Poland.

The reduction of the immigration target for 1953 is a regrettable but temporary measure forced upon Australia by the increase in unemployment and the need to absorb fully the migrants who have already arrived. The Government has said that, for the present, immigration would be restricted to craftsmen and that no unskilled labor would be admitted. Of the 80,000 new immigrants for 1953, Australia will accept 40,000 British, half of which will be "assisted passage" migrants.

All parties are in agreement on the urgent need for population and the necessity to keep immigration at the highest possible level. However, a considerable improvement in the economic situation will be necessary before immigration again reaches the scale of the last few years.

There are already signs that the recession may be lifting, and that confidence, a prerequisite to any improvement, is returning. Exports of primary products are now at a high level, and wool prices, on which so much of Australia's prosperity depends, remain satisfactory, although growers are concerned at the prospect of competition from American synthetic fibers. Unemployment figures have taken a turn for the better.

Expanding food production

Australia recognizes that to support a growing population and meet an increasing world demand for food, she must expand her primary industries as quickly as possible. Australians were shocked a year or so ago when adverse weather conditions revealed shortages of certain basic foodstuffs. The decline in production was due almost entirely to the war and its aftermath. Fixed prices, the drift of labor to the cities, shortages of equipment and of materials for building and fencing, had all conspired to depress production.

The Australian Agricultural Council last year adopted a plan to raise food production by 20 per cent in five years. Results so far are encouraging and it is expected that at the end of five years the rate of progress will be much greater. Meanwhile prices have been adjusted, and labor has been returning to the farms.

Agriculture will, in addition, benefit to the extent of \$43 million from the \$150 million which Australia has borrowed from the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development. In spite of all this, however, Australia will have to make a really great effort if she is to keep pace with the demand for food.

There is still room for an expansion of primary industry. Australia's fertile land within the belt of closer settlement is not yet being exploited to its fullest capacity. In many areas production could be increased and costs lowered by the provision of adequate water, power, and transport. There are also considerable areas of marginal land which could be brought into production by the same means. Furthermore, exciting possibilities have been opened up by the application of trace elements to certain Australian soils. Already great tracts of hitherto desert country have been made fertile by their use.

Swing to the left?

What are Australia's immediate political and economic prospects? The government of the country alternates between a Liberal-Country Party coalition, representing roughly the manufacturing and property-owning classes, and the Labor Party, which draws its main strength from the trade unions and the workers generally. Neither side can hope to hold office without broad middle-class support.

Labor was defeated in 1949 after eight years in office. It is, however, confident of a return to power at the next election in 1954. Election results within the last year certainly point that way, since three out of four by-elections held in 1952 showed a decided swing to Labor. The increase in unemployment was a major issue.

Except that Labor is committed to a policy of full employment, there is little indication of what its general policies will be if it is elected. During its last term of office, although Labor was fully occupied with the war and post-war problems, the huge Snowy Mountains hydroelectric scheme was put under way. This scheme, which will harness the waters of Australia's Southern Alps for the production of power and great irrigation works, is the largest project of its kind ever to be undertaken in Australia and is

"You don't make milk by stinting on the feed"

Thus simply, Secretary of Commerce Weeks stated in a recent address a profound business truth which is frequently overlooked.

"If the regulated industries are to render their full services to the nation," the Secretary said, "it is my judgment that the regulatory bodies must allow earnings adequate to attract and support the equity capital they can use effectively for economies, improvement and growth." And he observed further that "the courage and inventiveness that risks great sums for improvements and economies in the future does not naturally emerge from men who have not the credit to raise the money nor the assurance that they would be allowed a return on it when their dreams come true."

That has been the situation of the railroads. Earning a return on their investment which over the years has averaged less than 4 per cent, the railroads have not found it possible to attract the equity capital they could "use effectively for economies, improvement and growth."

Nevertheless, by drawing heavily on their reserves and by sharply increasing their obligations for the purchase of equipment on the installment plan, the railroads have put into service since the end of World War II more than 500,000 freight cars and almost 18,000 new diesel-electric locomotive units. For these and other improvements they have spent more than a billion dollars a year.

Such improvements mean not only better service to the public but also more efficient railroad operation, with costs and rates lower than would otherwise have been necessary. And as research opens up other possibilities, there will be other opportunities for railroads to make improvements which will mean still better service at the lowest possible cost.

To take advantage of these opportunities, the railroads will need not only "the courage and inventiveness that risks great sums for improvements and economies in the future," as Secretary Weeks said, but also the cash and the credit which, in the long run, can come only from "not stinting on the feed."

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It is a pleasure to report that our readers like both the words and pictures in HOLIDAY just as they are, neither standing alone, neither usurping the other, neither pretending to have a ten-thousand-to-one edge over the other.

P. S. In the August issue you'll find words and pictures on Utah, Yugoslavia, Thousand Islands, and an unusual piece on fishing by H. L. Davis.

to some extent comparable with the Tennessee Valley scheme.

In common with her allies, Australia is undertaking a very considerable defense effort. Her social services, too, are on a liberal scale. Both of these will be maintained by whichever Government is elected.

It seems certain that in the next few years great emphasis will be laid on primary production and the type of basic development that goes with it. Immigration will be limited — or raised — to the numbers which can be safely absorbed. The rate of development will depend upon how much of the necessary capital can be provided from Australia's own savings and how much will be available from overseas.

Tax-free dividends

It has been estimated that U.S. investments in Australia total upward of \$225 million, from which American investors receive some \$13 million in profits and dividends. In May three double-taxation agreements covering income taxes and estate and gift duties were signed in Washington by the Australian and U.S. governments. The principal effect of the new agreements was that earnings of American capital invested in Australia may now be sent to the United States tax free, although foreign exchange limitations on the amount of profits that can be remitted in American dollars are still in force.

Self-interest demands that Australia should ensure and retain the support of her powerful allies — Britain and America; but Australia's continued security and progress are also important to the free world. An extension of Communism in Southeast Asia, resurgent Japanese militarism, an eruption of population from the overcrowded areas to her north — any of these would weaken Australia's security and could even threaten her independence.

Australia is not only a source of food supplies and raw materials, but is also a great natural base. Her manpower is limited by the size of her population — about 8.5 millions. Nevertheless she has introduced universal military training, and her soldiers, sailors, and airmen are making a direct contribution to the fight against aggression in Korea.



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ATLANTIC *Reporter*

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Academic Freedom

SIR:

The three articles by Howard Mumford Jones, Joseph Alsop, and the University Presidents, respectively, in the June *Atlantic* are distinguished contributions to the discussion of a critical problem. However, academic freedom is also threatened from within the institutions of higher learning.

The average member of a faculty knows that it is not expedient for him to speak his mind, even within his field of competence, on political or social questions in the outside community. If the college administration or board of trustees has a point of view differing from his own, it is discreet for him to remain silent or to maintain an attitude of judicious impartiality.

No one tells him what to say, of course. In fact, if the matter were brought up, he would be told that he is free to exercise his prerogatives of citizenship. But he knows that promotions — or even tenure — are seldom granted to those who have a reputation of being “unstable” or too active in areas outside the precincts of scholarship.

The faculty meeting is another situation where freedom is limited. On purely curricular matters, a faculty member can express himself freely, but if the issue is one on which administration policy has crystallized, he is on dangerous ground if he becomes even a “loyal opposition.” A university is a community of scholars, and it seems to be assumed that such a community should restrict its debates to the issues of scholarship. Whenever the scholar presumes to

speak critically on the practical matters affecting conditions under which scholarship can thrive, or upon policies which affect campus life, someone will charge that he is disloyal to the administration, and that he is destroying the unity which is essential to a successful academic institution. It is difficult to know where the limits are in such a discussion, and when one begins to be a troublemaker and ceases to be a conscientious teacher.

Anyone who is intimately associated with contemporary students is startled by the caution which seems to rule them. Youth, which used to be radical, no longer dares to express itself. Juniors and seniors sign nothing, join nothing, say nothing, lest they jeopardize their futures. There are exceptions, for certain campuses are marked with the old-time freedom of expression on the part of students, which leads one to ask whether responsibility for this caution may not be laid at the door of the colleges and universities themselves.

BRYANT DRAKE, *Secretary*
Division of Christian Education
Congregational Christian Churches
Chicago, Ill.

SIR:

The current unacademic brawl over academic freedom is a stimulating experience. The best of the three articles on the subject in the June *Atlantic* is “The Present Danger,” a Report from the University Presidents.

In “What Is Academic Freedom?” Joseph Alsop, charging Congressional committees with an outrage against the spirit of the Constitution, complains that one committee had as a witness someone whom he had “pub-

licly accused as a probable perjurer.” That is conviction by publication. Alsop would exempt Harvard professors from Congressional inquiries. If applied generally, this would kill all Congressional investigations. Is this what he wants? Or would he exempt suspected Communists?

Most professors are not afraid of Congressional committees. From 1935 to about 1948, Communists and their friends on and off the campuses did their best to destroy academic freedom. Thousands of professors were either intimidated into signing manifestoes in support of Moscow’s foreign policy or forced to keep silent. Yet there was no public brawl over academic freedom. Where were the defenders of academic freedom then?

HENRY L. PAYTE
Jersey City, N.J.

SIR:

A whole group of people — those who have the most understanding of the impact of social forces on social institutions — is being disqualified for creative action. And the University Presidents hedge.

The investigating committees are creating a climate hostile to change, to new ideas, to new adjustments — for these are “subversive.”

All this repression, widespread fear of any change or new idea, intimidation and discrediting of those qualified to make creative solutions, strict maintenance of the status quo, is dangerous because in the long run it is impossible as a policy for survival. Nations as well as individuals incapacitated for adjustment will perish.

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SIR:

Mr. Alsop fails, I think, to face forthrightly the question of the right of a Communist to teach at Harvard or any other university. He says, "We cannot start disciplining a man for his political ideas after we have appointed him." Nor would he deny a man freedom to join the Communist Party so long as it is a legal party, for that would infringe upon the man's freedom of thought, Mr. Alsop's second principle of academic freedom. Yet Mr. Alsop "would not knowingly give a Communist a Harvard appointment."

What Mr. Alsop seems to be saying is that he would now deny the benefits of his second principle of academic freedom to all except those members of the faculty holding permanent tenure. What reasons can he find for disqualifying a Communist seeking an academic post which would not apply with equal force to a Communist holding permanent tenure? Or has the second principle simply fallen a victim to the "cheap and self-defeating expediency" which Mr. Alsop deplures?

H. A. ANDERSON
Randolph, Mass.

I Personally —

SIR:

Allow me to commend you and Judge Elijah Adlow, the author of "Our Something-for-Nothing Age" (May Atlantic), for a forthright contribution to an evil that has long needed just such an attack as Judge Adlow's article provides.

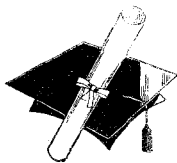
Many physicians have been aware of the rackets that have developed around claims for damage in accidents and are willing to take their share of the blame along with the legal profession and the public. However, each erring individual, whether he be claimant, attorney, physician, judge, or jury, can be made to see the danger of his contributions to it only by such able and pointed expositions as those in this article.

J. EDWARD JOHNSON, M.D.
Austin, Tex.

SIR:

I wish to tell you how much I enjoyed the Report on Israel in the June Atlantic. As a former government official of Israel, I felt that you presented an authentic picture and a realistic account of conditions there.

HARRY Z. ZUCKER
Boston, Mass.



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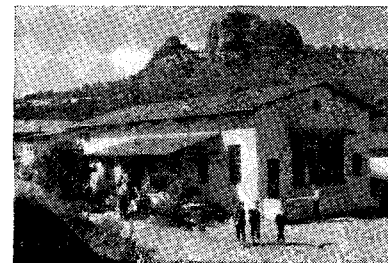
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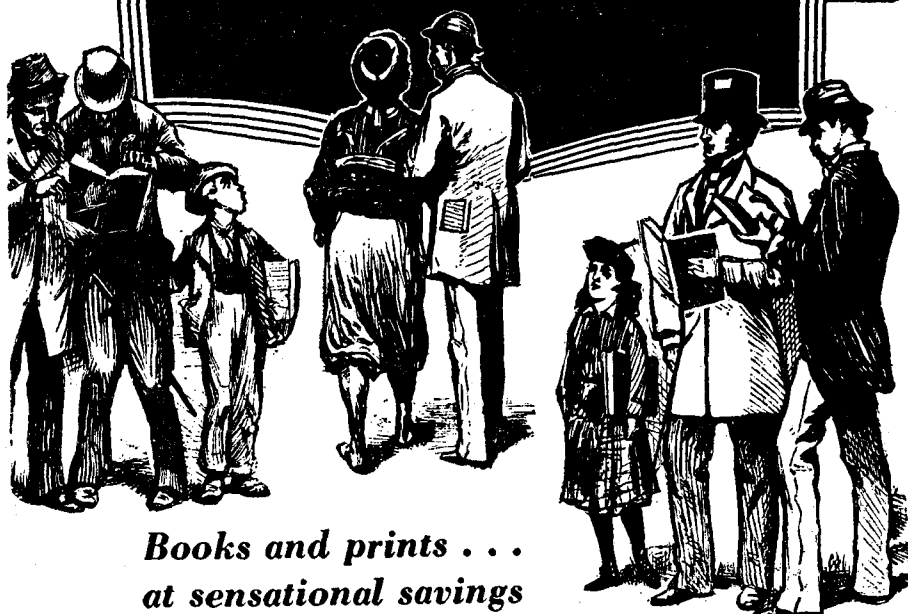
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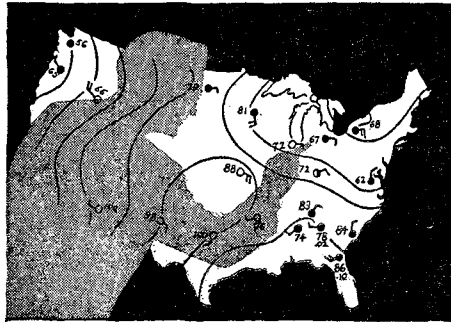
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General Electric scientists took these problems to the icy summit of blizzard-swept Mt. Washington, where 60-mile winds and 5-below temperatures are

average in winter. There they began to probe deeper into the mysteries of cloud structure and the growth of cloud particles.

At the same time, weather studies continued back in the G-E Research Laboratory. Then came the historic day in November 1946 when a cloud was first persuaded to dump its snow to order—all because it had been fed a few handfuls of dry ice.

The study of precipitation static, then of aircraft icing, had developed through cloud studies to the first “man-made weather.”

Because of its importance and wide application to the nation generally, all data and control of further experiments were handed over to the government. A contract followed between the military forces and General Electric for more research.

That program has now ended. But not before we had a glimpse into the vital possibilities of making it rain, modifying thunderstorms and hurricanes, clearing ground fogs near airports, preventing hail.

This is but one example of what can happen when research men of experience set about widening the field of man's knowledge.

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*A graduate of Annapolis, VICE ADMIRAL LESLIE C. STEVENS, USN (Ret.), served in the Navy for thirty-six years as a specialist in naval aviation and foreign intelligence. In 1917, while still in the Academy, he began his study of Russian history. He learned to read and write the language and when, in 1947, he was sent to Moscow as our naval attaché, he was able, as few of our representatives are, to meet the Russians on their own terms. During his years of duty in the country, he talked to people in all walks of life, often under observation, but finding numerous opportunities for unsupervised conversations. From his continuous encounters with the Russian people, he has written a book, *Russian Assignment*, which will be published under our imprint in October and from which the Atlantic will draw several extended installments.*

## RUSSIAN ASSIGNMENT

by VICE ADMIRAL LESLIE C. STEVENS, USN (Ret.)

A LOUD-SPEAKER began to blare lively music, much too loud for comfort. It hung in the passageway that ran alongside the individual compartments of the international wagon of the Berlin-Moscow express.

"Yes, you will like Russia," said the woman with the tired brown face and the bright brown eyes who had given Nell and me space in her compartment for some of our luggage, which seemed to have spawned en route. "It is a golden land, and it must be held firmly in the hands of the people." She cupped her thin hands as she spoke. "Yes, in the golden hands of the people."

"Please say it again, but more slowly," I said. "My ears are not accustomed to Russian sounds. I can read almost anything, without a dictionary, but when it comes to speaking and understanding, I can only try."

Her face lighted up with a smile that washed all the tiredness away. She spoke more deliberately, lingering over the stressed syllables as though she loved the sound of them. "One day your tongue will become untied, but understanding comes from the heart as well as from the ears. Do you know what it means when I say that the people of Russia have golden hands?"

Fortunately I did. Golden hands are as effective in all the manual tasks of life as a green thumb is for a gardener. She was a doctor, going back home to Russia for a much-needed vacation and rest.

The Russian passengers were well-mannered and amiable with us. A colonel of artillery with a crooked nose and big brown eyes asked me for something in English to read. When he was offered a current magazine, he said that that would do, although he would much prefer the *Naval Institute* or the *National Geographic*. He was too self-conscious of his English to try it on me, but volunteered the information that he, coming from Gorky, spoke Russian with different vowel sounds than one meets around Moscow. Two or three officers gathered round to teach me the distinctions in those sounds.

Once a portly general addressed me in English. He spoke slowly and stiffly, but correctly. He said that he had learned his English from listening to the Voice of America and the British broadcasts, and advised me to listen to the Moscow radio continually.

Although the long train was crowded with sweating, swarming humanity, nearly all the passengers in the international wagon were Red Army senior officers and their families. One burly, sullen-browed man in civilian clothes seemed to avoid me, although

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he talked from time to time with most of the others. Once as I went along the passage he was standing at the end with his back to me, engaged in an earnest conversation with the artillery colonel who had a preference for serious literature. He was saying, emphatically and authoritatively, "... but you must not talk with him about anything political!" As I passed, he stopped abruptly and turned to the window. From the look on both of their faces there was no doubt that I was the subject of their conversation, and a bit of a shadow went over the bright July day.

Late in the long summer afternoon we came to the Bug River and the Russian border. The train jerked slowly to a stop on the Russian side of the river. I was about to go out on the sandy roadbed to stretch my legs on Russian soil when a soldier locked the door of the wagon in my face and took his post in front of it. The bayonet on his gun was very long, and needle-sharp. Katya, the porter, closed and locked all the windows, and we sweltered there for the better part of two hours. Not one passenger left the train, for there were soldiers at each end of every locked wagon. The frontier guards began their inspection, swarming above and beneath every car. An uneasy silence fell over all the passengers.

At the border were bristling hills with blue and white flowers in the grass. Instead of a town there was a camp of frontier guards. Its entrance showed the first characteristic sign of the Soviet Union — a sort of bower, hung with green, painted red and blue and white, with big slogans saying "Glory to great Stalin!" and other signs urging vigilance. Within the camp, soldiers lay on the ground, studying or reading, or were gathered in little groups for instruction. There seemed to be something makeshift and poor about the scene, yet it was subtly disturbing and menacing.

Armed guards patrolled alongside the train, and also alongside were hundreds of German war prisoners working on the railroad, bare to the waist, wearing their German forage caps. A supervisor gave signals — one — two — and at a rolling "rrrrr" a gang would heave a rail to right or left. The men were dusty, sunburned, and gaunt, and the ribs and bones of their bodies stuck out in a way that was beyond mere thinness. A bemedaled officer on the train unlocked a window, lowered it, and shouted something at the captives, who gave him black looks. Katya came running up and again locked the window.

It was evening when we at last pulled into Brest-Litovsk, a short distance further on, where we changed trains. It was a long time before the Moscow train was ready, but at last a squad of porters appeared, one of them with a fan of bristly red mustache like Old Bill in Bairnsfather's cartoons of the First World War, and we followed them onto the broad-gauge train. We went to sleep in as com-

fortable a sleeping car as there is anywhere — made in Germany. Russia may be able to make them, and perhaps she does, but this one had German markings on all its specially designed plumbing, and undoubtedly came out of Germany and not out of the communist economy. But there was a Russian-made blanket, long-haired and luxurious, which I was glad to pull over me before morning.

## 2

NELL woke me quietly. "Look out of the window," she said. The train was stopped in some small town of western White Russia. Wisps of fog made the eerie half-light of early dawn still more mysterious. A bare dirt area, surrounded by a high picket fence with wire along its top and bottom, was opposite, serving as a waiting room, and huddled and grouped throughout this area were human figures, motionless and massed as though in the composition of some despairing painting. They must have been asleep, for their heads were all bent low. The women had drab gray shawls, coarse as if made from coffee sacking, pulled over their bowed heads and bent shoulders. It was evidently chilly outside, for most of the men were wrapped in ragged overcoats. One figure, quiet as death, wore a soldier's overcoat and wrapped leggings, but its feet were bare. Many had legs and feet wrapped in coarse sacking. There were two or three gypsies in bright shawls. Scattered around were huge dark bundles, which must have been their belongings, but I have never seen such evidences of utter poverty as in that clothing. I was suddenly conscious of the pinched, haggard face of a small boy uplifted under the window and heard his thin voice, ghostly thin through the glass: "*Daiye khleba! Dyadya — daiye khleba!*"

A shiver ran down my back, for from his appearance he was not just a beggar, and those were the famine words — "Give bread, uncle! Give bread!" — which are familiar to everyone who has read of the great famines which Russia has periodically suffered. It was surprising to hear that in this land, two years and more after the end of the war. Also it was the first time I had been called "uncle." While we were rummaging around for food to give, it grew lighter without, and the huddled figures began to stir. A gypsy woman balanced a heavy bucket on her head and walked along the tracks. People began to drift towards a thing that looked like a pump but which was not a pump, and which gave forth hot water. By the time we had found our food there were a dozen little children outside the windows, wailing the same cry. And there was no doubt about the need, for their eyes were unbelievably hollow and their ribs stuck out through their rags in a way that made the German prisoners seem well-conditioned.

All that morning, wherever the train stopped in the countryside, it was immediately surrounded by



swarms of such hungry children and old women asking for bread. It was a broad, open countryside, more unkempt than Poland but with miles and miles of grain that was not yet ready for harvest, great fields of potatoes blossoming blue and pink, and heavy crude windmills on the horizons. There were many thatched roofs and the doorways and window frames began to be carved. Birdhouses were perched on tall sticks outside the peasant houses, and on one new house was a fir tree like a Christmas tree. There was no farm machinery in evidence, and I have never seen such worn, thin, wicked-looking blades as those on the many, many scythes.

Sometime during that evening we passed a prisoner train on a siding. It was filled with Russians, not Germans, and boxcar after boxcar was packed with people, the men stripped to the waist and the women barefoot. Gaunt faces peered out between the barred slits. On the outside of each car were guards with guns, and also, strangely enough, flowers and bunches of green leaves.

The next day there were no signs of hunger and not even a beggar to be seen at any stop. The country was increasingly unkempt and wild, with long stretches of forest of birch or pine. The villages, both large and small, were made up of log cabins like those of Abe Lincoln, and almost always there were the onion domes of a church to be seen somewhere against the sky. All were excited at the proximity of Moscow, and as busy packing up their things as if they had been on a transatlantic journey. Suddenly, with no more warning than if we were coming into another big village or town, we were in the Moscow station.

### 3

WE LEFT others from the Navy office to take care of all the uproar and confusion over our luggage and drove to the Embassy to present my credentials to Ambassador Bedell Smith. The streets were crowded, but less with automobiles than with swarms of people on foot. They overflowed from the sidewalks and thought nothing of walking in the middle of the road, so that the air was full of a continual din of horns. Moscow seems to have been completely untouched by war damage, and I was thinking that its substantial buildings looked like those of many another city when, in the midst of all the façade of modernity, the Kremlin came into view.

It is fantastic and mysterious, vast, strong and beautiful, a walled town within a city. At the angles and corners of the mighty walls are medieval towers, no two alike, tiled and decorated and exotic as might have been the towers of Karakoram. The soft rosy brown of the old brick walls ties those towers together, giving a sufficient unity both by its color and by its long lines of deep, regular crenelations.

Each tooth is notched at the top and slit for archers. The pattern is Asiatic, not European, and, though medieval, it gives no museumlike impression but rather one of continuing vitality.

Rising above the walls are masses of creamy-yellow palaces, with Renaissance columning and windowing as though they had been brought from Venice or Siena. In a way, they have been, for they were built under the supervision of Italians. Low, flat domes surmount some of these buildings, but soaring above them is a multitude of the lily-bulb domes that are so peculiarly Russian, varying in shape and size as do living bulbs, but all of them shining golden in the sunlight, and over all, the tall, onion-topped tower of Ivan the Great.

The fairy-tale effect which the domes and towers give to the Asiatic medievalism of the fortress is changed into something still more Russian — yet surely not Soviet — by the forest of crosses with which the domes are surmounted. Each dome is crowned with a big golden cross, sometimes bigger than the dome itself — not the plain Roman cross, but that of the Greeks, with a lower crossbar set askew as a reminder of the broken bones of Christ. Each cross is stayed with chains, which sag ornamentally if not effectively. In spite of their size, the crosses give an effect of soaring lightness, for they are filigreed and complex. Sometimes there are crescents worked into their designs, giving them a very Oriental appearance.

The bizarre, glorious picture is completed by a great blood-red banner which floats from the top of the biggest and flattest secular dome and by huge red stars at the very pinnacles of the fantastic towers. Those great ruby stars are said to be mounted in real rubies for bearings, on which they turn in the wind like weathercocks.

The first day in Moscow, Nick de Tolly, the big, handsome, dark-faced acting air attaché, had a large official luncheon at one of the hotels for all the foreign air attachés. At the same time Alice, his lovely wife — she should be lovely, for she is the daughter of Alice Joyce and Tom Moore of the wonderful days of the old silent movies — had a luncheon to which Nell went. Nick's luncheon, which I attended by virtue of my wings, was impressive. There were two or three high-ranking Russian officers there, in addition to General Serayev, who heads OVS, the office of military liaison with foreigners, and some officers from OVS whose duty it probably was to go.

The luncheon lasted until half past five, and there was much vodka and many speeches. Few of the foreigners speak good Russian, so Nick acted as interpreter. He came by his Russian honestly, for he is a direct descendant of the Barclay de Tolly who was one of Kutuzov's generals in the Napoleonic War. Sometime during the speeches Nick introduced me as a new arrival. Probably a bit unsteady on account of my bad knee, a burning desire suddenly seized me to make a speech myself, so I got

up, told Nick that no interpreter was necessary, and did it in Russian. A hard-faced Russian general showed his appreciation by banging on the table and shouting "*Molodyets!*" which is a high expression of admiration and encouragement.

There is only one thing sure, which is that I shall get nowhere until this damnable language can be really mastered. It seems to me that a Russian who goes to the United States without the ability to understand English cannot help getting a distorted idea of America; and to be in a similar position here is not attractive. So that same evening at a party at American House, where there were several striking Russian girls who said they were language teachers, I promptly and enthusiastically hired Nina, the prettiest of them, for a daily lesson. Although here there is no other way of learning the spoken language than by getting a personal teacher, this precipitation seems somehow to be regarded rather coolly by Nell.

## 4

I WENT out into the crowds, around the corner, and up Gorky Street. There is a street for you! It was broadened by the Soviets from the old Tverskaya, and the process must have destroyed many an old historic landmark. Canal Street in New Orleans, which has always seemed to me to be an extraordinarily wide street, could be laid in it twice over.

Everywhere were women with kerchiefs and shawls on their heads which gave color to otherwise drab and even poor clothing. They seemed greatly to outnumber the men, who could claim no comparable touch of brightness to their shabby clothes. Certainly the women do all the work. Big, strapping, rosy-cheeked young women and little frail old ones swept the streets with brooms. They were besoms rather than brooms, for they consisted of bundles of twigs on the end of a handle, just like those the witches ride. One group of women was working on the streetcar tracks, and I was fascinated by the expertness with which one of them operated an acetylene cutting torch. They never wear overalls or slacks, but always short, grimy skirts. The faces of men and women alike were hard and shrewd. One never sees a fat and soft-looking individual.

The windows of the food shops are filled with the most implausible and unappetizing dummy hams and sausages I have ever seen. The famous Russian talent for illusion must lie in other fields. Attracted by another kind of window display, I stopped in at a secondhand bookshop, but found it disappointing. Apart from a counter which was crowded with Russians, all the books were stacked on shelves behind the trade counters, just far enough away so that it was impossible to make out their titles. One cannot browse through the shelves, but must know what one wants and then ask for it. Being run by the

government, as is every shop and enterprise, it had a "complaint book" at the cashier's desk for criticisms.

On the open counter I finally found a book on Russian engraving, illustrating, and black-and-white drawing, rich with beautiful reproductions of Russian work in these techniques. It was expensive, but it was apparent that used books were generally valued higher than their original prices. It was necessary to stand in line to pay the cashier, who deftly did her sums on a primitive abacus, and then again to stand in line to present my receipt and get my purchase. That abacus was so intriguing that I bought one on the way home, only to find that it was not as tractable in my hands as under the stubby fingers of that Russian cashier.

Although the book appeared never to have had a previous owner, the pages being still clean and unmarked, one picture had been partially removed, not by cutting it from the page, but by carefully scraping or slicing it away from the surface of the paper. It was in a chapter on the portrait silhouettes by Kruglikova, who was a professor in the Lenin-grad Academy when the book was written. There were several other silhouettes of people such as Pasternak, Blok, Kropotkin, and Lunacharsky, but the head and even the name had been removed from this particular one. I looked at the date of publication. It was 1928. It could only be concluded that my missing portrait was one of Trotsky, Zinoviev, Bukharin, or someone else who had been caught in the Great Purge and whose very name and face had been expunged from all record. It was too neatly and expertly done to have been malicious. Just impersonal thoroughness.

In addition to Sergei, my chauffeur, who is supposed to have one meal a day in our house and usually manages three or four, the household we inherited from my predecessor consists of a cook and two maids, all of whom sleep at their own homes. Natasha, the cook, is little and gnarled and wizened and old, but she is very shrewd and they say she makes lovely bread when flour is to be had.

Zoya is young, with a husband who works in a factory. She is not particularly pretty, but her trim little figure looks very well in her maid's uniform, and better still when she is all smartly dressed to go home, for she manages to look much better than most Soviet girls. She always has a bright smile, and is remarkable in the way she can understand what Nell tries to tell her.

Valya, the other maid, is just a dark, heavy ox, almost surly in comparison with the other two.

In addition, there is an adolescent long-haired gray-and-white cat with huge eyes, which seems to have lost its mind, if it ever had one. It is an extraordinarily playful cat. When it is not elaborately stalking some unseen object or, with twitching tail, watching the sparrows through the big windows, it is making mad leaps about the apartment, startling



everyone out of his wits. Nevertheless, it is a lovely little beast.

"What is its name?" I asked Natasha.

"It has no name. Just call it Koshka."

No foreigners can just go out and get themselves a servant. All Soviet employees of any sort must be satisfactory to the Soviet government and registered with Burobin, the office which is responsible for all dealings with foreigners that come under the general head of housekeeping as distinct from diplomatic or military affairs. They tell me that every Russian employee, including servants and teachers, is required to report back to his government on everything he can regarding foreigners — their interests, their characters and abilities, and what they are up to. Too many employees have either thoughtlessly or deliberately told of this for there to be any question about it.

Although no reference is ever made to this circumstance, the servants know that we know this. They have no choice in the matter, and are very apt to be reported on themselves, so no one has any particular feelings about it. Sometimes it is a good thing to give them something to report. Nevertheless, it is a strange relationship, by our standards, and one to which it is difficult to accustom oneself.

Also, there have been too many established cases of wiring for sound for one to feel comfortable even when there are no Russians about. One feels safe in talking only in the presence of noise, or when one is outdoors. It would be naïve and foolish for a foreigner to fail to observe these precautions, whether or not he believes in their absolute necessity under all circumstances. Perhaps the reporting system will reflect a clear conscience, and so establish a reasonable amount of confidence in one's intentions.

I made my formal call on General Serayev, at the Soviet military liaison office, and was taken through corridors that were strangely empty and silent for an office establishment to a dark, bare room with only a long table about which were a few chairs.

I remembered Serayev well from his previous tour of duty as military attaché to the Soviet Embassy in Washington. He is a chunky, mild-mannered man, snub-nosed and blue-eyed. Although he speaks good English, we talked in Russian. He was neither formally stiff nor affable, but soft-spoken in a noncommittal sort of way.

They say that no Russian can have a foreigner in his home, nor are they permitted to accept informal social invitations. Although I had known Serayev well enough to make such exchanges natural, there was no indication that they would be forthcoming. Perhaps it was because his wife was out of town.

I told Serayev that I regarded myself and my naval personnel as guests in Russia, and that we would conduct ourselves as such. As soon as the spoken language could be brought under control, I hoped to be able to visit some of the famous and

interesting places in Russia, particularly Samarkand and the Asiatic Republics. He said to put in a request whenever I was ready, and they would tell me whether or not it would be permitted.

I also told Serayev that I would like to pay my respects to any of their senior officers in all cases which he considered appropriate, and would await word from him. This is another thing which they say is not permitted in Russia. All the time we were talking, a silent Russian took stenographic notes of the conversation.

## 5

I FIND that I am ex officio a member of such Embassy committees as those which run American House and the commissary. Durbrow, the Minister-Counselor, is next senior to Ambassador Smith, and he does much of the internal managing of the Embassy. He is short and plump, and, since this is his third tour of duty in Moscow, he is a mine of sensible and sensitive information.

The commissary is not supported by the government, but is a coöperative effort of Embassy personnel to provide American food and supplies, for no one can regularly afford the Russian prices. Food has become a genuine problem here, for the Russians are refusing to release our commissary shipments from customs. Each Embassy was given an annual allowance of 900,000 rubles equivalent in duty to cover everything to be imported. No one can find out what the customs rates are, but the first shipment to be released was one of office supplies. Since we have a large Embassy — some hundred and forty people in all — it was a large shipment, and it ate up 840,000 rubles of our year's allowance. Although newcomers have been told in the past that they should not bring food, it was decided that from now on every new diplomatic arrival should bring with him a year's supply of food. The initial household shipments of those few of us with diplomatic passports are admitted with no reference to our customs allowance, so in this manner we may be able to feed the great majority of Americans who are not in a diplomatic status.

This in itself is sufficient reason for having to depend on Russian servants rather than bringing in American ones. We simply could not feed American servants. As it is, the commissary supplies are strictly rationed and insufficient for ourselves, so that we must depend partly on the Russian market and must feed our servants entirely on Russian food.

With a ration of only two pounds of American sugar a month and with Russian eggs at fifty cents an egg, Nell has found it necessary to put a stout padlock on the supply cupboard and makes Natasha come to her every time she needs anything. One can almost as easily afford to feed them caviar at seventeen dollars a pound.

It seems to me that the many foreigners who con-

sider Russian servants dishonest because they make away with food are doing them a bit of an injustice. A Northerner who goes to live in the South may regard Negro servants who take food home as dishonest, but Southerners know that the Negro is much more apt to regard a little toting as a perquisite of the job, and so they think nothing of it. In spite of the widespread problem of food, Russians are traditionally generous, even prodigal, and so are apt to consider our necessary prudence as a sign of meanness.

At any rate, Natasha always looks grim when she comes around for supplies and when she produces scraps of paper filled with highly illegible Russian writing to show what she bought in the markets. In spite of the fact that there is nothing on which you can put your finger and that they are respectful and know that the *khozyain*, the owner or boss, can do as he pleases, we have a feeling that we are not fully accepted by any of the servants, but are regarded with a sort of suspended distrust. Alone among the three military services, the Navy's allowances have been set up by Congress so that all servants — and their food — must be paid from one's own personal funds.

There are some things about the Soviet system whose implications are difficult to grasp. All wages are paid by the state, so they can be doubled overnight or cut in half, merely by decree. Similarly, the price of food can be doubled overnight or bread can be given away free. In the long run, though, the regime must be up against the same problems that exist in other economies. If people get more money than there are things to buy, the prices cannot be held in line, and black markets spring up. The Soviet government apparently tries to keep such a balance between wages and prices that every citizen must use all his energies to make both ends meet. The principle that "he who does not work shall not eat" is backed up by controls which make it necessary that every individual of a family work in order to keep that family in food.

The weeks go by, but the redecoration of our apartment makes little progress. Nell has herself been doing a bit of supervising on that job. One of the painters told her that the reason they were so slow was that they were weak from lack of food, saying that one of the men had fallen from a ladder from sheer weakness. There is a divergence of opinion on the question of feeding such workmen, for some say that if they are fed they will never finish. Nevertheless, they are all now getting soup and bread from Nell's jealously guarded stores, though even Natasha is not sure it is the quickest way for us eventually to get settled.

## 6

IMAGINE a city bigger than Chicago or Philadelphia, with all its office buildings, factories, warehouses,

shops, and stores. If you then imagine what it would be like if every one of all those buildings was a government office, you would have some idea of Moscow. Not far from the Embassy, for example, is a big building which covers about a city block — the Bureau for the Repair of Sewing Machines. The scope of universal state planning is difficult to grasp. Someone has to worry about the stocking and distributing of spare parts for sewing machines and keeping them in order, but it is not done on a self-regulating system of supply and demand, but by a conscious bureaucratic planning process. Since it must all be based on data of some sort, everywhere special voluminous records are kept of everything as a basis for that planning. The overhead involved must be tremendous. The Soviet papers are full of exhortations about trying to keep down the continually mounting overhead.

Most of the civil servants with whom the stores and shops are staffed are obliging and polite, particularly when they realize that they are dealing with a foreigner. They seem to have a natural desire to be helpful. Yet there was a much higher proportion than anywhere in the West of those who were indifferent and uninformed. It was noticeable that this was not because I was a foreigner, for those same people were the same way with the Russian customers.

There is a stamp collector's shop in Kuznetski Most, and it seems to be the only one in Moscow. I had a long list of Soviet stamps that people back home wanted, and the attendant was endlessly patient, finally taking my order for a complete set including one of every stamp he had in stock for what seemed a very reasonable price. While I was talking with him, someone took me by the arm. I turned in surprise, for although I am always a center of curiosity no one had yet been that familiar.

It was the crooked-nosed artillery colonel of the Berlin train. He was friendly as could be, telling me how his family was getting along, asking about Nell, and saying that my Russian had already improved greatly. This seemed an unusual opportunity, so I asked him if he would bring his wife to have dinner with us, but he became ill at ease and full of excuses, and left almost immediately. On thinking it over afterward, it seemed possible that there was nothing sinister about the incident, but that he was not in a position to repay any hospitality, and I have already learned that this is a very important point with a Russian. Also it was just as well that he did not come, for he might have made trouble for himself with his own people.

A Russian girl who has been teaching one of our assistant attachés and who has been helped by him with food and such has ended up by getting into trouble with the Soviet authorities, or so it seems. She has been threatened for some time by the authorities, and has now disappeared, sending word through others that she will be sent to Siberia unless



he can come to her assistance in some way. When she first began to be threatened, he went to the Ambassador with the story, and the Ambassador showed me his statements.

The amazing thing about the case is the way in which she has implicated a considerable number of Americans in one way or another, including such statements as "please do not have anything to do with so-and-so, for he gives information to the Soviet police," and "do not tell such-and-such a person about this, for he is being used by the police, although he doesn't know that that is the case." I know enough about some of those who were involved to be absolutely certain that what she had to say was false. The whole thing seems to be deliberately intended to sow suspicion among Americans. It is so full of inconsistencies that it is impossible to tell where the truth, if any, begins and ends, to tell how willingly she may have said these things, or even to ascribe motives. It is the sort of thing that would be full of trouble if it were known and discussed through the Embassy.

## 7

THERE is an air of excitement over Moscow because of the approaching *prazdnik* to celebrate its eight-hundredth anniversary. Moscow is doubtless much older than that, but the first dated record of any mention of the city was just eight hundred years ago. A full-length portrait of Stalin at least thirty feet high has gone up on the front of the Historical Museum at the entrance to Red Square, and the top of the Moscow Hotel has a row of gigantic portraits of the Politburo. The very size of those portraits gives one a peculiar sensation of power behind them, even though one knows that the intent behind it all is to create just that psychological impression. Since there is no speculation or comment in the press regarding possible changes in individual power, everyone, including the Russians, is tremendously interested in seeing whether or not the portraits of any of the Politburo are omitted, and whether or not Molotov and Beria will retain their positions next to Stalin.

All Moscow is hung with flags and bunting like an old-fashioned Fourth of July, but here every flag and decoration is a lurid, exciting crimson. Troops of soldiers sing as they march through the streets, and everywhere there are crowds out to see the decorations and the arrangements. At each end of the plaza outside our windows big platforms have been erected for speeches and entertainment. Up Gorky Street a monument has been erected to Yuri Dolgoruky, the Muscovite prince who first used Moscow's name for the benefit of posterity. His name means "long-armed," and the Russians say, off the record, that that is an apt name for any Muscovite in power. Our servants have always been remarkably sober, even abstemious, yet today little

old Natasha said that we should all have some vodka with which to drink to the *prazdnik*, so I sent Valodya, the new chauffeur, out to get some.

Nina, who has been obviously ill with a heavy cold for the last few days, was in today to say that the doctors had told her she should have a vacation in the Caucasus. Some of her recent remarks have made me wonder about her motives, and though she is a beauty as well as a good teacher her prospective departure came as somewhat of a relief. I told her that since the language was of such importance to me, another teacher would have to be obtained to replace her. Somewhat to my surprise, she was not at all taken aback, but seemed to expect it. That seems to shoot the theory that she was specially detailed to work on me. Perhaps they had decided that I was not vulnerable, but if that was the case, she had not tried very hard before reaching such a decision. There is still a good chance that she was actually what she represented herself to be, but in any case it is something of a relief that she is gone.

By the eve of the *prazdnik* the crowds had thickened until it was difficult to get through the streets. Bands and music from the loud-speakers gave everything a carnival air. The two platforms in Manezhny Place ran a continuous entertainment, and it was solid entertainment, with no political speeches — wrestling, boxing, choruses, bands, comedians, and dancers. Dense crowds gathered around the platforms, and in the more open areas little eddies of people were dancing with each other in the streets.

As it grew dark, the lights came on. Although there had been plenty of workmen in evidence for days, we were not prepared for the effect. The whole vast outline of the Kremlin was picked out with lights which followed faithfully the crenelations of the walls and the outlines of all the fantastic towers. All the bridges across the Moskva River were similarly outlined with strings of lights, and as far as one could see in all directions were similar illuminations. One whole side of the Moscow Hotel consisted of an electric fountain which danced and sprayed in colored waves of light.

Nell and I wedged our way through the crowds into Red Square, which was a blaze of light from fixed projectors as well as from the thousands and thousands of lights on the surrounding buildings and the Kremlin gates and towers. In Red Square is the Head Place where the execution block and gallows stood for centuries, and where, in the Time of Troubles in 1606, the body of the False Dmitry, with a vile mask on his belly, a flute in his mouth, and a bagpipe under his arm, was flouted by the mob with the placard, "YOU, SCOUNDREL, HAVE MADE US PIPE OFTEN, NOW YOU PIPE FOR OUR AMUSEMENT." Now the Head Place was a great bouquet of rippling red banners in the glare of the searchlights.

The orderliness of the crowds was very noticeable. There was no rowdyism, no contagious bursts of

extrovertism. It is not that the people were apathetic, as some foreigners say, for they were interested and curious about everything. Perhaps the police keep crowds here from becoming bumptious, but whatever the reason, the people were dignified and self-contained as they strolled about with their children of all ages, and at the same time they were full of smiles and good nature, with eyes that danced at the spectacle. Once two hard-bitten little Cossacks with their wide trousers stuffed into their boots, suddenly, for no reason at all, decided to do a wild Cossack dance. They paid no attention whatever to the crowd around, but had a grand time all to themselves.

Two or three times I tried to talk with some of the people who were drifting around, but soon gave it up. Perhaps those Russians were hesitant to get into a conversation with a foreigner in public, but whatever the reason, they seemed uneasy and turned away.

The day of the *prazdnik* the crowds were enormous, and all day long the continuous entertainment went on on the platforms in the plaza — singers, orchestras, and dancers. There were stamping peasant dances, sailor dances, Cossack dances, Circassian sword dances. Masses of people surged with uplifted hands around big trucks in order to buy ice cream and little pies.

Half-organized little parades went past. One consisted of three or four small trucks hung with scarlet bunting and decorated with evergreens. In the leading truck was a little band playing valiantly against all the noise from the amplifiers and loudspeakers, and each of the little trucks that followed was piled high with potatoes, cabbages, and harvest produce. It gave such a childish homemade effect that it was almost touching.

In the afternoon, driving through the crowds only with the greatest difficulty, we went to the Sports Parade at the stadium. The edges of the stadium and all the aisles were outlined by the blue caps of the MVD, seated or standing close together. Whole blocks of people in the audience were vivid with the national costumes of the Republics, blue, cerise, and green, with long, full, heavily embroidered skirts and white puffy peasant blouses. Even the babies had elaborately embroidered headdresses.

The parade itself was tremendous, with endless formations of hundreds of young athletes. I counted sixteen hundred people in a single formation. There were acrobats and tumblers, gymnastic teams, cyclists and motorcyclists, and teams that did acrobatic trick riding on motorcycles, all performed with beautiful precision and timing. The figures that were formed were intricate and shifting, full of color and unexpected developments. Once the Kremlin wall was formed in the middle of the field by human figures. Flower bearers gave bouquets to the winners of cross-country bicycle and motorcycle races which finished in the stadium.

Perhaps what drew as much interest as anything was two horsemen, one a Cossack in long skirted coat with cartridge pockets across his chest, who put their beautifully schooled horses through their paces at opposite ends of the stadium while other acts were going on. Throughout the whole show the crowd roared "*Slava! Slava Stalinu!*" (Glory! Glory to Stalin!) in a tremendous chorus. The football game which ended the show was tame compared with all that had gone before.

When we got home we found that the crowd in the big squares around the Kremlin and in all the streets leading to it had grown until there were no open spaces left, except that held by mounted troops. There were at least one million people to be seen from the balcony. They were packed so tight that they were like a solid pavement. The upturned faces that watched the dancers and jugglers made circles of white around the platforms. In the center of Manezhny Place a sound truck poured out music for street dancing, but the dancers were choked in the throng. New checkered taxis, which have recently appeared in Moscow to the admiration of the people, were unable to penetrate the crowds, and stood like cars bogged down in snow.

As night came on, the lights began to blaze on the outlines of bridges, walls, domes, spires, and towers, the colored fountains began to play, and the floodlights made occasional weird silhouettes of dense masses of people. Suddenly there was a simultaneous flash in all directions, and then from all over the city rockets rushed upwards in a complete fiery encirclement and burst into glory against the night sky, followed by a crash of gunfire. After a moment of silence and before one had recovered from the glory, there was another salvo, synchronized in color as well as in time. Once the rockets would be all green everywhere, then all red, then white, and then varied, cascading and hanging in great lurid bursts in every direction as far as one could see, glittering, drifting, shimmering, dying, while the salvo of gunfire echoed through the city. And with them came the searchlight dance, straight bars of white or colored light, upright like a field of trees, and then weaving and swaying together throughout the sky. In occasional intervals of darkness, high up in the dark sky one could see the huge numerals "800," red flags and pictures, doubtless suspended from balloons. Someone, seeing Stalin's portrait in the heavens, murmured, "Oh my! They forgot to put on his wings!"

## 8

WHEN one encounters the real greatness of the Russian theater, there is no mistaking it, just as there is no mistaking the greatness of old Egyptian and Assyrian sculpture. We went to see Chekhov's *Cherry Orchard* at MXAT, the Moscow Art Theater, and I have not been so impressed since seeing my



very first play when a small child. In fact, there was something in common between that early childhood wonder and the effect created by this Russian production — a deep delight that such a thing was possible. It may have been due in part to the fact that I had just finished reading the play, so that I caught almost every word at the show itself. Never before has the Russian language been so beautiful and understandable to me, so it is quite possible that that had something to do with the sensation of looking into a completely new and different world. There was an unusual clarity in the speech, for MXAT sets the standard for diction in the Russia of today.

But the sweeping away of the language barrier by no means accounts for all of the glamour, for it was a matchless production. Every actor lived his part, completely submerging his personality in it. If it had not been for that tremendous sincerity, one would have said that they overacted, for there was a dramatic sweep and confidence about every gesture that made it almost stylized. It was the sincere acting of great talent within a pattern, just as Shakespeare and Keats and Millay express themselves within the pattern of a sonnet, and it was tremendously moving.

As the program, which one buys for half a ruble, shows, eight of the twelve actors and actresses who had significant parts had received Soviet decorations for their artistry. There is a hierarchy in such decorations, which are awarded either by the separate Republics, such as Kazakhstan or the Ukraine, or by the RSFSR, which is the largest and most important division of the USSR and includes the Great Russian nation. One actor held a decoration for his work in other aspects of the theater than acting, and the other seven had all been decorated by the RSFSR. Three of them had received the Stalin Prize.

All of the Russian theaters play repertoire, and apparently almost any actor can and does take almost any part, no matter how important or how small. They do not operate on the star system, for no part is permitted to overshadow the other roles. It would perhaps be more accurate to say that every actor is a star. I have never before seen such a varied and fascinating portrayal of character in the theater. One minor part in particular, played by a young actor named Byelokurov, that of a lackey who had once been to Paris, was made so boorish in its studied refinement, so utterly revolting, that the audience was laughing all the time he was on the stage. But interwoven with the laughter were tremendous currents of sympathy for the impractical, lovable, but vanishing types which had tragically outlived their time.

And the stage settings and effects were out of this world in their skill, spaciousness, realism, and frequent beauty, from the cherry blossoms outside the windows of the house to the dull sounds of the axes

that eventually cut them down. When the furniture of the old house is all dismantled in the last act, there are faded spots on the walls showing the shapes of the pictures that once hung there. The scene of the ball has a tremendous living room in front, with a ballroom on beyond in the background, and the distant strains of the *Sobre las Olas* waltz gives an atmosphere of indescribable nostalgia. I have never dreamed of such enormous stages, in depth as well as in all other dimensions.

In spite of the sympathy with which the disintegrating bourgeois family was portrayed, the social significance was not lost. There is a part which is so minor that it was scarcely noticeable on reading the play, that of a tramp who mildly ruffles a peaceful scene in passing. On the stage, that moment somehow becomes a portent of all the violence of the Revolution that was to come.

## 9

AT LAST I have had a definite reward for my concentration on the Russian language. Up until now it has seemed that I was always in the hands of other people's opinions, and it was easy to see how those opinions might be affected by strong considerations other than the real nature of things. After months of immersing myself in the language, talking it at every opportunity, reading almost nothing but Russian, putting in endless hours at the theaters and listening to the radio, and coming very close to antagonizing Nell as well as many others with what must have seemed to them to be an overemphasized interest, I have at last reached the point where the barrier of language is being washed away and I know what is going on around me beyond that barrier.

There are many reasons why Russian-speaking foreigners do not really mingle with the Russian people. One of them is that they frequent the better places, such as the bars of the big hotels, and there they are always subject to surveillance. It takes a strong stomach and there is even an element of danger in going alone into the swarming second-class or third-class restaurants and bars where one never sees another foreigner, yet in such a place, alone, one is much more approachable and accessible to Russians.

Last night I decided to launch out on my own, so I walked through the cold windy streets until I found a combination restaurant and bar of the sort that might be frequented by taxi drivers or laborers in America. It was early and the place was only about half full, so I sat down alone at a small table in a corner and ordered some cheese and a big heavy mug of the sweetish Russian beer. The restaurant began to fill up, and soon a thin-faced man in his thirties with bright, tormented black eyes sat down at my table. He wore a soft white shirt with no tie and his clothes were shiny and threadbare, but he

was no different in appearance from many others around us. He ordered beer and pulled from his pocket a little package of sausage and black bread. We sat in silence for half an hour or more, replenishing our beer from time to time.

At last, when he had finished eating and had carefully restored to his pocket what was left of his sausage and bread, he started to fish around for a match. Without a word, I offered him one, and he lit his cigarette with only a nod of his head in acknowledgment. He sat back in his chair and there was another long silence while we surveyed the people at the other tables.

Then he looked at me and said, "Are you a Lett?"

"No," I answered.

There was another silence, during which he became more interested. "Perhaps a German?" he asked. "Your clothes are better than ours."

"No," I said, "American."

He looked at me curiously. "What are you doing here? Do you work for the Soviets?"

"No. I work in the American Embassy."

"Might I see your papers?" he asked, eying me suspiciously.

I showed him my Russian identification papers and told him who I was. In return he told me that he was an agricultural expert from a collective farm and showed me his own papers, although he seemed to be thinking about something else. His name was Petrov, and he had come to Moscow to check up on the delivery of some equipment for the farm. He was married, but had no children. His wife worked in the administration of the farm. But all the time he was distracted, twisting nervously in his chair, his eyes darting from table to table. I decided that he was afraid of me because I was an American, and when the conversation died down, fully expected him to leave.

But suddenly he made his decision. He looked swiftly around him, hitched his chair over close to mine, and the floodgates were opened. He spoke quietly but urgently, and so rapidly that several times it was necessary to ask him to go more slowly and to repeat, and all the time he was looking around and glancing over his shoulder to see if anyone was noticing us. It was perhaps the first time in his life that, because of my position, he was absolutely sure that the person with whom he was talking would not betray him to the secret police.

"You cannot possibly realize the unhappiness and discontent that is everywhere in Russia, particularly in the villages and on the farms, nor the dog's life which we lead. I have seen parents, unable to feed their children, deliberately do things that would get them sent to the prison camps, for then the government will give the children food. The whole land is ripe for a new revolution, and we would rise up

against our leaders overnight if we could only get our hands on the means with which to do it. But we cannot organize ourselves to do a single thing: we Russians cannot talk about our sorrows with other Russians. There are so many spies and informers that we do not know whom to trust."

His hatred of the regime was so impersonalized that it added greatly to my feeling that his was not a highly individual reaction and that he knew whereof he spoke. He did not so much question the sincerity of the Soviet leaders or damn their motives but railed against their stupidity. Again and again he repeated that they were mixed up and confused. "They are not the caliber of men who should be in charge. They have neither the education nor the intelligence of real leaders, but are themselves nothing more than revolutionary conspirators. The problems of the Russian people are completely beyond their ability to solve, and some day they will be swept away."

He gave me a picture of Soviet life which was full of deprivation, frustration, unfulfilled desires and, above all, violation of all instincts of decency, and through it all was no complaint of his own personal lot. "I myself," he said, "can manage all right. I have a good position and do not live badly, but it makes me boil to see what goes on all around me."

I was worn out with his intensity and with the strain of having to pay close attention to his low, swift words. "There are many things I would like to ask," I said. "Meet me in this same place one month from tonight and I will be better able to put my questions into Russian words." Since he came often to Moscow on business, Petrov said that he could easily do that. We both wrote the date on our documents so that we would not lose it and drank in vodka to our next meeting.

On leaving, we both stopped in the washroom. It was smelly, dirty, and disorderly, and had no claim to distinction other than that it was tiled. Petrov looked about with an air of genuine pride. "*Ekh, kulturny!*" he said.

I do not think that I overrate the importance of last night's conversation, and it has had a tremendous impact on me. It seems very significant that my first real opportunity to talk with a chance Russian who had not previously been oriented with reference to foreigners should have brought forth such strong evidence to support one viewpoint on Russia with which everyone is familiar. Out of the millions of Muscovites who might have shared my table, my chances of having encountered an exceptional case seem extremely remote. And what a country this is, where it is so extraordinarily difficult to find out things whose counterparts are common knowledge in any country in the West! That in itself is a damning commentary on Russia.

(To be continued)





*On a visit to the West Coast, the Editor brought together ROBERT GROSS, the President of Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, and WILLIAM WISTER HAINES, whose play about our heavy bombers, Command Decision, was a smash hit directly after the war. At this and ensuing meetings, following the lead of Mr. Gross, whose company has pioneered in air freight, the two projected the enormous possibilities for the foreseeable future when new, specially designed freighters would be carrying air cargoes at 4 cents a ton-mile. Here is how it can be done.*

## FREIGHTERS OF THE FUTURE

by ROBERT GROSS and WILLIAM WISTER HAINES

### 1

ANY plane can carry some kinds of cargo some distance at a profit, sometimes. The development of American commercial air freight has been a decade's struggle between that evident fact and its inexorable corollary: self-supporting air freight requires a plane conceived, designed, and built as a freighter.

The paradox that we already have a vigorous commercial air freight, expanding in every dimension of tons, dollars, and miles, despite the imperfection of its tools, derives from the artificial incubation of the war.

The first scheduled all-freight cargo liner took off in 1943. Like its sisters, then bulging with military cargo, that converted passenger plane was far from perfect for its purpose. So were the *Niña*, the *Pinta*, and the *Santa Maria*.

War had demonstrated what wings would lift. To the jungle, the arctic, and the five continents had flown very nearly whatever was wanted — incredible amounts, shapes, and items of it in planes that were not built to carry freight. They had to carry it. The GI who saw cases of soft drinks as well as bulldozers trundled down the ramps of ATC might well have said with Lincoln Steffens: "I have seen the future and it works."

It did work — miracles of physical accomplishment. The fiscal reckoning, like the planes, terminals, and cargoes themselves, was governmental. The taxpayer footed the bill.

Yet so alluring was that preview of possibility that since the war eighty-six companies, mostly composed of former GIs, have entered the air freight business. Four of them survive. There were many factors in these failures. The primary one was the unsuitability of available planes for commercial cargo carrying.

Only now, ten years after the first converted passenger liner stripped out its seats, is the true

freight plane progressing from mock-up to manufacture. Had this plane been available to the vision and energy of the eighty-six pioneers, their incidence of failure would have been very different. It took their experience and failures to shape this plane.

The air freight problem is only in part an adjustment of plane, terminal, and cargo. The most significant factor in air freight, as in everything to do with aviation, can be called political; it is man's ineradicable preoccupation with weapons.

The wing is a weapon. Realization that a nation with inferior wings might cease to be a nation put the American government, like all others, into aviation. Air power needs deep roots to defend its secondary right to make the wing a tool.

Since the magnitude of the need exceeded the scope of private capital, public interest had to underwrite some of the risk. Subsidy by air mail contract for the development of privately owned passenger lines was an expedient that fitted the capabilities of the early planes. It gave the taxpayer some immediate return on the industry he needed. It nourished aviation's growth toward self-support.

In pursuit of this concept Congress authorized the Civil Aeronautics Board to grant franchises (and air mail contracts) to private companies which could show that their projected operations between designated terminals were, in the words of the act, "in the public necessity and convenience." Those words were a restraint against suicidal competition on foreseeably lucrative routes. They were also an invitation to private brains, energy, and capital; to free enterprise; in a word, to profit.

The limitations of the planes of the time pointed these arrangements toward mail and passenger traffic. Both franchises and subsidies were revocable. The subsidies would terminate after satisfactory

development of passenger revenue. They looked to the day when passengers would carry the mail instead of riding on it. But that day had to wait for better planes.

Even then perspective outlined a secondary objective of incalculable proportions. Long experience had shown the world of surface transportation, as air calls the wheel and keel carriers, that passenger revenue is only about one fifth of the total, or one quarter of the returns for hauling freight.

Now if passengers could be expected ultimately to carry the air lines, as upon sober projection they were, the question was not so much what air freight would carry as what it would not.

So it looked to the founders of the eighty-six companies. They had already seen wings lift almost every imaginable article of man's making. They had learned their trade in wartime air transport. Could monetary accounting be worse than reckoning in blood? No one knew better than they that the perfect, even the appropriate, plane for freight was not at hand. Who ever began anything with a perfect tool? They would try it.

To report that eighty-two of them failed is to report only one side of the experiment. The other side is that, largely by their efforts, our national air freight has skyrocketed from an annual lift of roughly 40 million ton-miles in 1946 to roughly 250 million in 1952.

Of these totals the passenger lines carried a proportion that increased as the independent freighters dropped out. They will play a prodigious part in the expansion that is expected to reach a billion ton-miles for 1959. Other projections set that same year as the one in which freight, measured in both weight and dollar revenue, will overtake passenger traffic.

## 2

THE war which incubated air freight also retarded its adjustment to the commercial problems of peacetime. War stripped our air lines of their passenger planes when demand was soaring. V-J Day found aircraft manufacture facing an unprecedented backlog of orders for replacement, expansion, and improvement of passenger equipment.

In addition to their moral claims, the old customers were solvent. Many had already cut the umbilical cord of subsidy. New planes would enable others to do so. Government guarantee still remained available to need. The manufacturer, pondering his duty to stockholders, employees, old customers, and country, knew that subsidy as well as solvency underwrote passenger plane orders.

In the field of the freighter the gargantuan subsidy of the war itself worked oppositely. The aviation boneyards were cluttered with war surplus planes. Economical or not, they would skim the cream off potential air cargo. The prices at which these planes were resold to the multiplying freight

carriers constituted an indirect subsidy which acted against the manufacture of true freighters.

Again, every obsolescent passenger liner was, after replacement, a potential freighter. The established air lines were expanding into freight. Almost every air frame then in service was good for a second tour of duty with cargo.

On the manufacturer's own drawing boards were new planes which would carry not only mail and passengers but supplemental freight as well. This would be queen cargo, compact, limited, valuable, which takes its name from the great ocean liners. Its volume should not delay a rapid turnaround for passenger duty, but it makes a lucrative addition to regular runs. Every pound that rode with passengers would be lost to the freighters.

Finally the manufacturer, like other people, could see clouds in the future. He might have been excused for failing to discern in them the exact outlines of the Berlin embargo and Korean war. He would never have been excused for forgetting that the wing is a weapon, even though his government seemed to have forgotten.

The cut in government appropriations after World War II left the plane manufacturer almost alone to confront the staggering costs of new plane development. Especially in freighters, his failing prospective customers could not even share in the cost of a thorough study of their needs. Logic might insist that the government would also need a true freighter for military cargo. At the time, appropriations were inadequate to the grim race for improved combat types.

Against this background the plane manufacturer began, at his own expense, the study of commercial air freight. For he, too, remembered the four to one ratio of freight and passengers in other transportation. If subsidy would not lead to that, innovation must. Cargo would have to lift commercial freight as truly as the plane lifted cargo.

Queen cargo would never do it. Orchids — indeed all flowers — are ideal air freight. Their weight-value ratio, their perishability, the climate factor that puts optimum production so far from metropolitan demand — these are prime characteristics. The plane carries flowers at a profit. The question was what kind of plane flowers would carry.

Some items of air cargo are economical for all concerned at a dollar a ton-mile. But the eighty-two companies were failing in the 20 to 10 cents per ton-mile bracket. Savage rate wars did swell the casualty list; the real problem was volume to bear irreducible fixed costs.

The rate-volume ratio in air freight is not a flight of steps. It is a pyramid of steps; every descent broadens the base. Cargo that cannot pay, say, 16 cents per ton-mile will literally leap into the air at 15 cents.

Measuring this pyramid by experience, analogy,



and projection, surveying that ever-broadening base against his own long struggles with gravity and inertia, the plane manufacturer finally pronounced his dictum. His studies placed the highest possible base for a self-supporting air freight industry at about 4 cents a ton-mile.

To many an operator these words seemed the requiem of the air freight dream. They appeared to ignore the rising totals of tonnage then traveling between 20 and 10 cents.

The more thoughtful knew better. The 20 to 10 rates were already bankrupting most freighters. And they had been able to offer them only in war surplus planes, irreplaceable at the prices which put them into freight. Very few had ever touched the 9-cent level, even under optimum conditions. No converted passenger plane could ever get down to 4-cent operation.

True it all was, but still not final. For, accepting his own logic, and still at his own expense, the manufacturer had extended his study to outline the totally new plane that would carry 4-cent cargo — the first true freighter.

The differences between the revolutionary four-center and even the most efficient of previous conversions make a large library of blueprints. The luxury liner's solicitude for leg room was out. The four-center's pay load would be solid bulk. This meant a stronger floor to support it, a new frame to support the floor, new power to lift it all.

It is propeller clearance that keeps luxury liner doors up so many steps. But those steps so dear to photogenic actresses and ambassadors make hoisting charges for freight. Up went wings and engines above the air frame and down came side doors to truck bed level. Still the four-center must be able to swallow a loaded truck. Ingenious ventral doors permit it to drive straight in.

Even plumbing had to be reconsidered. Live-stock of all kinds was already an important item of 10- to 20-cent air freight. The four-center had to be prepared for floods Noah never mentioned.

Gross weight, net lift, speed, altitude, range, takeoff and landing runs, length and strength of runways — these and the other variables of aerodynamics all had to be refitted to the new constant of 4-cent cargo.

Speed is the primary attraction of air freight, but in aerodynamics as in economics you do not get something for nothing. You buy speed not only with fuel but with frame limitation.

Is the shaving of a few hours for fresh sea food more valuable than space for air-minded furniture? Would fruit and vegetables freeze in the stratospheric speedways that are ideal for the distribution of new dress styles? Altitude and range are functions of speed as well as of space. Would the plane that trades Texas produce for Chicago mail orders deliver mining machinery over the Andes or drilling bits to Abadan?

One by one the variables had been fitted to the invisible framework of the 4 cents on every blueprint. One by one they took their places in another equation which, in effect, said finally that 4 cents equal 40 million dollars. That would be the cost of the prototype. Line production at the rate of fifty planes a year might hope for a delivery price between 1½ and 2 million dollars apiece.

This was very long arithmetic for an industry short of everything but guts. The impasse was broken by an older need than commercial air freight. The wing was still a weapon and modern war had brought the closest fusion yet between weapon and tool. The urgencies which originated military air transport had finally demonstrated the limitations of the converted planes that began it. In uniform as in mufti, the cargo problem had outgrown hand-me-downs.

When the services requested competitive bids for the best conceivable air transport, three manufacturers submitted plans. With the selection of the winner the 4-cent freighter was assured.

The first batch of them will go to the armed forces. Security still shrouds most of the specifications. It has been announced, however, that the 132-foot wing span will lift a 95-foot frame which has a cargo hold at least as large as the ordinary railroad boxcar. It accommodates a loaded 5000-gallon gasoline truck and tractor. The normal crew of pilot, copilot, and engineer may be supplemented by a navigator on such flights as require one.

Government priority makes the date of commercial availability for these planes uncertain. Their ultimate future is not. In every detail of its configuration the 4-cent plane is the tool our air freight has needed.

### 3

THE farthest flights of engineering fancy, like the air frames that enclose them, must come to ground in terminals. Too many of our existing airports are already inadequate. They reflect a complacent approval of the divine wisdom which gave the passenger two legs. Freight will not walk.

The 4-cent plane is designed to exploit minimal runways. It can operate on unpaved strips for either war or commerce. In peaceful use, however, the plane itself is going to generate an avalanche of new cargo. Haphazard sheds, squeezed into the congestion of present passenger facilities and served by afterthought highways, will not only fail to meet this new traffic: they will lose it to better provision.

Integral in the manufacturer's study of the 4-cent plane are plans for its terminal needs. Some can be answered within existing airports. Some will require new ones. All terminals must have facilities now available in very few. Blueprints as well as advice for the necessary roads, docks, refrigerators, ware-

houses, rolling bridges, conveyors, and servicing shops are waiting.

But help though he can and will, the terminal problem lies beyond the manufacturer, beyond the individual shipper and carrier. In the third chapter of *The Wealth of Nations*, Adam Smith wrote a hundred and seventy-odd years ago:—

As by means of water carriage a more extensive market is opened to every sort of industry than what land carriage alone can afford it, so it is upon the sea coast and along the banks of navigable rivers that industry of every kind naturally begins to subdivide and improve itself; and it is frequently not until a long time after that those improvements extend themselves to the inland parts of the country.

The freight terminals in the airports of both present and future will profoundly influence the impact of 4-cent air freight upon our industrial geography. Better terminals might have meant survival for some carriers who perished in the 20- to 10-cent bracket. The 4-cent plane will reverse the situation. Goods, service, and labor are going to shift to it.

"We cannot sell goods in transit" is the merchant's explanation of much of our present air freight. To him as to all users, the freighter has already begun to say, "Planes on the ground do not earn." The expeditious ground handling of air freight is a mutual need.

In the long run, cargo, through appropriate charges, will pay for adequate terminals. This does not build them now. The community, region, and industry which wait to see it pay should ask themselves not only when but where it is going to pay.

America is dotted with once-proud cities decaying on the shores adequate to nineteenth-century transportation. Many a village withers a few miles from the steel rails it misjudged. Los Angeles and Houston, on the other hand, reached imperiously for harbors. Denver built the Moffat Tunnel.

Past terminal problems have been chiefly municipal. The early freighters have had to stick to existing runways. The compasses of the 4-cent plane, however, are set to cargo itself—mercantile, industrial, and agricultural. The 4-cent terminal must be regional.

Helicopters have already proved their practicality as feeders for mail and military freight. Parachuting of commercial freight is as possible as parachuting military supplies. In commercial practice the pulling of the rip cord creates that economic anomaly, an empty plane. But if the plane is near the end of an economic run, near a terminal waiting with profitable reload, the parachute may revolutionize both distribution costs and industrial real-estate values.

The ideal bureaucracy in the perfectly planned state would, of course, have produced the perfect freighter and its terminals simultaneously for an earmarked, noncompetitive cargo expertly handled

by slaves. The freedom we cherish is more exacting. As long as our politicians respond to our needs instead of determining them, we must look first for improvement to ourselves. The choice of whether their stores, farms, or factories shall be six days or six hours from their needs is passing to the taxpayers.

#### 4

FOR the wing as a weapon, air cargo was whatever had to be moved. Many a paratrooper will assert that a human being can be freight before he is boxed. He was—and so, in unimaginable profusion, were his needs. Yet one of our enemies surpassed even the diversity of our war cargo.

The late Field Marshal Rommel used air transport for several Junker 52 loads of *Fräuleins* to assuage the loneliness of his Afrika Korps. History denies us a waybill for that shipment and the term "baggage" does come to mind, but technically the girls were cargo, too.

For the wing as a tool, cargo is what is economic. An engine part worth 40 dollars in New York undergoes an economic metamorphosis when a break in its counterpart stalls a steamship worth 4500 dollars a day in Bombay. A box of windshield wipers in Detroit may be worth far more than their weight in gold to a Los Angeles auto assembler whose lines and storage yard are clogged for want of them. On the line those wipers are applied for a few cents apiece. Follow-up attachment by embarrassed dealers may cost several dollars.

These needs arise from emergency. So, beginning with war itself, does almost all air freight. But wars end. Commercial freight, first airborne in emergency, usually proceeds, through what might be called "emergensis," into practice. Having learned the succoring power of wings, that ship in Bombay can chart a more profitable return route, still within their reach. The auto assembler can start his lines on smaller reserves, or even without some items, now only hours away in Detroit.

Emergencies teach, but only if someone is around to learn. It was the eighty-six companies which took the hard lessons through emergensis. It was their desperation to find cargo for empty planes and inexorable gasoline cost which disclosed the broadening base of the rate-volume pyramid. Their struggle demonstrated something far more significant than the firm foundations of the 4-cent level.

The American President who told his countrymen, "Our industrial plant is built," lived to see its greatest expansion. He was, however, only articulating the widespread fallacy which considers that wealth is finite—the labors of man effect only its division.

The air freighter, like the farmer who plants or the mechanic who shapes, knows better. He knows that wealth is an infinite limited only by human application.



Outside San Antonio, before 1946, an okra grower supplied his accessible market with three acres of planting. Perishability limited him to neighborhood demand. Today he plants fifty acres; Wednesday's picking is Thursday's dinner in Detroit and Cleveland.

Those forty-seven acres of okra are new wealth in the world, created by an air freighter's need, and availability, for return loads east from San Antonio. Not only could surface transportation never have created that new business. It now hauls the farmer fertilizer he formerly did not need.

The integration of eastern manufacture with western flowers, fruits, and vegetables is only one facet of the new potential.

Few perishables are more sensitive than style itself. Today a San Francisco merchant can place advertising for day after tomorrow's sale of dresses that are still in New York. They will be on his racks when the store opens. Thanks to the containers developed by air freighters, they will not require pressing before sale.

Much conventional boxing and crating is obviated in air freight. The savings often exceed the difference between air tariff and the Less Than Carload Lot classification which is unprofitable to most surface transportation. For a detailed answer to the question "What is air cargo?" the reader might thumb the catalogues of the large mail-order houses. Even at the 20- to 10-cent rate, they now use air freight extensively. A categorical answer is simpler; air cargo is new wealth.

Consideration of the wing as a tool which creates new wealth through air freight has so far been materialistic. Profit built and expands the economy in which we live. An American President once said that men do not make law, they discover it. One basic law of profit has been discovered; it must be mutual. Wooden nutmegs made a short profit and a long legend. The true ones still expand their markets, nowadays by air freight.

Men learned that law slowly, but at each step the discovery revealed a deeper truth. Enduring profit must be more than mutual; it must be community-wide in benefit. Today the world is locked in struggle on this subject. Those who believe that free men under maximum liberty will, in the long run, behave to each other's profit are defending this faith. The opposing forces proclaim that every profit is someone's ruin: *ergo*, profit produces slavery. In this faith they have embraced slavery to destroy their neighbors' experiments with profit.

These irreconcilable ideas are the root of the current contention. They evoke an ominous recollection of the law Gresham applied to currency: when the good and bad circulate concurrently, the bad drives the good out of circulation. If we are not to be driven out of this struggle, if we are to sustain our freedom, it will take every resource we

have. Indeed the cost of sustaining it, even on a limited conflict basis, will take better resources than we have yet had.

Air freight is a potent resource. It has been the effort of this paper to consider the wing as a tool. But modern war, hot or cold, makes all tools weapons, as it makes all workers warriors. Should the cold war ignite, holocaust will fly.

Though it has been frantically amended after every embarrassing collision with fact, Marxian doctrine retains shape enough to cast long shadows. One page pronounces final war with capitalism inevitable. Another exults that active war will be unnecessary: the free states will fall of their own accord from top-heavy armaments and recurrent depressions.

Now the world would never have paid any attention to Marx if there had not been elements of truth in his malignance. Depressions have been phenomena of recurrent calamity to free economies. They will not be cured by denial.

Our most recent depressions have occurred amidst material plenty. Evidence mounts that the dislocation between high productive and unstable consuming capacity lies in our distributive facilities.

These are not wholly physical. Our credit and fiscal systems also have failed to bridge intermittent gaps between the producer's surplus and the consumer's need. It is impossible to doubt that better integrated air transport will narrow these gaps. The 20- to 10-cent freight has already helped gear production and inventories to demand. This is profit for the whole community.

Before World War I there was a saying that every German worker carried a soldier on his back. The forty years since have increased the weight of weapons on every worker in the world. It may be beyond present wisdom to change this, but only today's effort brings tomorrow's wisdom.

Our forebears crawled. It is probable that man first stood erect to free his arms for the handling of weapons. But, having risen, he gained both stature and vision. He learned that, given a chance, the weapon can be a tool.

Reform, like charity, should begin at home. Fresher strawberries and styles, lower costs and inventories, higher wages and dividends are worthy objectives. Only through them can we find and face the full challenge: what shall air freight carry?

Commercial aviation began with a necessary load of subsidy upon the shoulders of every taxpayer. Air freight can be made to carry that load. The wings that do it will be lifting both the strength and the prestige of free enterprise, to the profit of the free world.

By doing that we should find the vision to make air freight, through mutually profitable distribution of the resources over which men fight, carry its ultimate load of peace.



*An eminent Washington lawyer, ABE FORTAS is outspokenly opposed to the invasion of judicial power by the legislative branch of the government. Mr. Fortas served on the Yale Law Faculty for five years; he left New Haven for Washington, where he was Under Secretary of the Interior from 1942 to 1946. Then with Thurman Arnold and Paul Porter he formed the firm, Arnold, Fortas & Porter. The article which follows is based upon a talk he made in a panel discussion sponsored by the American Law Institute.*

## OUTSIDE THE LAW

by ABE FORTAS

### 1

ON the first day of June, 1953, a distinguished Federal judge appeared before a subcommittee of the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives. He had been subpoenaed to testify as to the conduct of the Federal courts and grand juries in California with respect to tax cases. Backed by a letter signed by seven of the Federal District Judges of California expressing their unwillingness for one of their members to testify "with respect to any judicial proceedings," the subpoenaed judge declined to answer the committee's questions. He was, of course, entirely correct. As the judges' letter pointed out, "the Constitution does not contemplate" that judicial proceedings may be reviewed by the legislative branch, but only by the courts.

Lawyers and judges are likely to applaud this action. By and large, their guardianship of constitutional principles has been fairly good where the courtroom is involved. They have resisted efforts to curtail the jurisdiction of the courts. In judicial proceedings, violations of the requirements for a full and fair opportunity to defend as well as prosecute, which lawyers call due process, have been relatively rare. But now there are alarming indications that, so far as individual freedom is concerned, the courtroom is tending to become a Maginot line.

The arena in which the war for freedom is being fought has shifted. It is no longer the courts. It is the room of a committee of Congress and the hearing chamber of a loyalty board of an agency of government. Imprisonment may not result before these agencies — at least directly — but the penalties are hardly less severe: ostracism and impoverishment and denial of access to one's profession and the society of one's friends.

I believe that this is a startling and fundamental fact of our time: that the reality of power over the freedom of individuals has shifted from the courts

and judges and lawyers to committees of Congress and bureaucratic boards — to committees and boards of men who frequently have had no training in the law or familiarity with its principles; who do not even pretend to exercise judicial power or to proceed in the tradition of the law.

This is a shift of profound importance in the American Constitution. It is in fact if not in form a redistribution of power over the most fundamental subject of constitutional concern: the life and liberty of the individual.

In the late twenties and early thirties we confronted a similar constitutional crisis because of a vast expansion of the executive power. This primarily took the form of the creation of a multitude of administrative boards — bureaucratic agencies with vast power over property rights. In their early operations, these boards conducted themselves with little regard for the traditional rules of procedure. They frequently took the position that their proceedings and decisions were not subject to review by the courts. There resulted a long and difficult struggle to subordinate these agencies to the rule of law and to compel them to bring their procedures into harmony with the basic requirements of fair play which our traditions of due process demand.

Many qualified people thought that to subject these agencies to procedural restrictions, and their decisions to court review, would make it impossible for them to do their work. They felt that the acute economic emergency required that the administrative process should not be subject to judicial restraint or to the hindrance of procedural due process. "Liberals" were particularly energetic in expressing this opinion. However, the "conservative" view prevailed. The administrative process was subjected to due process requirements, and the result was clearly beneficial. Their performance of assigned functions was not materially impaired, and



their procedures and decisions were brought into closer conformity with our traditions of fair play.

We are now confronted with a similar struggle, not as to property rights, but in a vastly more important area: the field of individual freedom and national conscience. The existence of this struggle, together with its fundamental implications, has been obscured because it arises in the context of our battle with Communism. But I am convinced that our present method of dealing with the freedom of individuals in disregard of fundamental legal principles and procedures presents us with an acute constitutional crisis.

Our concern is and must be to safeguard liberty, not merely to protect the courtroom. It will be of little comfort that we have preserved the traditions of judicial process in the courthouse if assaults upon liberty are licensed in the committee room or the administrative chambers.

## 2

IT IS hard for persons who are not familiar at first hand with loyalty proceedings before Congressional committees and executive boards to realize how far these tribunals have departed from basic principles of procedural regularity and elementary fairness.

A lawyer who leaves his usual work to represent a person caught up in the processes of a loyalty board or Congressional committee investigating subversion finds himself in a strange world. One of the odd features of this world is that the lawyer's job is generally at an end when he sets foot in the hearing room.

In the Congressional proceedings, no matter what defense witnesses may be available to the lawyer, he may not produce them. He may not speak to his client unless his client takes the initiative to request advice. In fact, he may not speak aloud at all; and this rule is vigorously enforced by the gavel and threats of eviction. No matter how outrageous the question or statement, if it is uttered by a member of the committee, the lawyer may not object.

Except for lawyers who represent clients claiming the privilege against self-incrimination, the only purpose that counsel really serves at these hearings is to lend an illusion of legal process to a thoroughly unjudicial proceeding. At best, his presence serves only to give moral support to the accused. But the lawyer himself is bound to feel not only a sense of futility but also a deep concern. Is he participating in an ominous deception? Has he become a party to an elaborate and dangerous pretense that the accused has been given the right to counsel, when in fact counsel is a mere spectator? Where does his duty lie? Is it to give dubious psychological aid to his client by his paralyzed presence; or does he owe it to his profession and to a decent regard for the traditions of the law to decline to lend himself to this distortion of a cherished right? I suggest that

the bar might well ponder whether it will permit, without protest, the degradation of the right to counsel which is taking place in the hearing rooms of these Congressional committees.

The denial of the right to counsel is not the only novelty of these proceedings. In substance and in procedure, they are like a bad dream. Familiar trappings have a strange unreality. Things are out of perspective; proportions are distorted. The proceedings seem to concern something of reality, but what goes on appears unrelated to that reality.

Whether the hearing is before a Congressional committee or a departmental loyalty board, there are no issues — no specific points to be determined — except that everything that the accused has thought, done, or read, and everybody whom he has ever seen or with whom he has ever talked, are within the scope of inquiry. There are no standards of judgment, no rules, no traditions of procedure or judicial demeanor, no statute of limitations, no appeals, no boundaries of relevance, and no finality. In short, anything goes; and everything frequently does — and often on television.

The real danger of this situation can be comprehended only in the light of some of its specific characteristics as they appear in proceedings involving persons who are not Communists.

The purpose of the proceeding is not to determine whether the accused did something, or even whether he has had, uttered, or been associated with "subversive" ideas. Rather, it is whether on the basis of his entire life he does or does not meet the tribunal's conceptions of freedom from disloyalty. In substance, the burden of establishing virtue and conformity is on the accused.

Before Congressional committees, of course, there is no statement of charges whatever. Among the departmental loyalty boards there is some variation in procedure, but it is almost always true that there are important accusations of which the respondent is not advised before the hearing; and sometimes there are some which are not disclosed even at the hearing but which are the basis of decision.

At the hearings before Congressional committees, there is no confrontation and no opportunity for cross-examination. This is also substantially true of departmental loyalty boards. The loyalty board procedures purport to permit cross-examination, but this is largely a hoax because in most cases no witnesses are produced. The lawyer may have the right to cross-examine, but there are no witnesses to work on. The boards need not call witnesses at all; they have no subpoena power; they are not at liberty to produce or even to identify confidential informants — a category which includes anyone who gave adverse information with a request for nondisclosure; and the boards may nevertheless rely on the entire contents of the file.

Before Congressional committees, counsel may not even examine the accused to develop his de-

fense. Indeed, the accused has no real opportunity to volunteer his own defense or explanation. He has no foreknowledge of the lines of inquiry and no access to documents that the committee may use. In notorious instances, the form and technique of questioning seem designed to confuse or entrap him, and to prevent explanation rather than to elicit it.

In fact, some aspects of the procedure used by at least one of the leading committees invite the suspicion that the marshaling of the so-called evidence is designed not to test a point, but to convey a sensational and damaging impression to the press and public. One technique frequently employed by a committee is to ask the accused to identify — merely to identify — a named person. Let's call him Mr. Ting. The accused states he has read in the press that Mr. Ting is a leading Communist. Committee counsel then asks an investigator, who has been solemnly sworn, to identify a document. The document is elaborately identified, in what seems to the lawyer to be a parody of courtroom behavior. Next, it is read into the record; and it shows that Mr. Ting was engaged in some nefarious Communist activity. The committee then proceeds to question the accused about a totally different subject.

Throughout all of this drama, the accused sits bewitched, bothered, and bewildered — the focus of hundreds of eyes in the hearing room and perhaps at the television sets. He may have had no connection with Mr. Ting. He knows nothing about the incident in the exhibit. The committee does not even suggest that he was connected with it. But the accused is as definitely implicated in the minds of the audience as if he himself had committed the described act of subversion or Communism.

I refer to this monstrosity not because I am interested in criticizing the committee members or their staffs, but because it illustrates the type of thing that is likely to happen when there are no standards or traditions of procedural regularity. I do not challenge the sincerity of purpose of most of the members of these committees and their staffs. I suppose that they invariably believe that the accused is guilty of failure to measure up to their particular standards of loyalty; and they believe that it is a public service to publish this fact to the world in a way that will be effective and convincing.

The kind of display that is staged is ideal for their purposes. It provides the committee with unique opportunities for drama and publicity; and at the same time it avoids the complications and doubts that might be created if counsel for the accused were allowed to participate, if the accused were allowed to testify under examination by his own counsel, if adverse testimony were subjected to cross-examination, or if argument were permitted. It is represented and generally accepted as a hearing. A hearing conveys to the public a sense of comfort and satisfaction. They feel that the proper legal forms have been employed and that the ac-

cused has had an opportunity to defend himself. They do not realize that the proceedings are so conducted that practically none of the substance of a hearing is present. It is a hearing in name only.

The net result of all of this is a dangerous deception, however sincere the committee members may be and whether or not they are aware of the implications of their procedures. The net result is a sham, not a hearing. Hearings are supposed to serve the purpose of permitting the accused to defend his innocence or to present facts in mitigation of guilt, and to assure that all factors are considered by his judges. They are not supposed themselves to be punishment or to be vehicles for condemnation or abuse. But that is exactly what a hearing has become in the hands of some — not all, but some — of our legislative inquisitors. In their rough grasp, the hearing has become a weapon of persecution, a useful tool to the demagogue, a device for the glory of the prosecutor, and a snare for the accused. And it is an alarming fact that through the medium of television and radio the American people are being educated to the notion that these spectacles are hearings which satisfy democracy's insistence upon due process.

### 3

THERE is cause for concern not only about procedures, but also about the standards of judgment that are applied in cases where a person is accused of deviation from loyalty. It is of the utmost significance to realize that judgments, whether by Congressional committees or loyalty boards, are not limited to facts involving the accused's current activities, attitudes, or affiliations. If the accused has once fallen from grace — that is, if he has at any time failed to meet the tribunal's present notions of loyal conduct, attitude, and belief — he is condemned. There is no *locus poenitentiae*. The accused may be fortunate enough to have a public record of anti-Communist activities for the past eight or ten years; but if prior thereto he was a member of the Young Communist League, or even if he attended meetings of organizations whose Communist connections were unknown to him, he is roundly excoriated and his career and livelihood are forfeited or placed in jeopardy. The cases of the State Department official, Mr. Kaghan, and of the editor of the *New York Post*, Mr. Wechsler, illustrate this point.

In general, a characteristic of the proceedings is the complete absence of discriminating judgment in selecting persons to accuse or to condemn. Everybody, I assume, now knows that in the thirties and part of the forties, thousands of fine, thoroughly non-Communist people contributed to Spanish relief organizations, attended anti-Fascist meetings, participated in rallies against Hitler, joined in organizations to promote friendship with the Soviet Union when it was our wartime ally, and even took out memberships in book clubs to get books and

phonograph records at a discount. The names of illustrious Americans were identified with many of these groups in those days of illusory promise — even the names of leading conservative businessmen and bankers. But with monotonous regularity these so-called associations are the basis, and often the entire basis, for loyalty proceedings and investigations of American citizens; and they are familiar grist of the mill to Congressional committees.

It is small comfort to say that well over 90 per cent of Federal employees are cleared after loyalty board proceedings, and that a great many people and institutions no longer accept flimsy charges, however vigorously asserted, as proof of subversion. The fact is that the accusation itself is terrible in its consequences to the individual; that the damage to his reputation is never completely overcome; and that he never fully recovers from the shock and anguish to his soul caused by this incredible process of inquisition.

#### 4

I do not believe that this process of inquiry into personal belief and loyalties should be outside the law. I believe in the necessity of Congressional investigations and in the urgent need for the government to protect itself against subversion and subversives. But I do not believe that this — any more than the power of administrative agencies dealing with property rights — need be above and in reckless violation of our basic constitutional guaranties and the substantial safeguards of procedural due process. I do not believe that we can save the nation by destroying our principles of fair play and a decent regard for the dignity and liberty of others.

There are a few fundamental reforms that I would suggest for consideration: —

1. That no one may be subjected to a hearing or proceeding as to any matter relating to his loyalty or security unless probable cause for challenge has been found. In the case of departmental proceedings this finding should be made by judicial officers within the department, and not by officials responsible for investigations. In the case of Congressional committees, the finding should be by a majority of the members. In making a judgment as to probable cause, the standard should be whether there is probable cause to believe that at present or within the past few years — perhaps three or five years — the person is or has been engaged in activities inimical to the United States.

2. There should be excluded from consideration and from public inquiry questions relating to associations with Communist-front organizations during the years prior to their public or official recognition as such, unless it appears that the accused participated in the Communist control-group or in the specifically Communist activities of the organization.

3. Counsel for the accused should have the right

to examine the accused, to object to the form and substance of questions, and generally to perform the accepted functions of counsel. This recommendation represents a change of position on my part. I have only recently come to the conclusion that broad participation by counsel for the accused is so essential to fairness in these hearings that any difficulties which may result should be willingly incurred. Committees and boards which operate in the area of individual freedom must be prepared to submit to essential safeguards in the interests of justice even at the cost of some inconvenience. I am reasonably confident that no serious impairment of their work will result, and I have become convinced that we must abandon hope that the committees will so conduct themselves as to make it unnecessary to accord this right to counsel for the accused. Committees should — and, I believe, would — be alert to prevent abuse of this right.

4. The accused should not be asked about any issue unless he has been apprised of it in advance, and he should be given reasonable access to documents. This is essential if he is to be afforded a real instead of an apparent right to defend himself, and if committees are to be prevented from utilizing a failure of recollection as if it were deceit.

5. The accused should always have the right to present evidence of reasonable extent and clear materiality in his own defense. This, of course, is fundamental to defense. I should add that if committees are to be permitted to continue to use trial-by-television, equal television time should be accorded to the defense.

6. No evidence should be used or made public against the accused unless he has been confronted with it and given a reasonable opportunity to refute it, and no testimony or statements should be used against him unless he has been confronted by the accuser and has been given a reasonable opportunity for cross-examination. This position also represents a change of views on my part. Experience has persuaded me that committees and boards cannot be discriminating in the use of anonymous or untested "evidence." We have never believed that even the judiciary can be allowed to hear or consider such evidence. "Confidential informants" who cannot be produced to testify, either because they are secret agents or because they have been promised immunity from testifying, should be utilized only as leads to witnesses and materials that can be subjected to tests of accuracy and reliability. Insistence upon these rights will, of course, prolong proceedings, but that is not too great a price to pay for the protection of personal freedom.

Some of the opposition to procedural reforms of the type that I have described is based upon the understandable fear that due process will be used to shield Communists. I believe that this fear has been considerably exaggerated. To grant due process to the accused is not to encumber committee and loy-



alty board proceedings with the technicalities of a common-law trial. Even our modern court proceedings are relatively free of these encumbrances, and committees and loyalty boards can be much less formal and elaborate in their procedures without sacrificing the essential elements of a fair hearing.

Beyond this, it must be noted that if we deny due process because it will aid the guilty, we necessarily deny it to the innocent. Free society has always considered this too great a price to pay for expedition in the discovery and punishment of malefactors. Essentially this reasoning rejects the presumption of innocence. It reflects a prejudgment of guilt and denies that the very purpose of a hearing is to determine guilt or innocence. Man is fallible, and even after a full and fair trial the innocent are too often branded guilty, and the guilty castigated beyond their deserts.

Indeed, the ironical fact in the current wave of sedition inquiries is that the persons who have been

deprived of due process are not the Communists, but the non-Communists. The Communists have taken refuge in the constitutional privilege against self-incrimination and have not participated in the proceedings. There is no reason to assume that they will change their position in this respect merely because a fair hearing is available to them. Their apparent policy is to avoid any hearing, fair or unfair.

Apart from the validity or invalidity of particular suggestions, what is needed is the clear recognition of this principle: that in the sensitive and fragile area of personal life and liberty, the fundamental law of our Constitution and our democratic tradition may not stop at the courthouse steps. They must follow whatever life and liberty are placed at issue. The basic rights of our people are now at issue in the chambers of the Congress and the executive agencies. It is our duty to see that they are dealt with in decent regard for the guaranties of our democratic traditions and our code of fair play.



## POEMS

by WALTER DE LA MARE

### GOODBYE

Do you see? Oh, do you see? —  
 Speak, and some inward self that accent knows  
 Which bids the East its rose disclose  
 And daybreak wake in me.

Do you hear? Oh, do you hear? —  
 This heart whose pulse like menacing night-bird cries?  
 Dark utter dark, most dear, is in these eyes,  
 When gaunt Goodbye draws near.

### NOW

THE longed-for summer goes;  
 Dwindles away  
 To its last rose,  
 Its narrowest day.

No heaven-sweet air but must die;  
 Softlier float,  
 Breathe lingeringly  
 Its final note.

Oh, what dull truths to tell!  
 Now is the all-sufficing all  
 Wherein to love the lovely well,  
 Whate'er befall.



Scholar, author, and teacher, JACQUES BARZUN was born and schooled in France, came to this country in 1919, was naturalized in 1933, and has been teaching history at Columbia University for more than two decades. Among his books, he is perhaps best known for his *Teacher in America* (1945) and his two-volume biography, *Berlioz and the Romantic Century* (1950). The essay which follows forms the gist of his *Introduction to The Selected Letters of Lord Byron*, which Farrar, Straus & Young are publishing this summer.

## BYRON AND THE BYRONIC

by JACQUES BARZUN

### I

THE great men of the past whose names have given an adjective to the language are by that very fact most vulnerable to the reductive treatment. Everybody knows what "Machiavellian" means, and "Rabelaisian"; everybody uses the terms "Platonic" and "Byronic" and relies on them to express certain commonplace notions in frequent use. Unfortunately, this common application of proper names yields but a detached fragment of the truth, and sometimes less than a fragment — a mere shadow of it. With regard to "Byronic," the reduction is truly *ad absurdum*, for the adjective refers to the man exclusively and to a single mood only — one of the poet's fictional types has engrossed his name. But Byron's thoughts, works, and character as a whole cannot be adequately summed up in the figure of a headlong lover in an open collar, whose fits of melancholy are a pose.

Byron and the Byronic are two distinct things, though in part overlapping. The Byronic is found in Byron's early works and in those of his large literary progeny. Byron himself is to be found in the usual first-hand sources of biography, and especially in his letters. For unlike the popular narratives — whether novel or biography — the letters enable us to feel directly the "fascination" the books speak of, the power that Byron exerted over his contemporaries, men as well as women. They bring us within his magnetic field of force, which was not, as the Byronic stereotype might suggest, mere agitation and recklessness. It was concentrated mind, and high spirits, wit, daylight good sense, and a passion for truth — in short a unique discharge of intellectual vitality.

The Byronic itself, in its narrowest meaning, begins to look different when it is removed from the neighborhood of other textbook clichés and replaced in its historical setting. As everybody knows,

after bringing out in early youth two volumes of imitative verse, Byron spent two years touring the Mediterranean and the Levant, returned with the first cantos of *Childe Harold*, published them, and "awoke to find himself famous." The date was 1812. During the next four years, that is to say before his twenty-eighth year, when he left England forever, he poured forth half a dozen more verse narratives of kindred strain, and thereby established a reputation that has varied in strength but never died.

We may like to think of that epoch as done with, its mood irrecoverable; and yet in certain ways we are today well equipped to understand it. By 1812 England and the Continent had been deadlocked in warfare, both "hot" and "cold," for thirty years. The French Revolution seemed as ever-present a threat to the countries surrounding its birthplace as the Russian Revolution does to us, for then as now revolution united fanatic faith to imperialism: in the very year of *Childe Harold* Napoleon would invade Russia in order to master all Europe: it was the fifth time the French had assaulted their neighbors in twenty years. Every country, moreover, had to cope with those of its subjects who secretly or openly sided with the enemy, convinced as many were by the revolutionary program of popular liberties. From his schooldays at Harrow, Byron himself had been a liberal and a Bonapartist, and he was not the first among Englishmen: for three decades the embittering struggle of democrat and reactionary had infected every branch of literature and public life.

Into the supersaturated atmosphere of factional strife, *Childe Harold* came like a breeze from the open sea. The poem, as the preface told the reader, had been written "amidst the scenes which it attempts to describe," and these scenes began with departure from the beleaguered British Isles. The

reader was taken through Gibraltar to the Near East and shown its picturesque ambiguity, now classic Greek, now oriental Turk. Forgetting its claustrophobia, the European imagination could slacken the tension and enlarge its sympathies without breach of patriotism or principle, could recuperate on novelty that was both safe and real.

Only a young poet who was his own hero and pilgrim could have supplied this relief from war news and politics, for the new feelings required fresh and appropriate scenery; and the verse, while recalling familiar objects of reverence, must purge the long guilt and anxiety of hate. For this reason, the prevailing tone must be that of melancholy self-accusation and erotic self-pity: —

Worse than Adversity the Childe befell;  
He felt the fullness of Satiety:  
Then loathed he in his native land to dwell,  
Which seemed to him more lone than Eremité's sad cell.

For he through Sin's long labyrinth had run,  
Nor made atonement when he did amiss,  
Had sighed to many though he loved but one,  
And that loved one, alas! could ne'er be his.

Once he had exorcised these blue devils by writing of them, Byron could truthfully say: "I would not be such a fellow as I have made my hero for all the world." But in the longing for freedom there was a second element which still wanted outlet, the impulse to action. Byronic melancholy, which is to say almost all nineteenth-century melancholy, had its roots in energy repressed. Ennui, as bored and languid youth itself discovered, is the product of enforced inaction or curbed desire. Byronic heroism is its antidote or vicarious satisfaction. In the eastern tales that follow *Childe Harold* the hero is no longer a pensive but an active wanderer, a corsair or chieftain, still crime-laden, but redeemed by some daring act of revenge that condemns the corrupt society he has abjured — in a word, the Byronic hero in action is a noble outlaw.

By the beginning of our century, when Shaw satirized it in the brigand of *Man and Superman*, this figure had undoubtedly become stagey and ridiculous, but what it first symbolized is valid enough to survive its successive embodiments in diverse costumes. Long before Byron's corsair with his turban and cutlass, the same popular hero-worship and the same connotations of social justice inspired the tales of Robin Hood. After the corsair (who, incidentally, was actual, not fanciful, in nineteenth-century waters), we have the actual Garibaldi and the legend of his invincible thousand; and still later, in spite of Shaw's ineffectual bandit, we have in modern dress the existentialist hero of novels about the *maquis*. As long as situations occur, private or historical, in which deliberately antisocial behavior proves worthier of regard than conventional behavior, so long will the bold brig-

and aspect of Byronism find justification in art.

Had fact and reason not supported the Byronic idea, it would be impossible to understand its lasting influence on the strongest, ablest minds of Byron's time. From Goethe, Pushkin, Stendhal, Heine, Balzac, Scott, Carlyle, Mazzini, Leopardi, Berlioz, George Sand, and Delacroix down to Flaubert, Tennyson, Ruskin, the Brontës, Baudelaire, Becque, Nietzsche, Wilde, and Strindberg, one can scarcely name a writer who did not come under the spell of Byronism and turn it to some use in his own life or work. Goethe may be said to have been obsessed by the power of Byronism to the end. Balzac, whether in exalting his will-full young men or in fashioning his Vautrin, the hero-criminal whose deeds form a calculated critique of bourgeois society, owes and acknowledges much to Byron. And Stendhal invents the career of Julien Sorel to show that a man who dies on the scaffold may represent genius and willpower defeated by mediocrity.

In all these fictions, as in Byron's own, one readily discerns the shadow of Napoleon and the revolutionary ideal of genius paramount. Byron was simply the first, or the most successful among the first, to dramatize the attitudes of the new man, the unknown who risks life for glory. Encouraged by success he went on to analyze within himself the sensations of this representative temperament, but the traits he singled out were not inventions of his own; they were part of the human nature of his time.

## 2

THE nineteenth century's passion for liberty called into being many models of the free spirit. The Byronic model, early and crude as it was, owed its long career to a persistent need in the hearts of men and the structure of society. To say that the Byronic was a *crude* model of the free spirit is to point out that the plot, the motivation, and especially the verse of Byron's oriental tales lack finish and solidity. *The Giaour*, *Lara*, *The Corsair* were hastily composed.

But in saying this one means also that, like *Childe Harold*, these narratives do not disclose Byron's full mind — merely his sharp eye and quick sensibility. The author was telling the truth when he wrote to his publisher: "I don't care one lump of sugar for my *poetry*; but for my *costume* and my *correctness* I will combat lustily." He was improvising instead of working, storing up experience, with possibly no particular purpose in view, but at any rate reserving his powers for a later day and a more exacting genre. We know that he had powers to reserve because, once again, we have the letters. When they deal, as many of them do, with high matters, they show even in that early period none of the weaknesses we find in the tales. The firm, rather stiff prose forecasts the master observer of



life and of himself who will later write *Don Juan*. The purely Byronic is thus — in spite of its hold upon contemporaries — a mere outline sketch for the truly Byronian.

This early maturing was no doubt due to the circumstance of Byron's deplorable parentage and childhood. Born in the year before the French Revolution, George Gordon Byron was the offspring of a rake-hell father and a harassed, tempestuous, and selfish mother. The Byrons were proud of their Norman descent, and the poet on occasion would also lay claim to the tough fibre of his Scottish ancestors on his mother's side. He grew up at any rate in Aberdeen, and was there equipped with a Calvinist sense of sin, no doubt against the day when he would be old enough to do something requiring its exercise.

Being both an ill-loved, fatherless child and a poor lordling of uncertain prospects, Byron came early in touch with the most scarifying ills of life: lack of steady affection and shabby gentility. As if this were not enough, he suffered a deformity of the lower leg — not a club foot — which is now thought to have been due to infantile paralysis. This kept him from taking part in most outdoor sports except riding and swimming, and made him especially self-conscious in society. Entering a room where he was not known was a torture. Fortunately, he was handsome of face and of good figure, though inclined to stoutness; and in 1798 he inherited from his great-uncle the title and estates of the Byrons. A peerage was protection for tender pride; Newstead Abbey, though a partial ruin, was a home to cling to; and the magnetism of a title would help people his life.

At Harrow and Cambridge, which were his next stopping places, Byron's intellectual education followed the pattern of his time, but he read a good deal more than was required and scribbled much English and Latin verse, without being thought academically brilliant. He made friends, fell in love, quarreled with his mother, his solicitor, and his guardian, and wasted time and money in the usual dissipations of youth at college. Although his good fortune had not overcome his genuine modesty, he persuaded himself that some of his verses should see the light of day, at least in a private edition. This soon became a public one under the title *Hours of Idleness* — and with a note of apology to say that the author was only nineteen.

The reviewers were for the most part kind, but Lord Brougham in the *Edinburgh Review* seized the chance for elaborate mockery. The sensitive author at once set about revenging himself by satire. He worked for a year at *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, a witty excoriation in the style of Pope's *Dunciad*, directed at nearly all the eminent poets and critics then living. This sequence of events is characteristic. The title *Hours of Idleness* had hinted at the tradition of the noble Lord who

merely plays at the arts: Byron never for a moment conceded that he might be a professional writer, and true to his resolve he did find a way to infuse genuine nobility into aristocratic pride.

This same pride next impelled him to challenge the entire forces of the British Parnassus, and earned him the appropriate reward of enmity — fear, and a certain degree of admiration. He had moreover found his satirical vein and learned to work it in patience like a good craftsman. The satirist, to be sure, was to regret many of his harsh judgments, but the main thing was that he had survived the first of his duels with the public. His zest for action had been satisfied and he had lived up to the idea of himself which as a boy he had confided to his mother — that of a man who could not rest under an affront and never calculated the chances of success in following the dictates of honor.

This Quixotic strain often goes with genius and sometimes with great physical or sexual power, all of which Byron possessed; but he also had what rarely goes with the Quixotic, a passion for facts, itself accompanied by a singularly cool judgment. He wanted above all to be what his title implied, a lord among men. This required the gift of action and made poetry secondary, a by-product of action — hence inclined to be political and autobiographic, though not invariably or literally so.

What Byron increasingly asked of life was not subjects for poems but opportunities to act. This is what makes it a cruel misrepresentation to find in him the source of a mere literary attitude. Nothing was farther from him at any time than pretense to virtues (or sins) that he was not ready to act out. Nor did he ever let the discharge of obligations go by default. When some lines in *English Bards* offended the Irish poet and musician Thomas Moore, Byron showed himself eager to give him "satisfaction," though the journey to the Near East intervened. Home again two years later, Byron sought out his opponent and renewed his offers of "service," which happily turned the projected duel into a lifelong friendship. Proud of his blood, he was always willing to spill it — noblesse oblige.

Yet Byron was not a swashbuckler from vanity or bad temper. All the evidence goes to show that on the contrary his disposition was cheerful, even gay, and that in the daily business of life he was neither touchy nor vain. He was, according to Shelley, who knew him well, gentle and unassuming. Byron's promptness in attack was quite simply courage, but courage cultivated by habit. A high-spirited nature that had undergone such trials as Byron's in childhood would be very likely to fall into the habit of constantly testing itself and would do so in a series of apparent aggressions against the world. The small boy who wants to make friends does not approach a strange playmate affectionately: he kicks him in the shins and sees what

happens. It is in fact an accepted knightly tradition that great friendships begin in great fights, and so it happened in Byron's life. Having left boyishness behind, he achieves a manliness unusual among authors and even among fighters. Chivalry sits on him naturally — as witness his singlehanded polemic on behalf of Pope, or the instant suppression of the passage in it about Keats on hearing of his death.

The unity of Byron's life thus comes out of his character. Convinced that deeds were nobler than words, he had in his own black moods a further incentive to brush aside verbal anodynes and *re-act*. With increasing wisdom and age, the objects of his challenges and sorties become more and more significant and disinterested. By 1815, when to Byron's regret Napoleon lost Waterloo, and when the poet too was on the verge of exile — cast off by his wife, by English society, and by a part of his reading public — he had run through the cycle of his formative experiences. He had seen both sides of life, the smooth and the seamy, twice over; and he had become — as nearly as anyone can be who still lives and feels — proof against surprises. He knew what he might expect, and what he must do, which was: to counterattack, with all his wits about him and with less and less animus — a lord among men because dispassionate in the face of facts.

Byron's politics also embody the results of experience, generalized so as to apply indifferently to himself and others: he hates injustice and tyranny regardless of party. At twenty-four he rises in the House of Lords to make his maiden speech, the first of three, in defense of the Nottingham weavers who were rioting against the new machinery: —

I have traversed the seat of war in the Peninsula, I have been in some of the most oppressed provinces of Turkey; but never under the most despotic of infidel governments did I behold such squalid wretchedness as I have seen since my return in the very heart of a Christian country. And what are your remedies? After months of inaction, and months of action worse than inactivity, at length comes forth the grand specific, the never-failing nostrum of all state physicians: . . . these convulsions must terminate in death. . . . Setting aside the palpable injustice and the certain inefficiency of the Bill, are there not capital punishments sufficient in your statutes? . . . Will the famished wretch who has braved your bayonets be appalled by your gibbets? When death is a relief, and the only relief it appears that you will afford him, will he be dragooned into tranquillity?

His counterproposal is financial aid to those displaced by machinery and amnesty for the rioters.

Again, Byron speaks in favor of removing disabilities against Catholics and Jews. In Italy later, he carries on singlehanded a war of invective against British and foreign reactionaries — Wellington,

Castlereagh, the two Georges, and the Holy Alliance. The Austrian police who open his letters and trace his connections with liberal groups can scarcely understand why he joins secret societies "whose objects seem foreign to his own purposes." For all the while Byron continues to live and act like a ruler of men, not like an agitator. He hates demagoguery and has no illusions about underdogs, whether in Nottingham or in Italy. He is an egalitarian in liberty but no farther, at one with Milton in despising overprotection and a cloistered virtue. We find him in his last fight in Greece writing clear-eyed reports of the Greeks' corrupt mismanagement and making the shrewdest use of his own "barrels of dollars," but also treating the Turkish enemy as if the times had been those of Saladin and Richard the Lion-Hearted.

In short, Byron must be classed with those few influential men of rank who have taken the aristocratic ideal seriously. In obedience to it they have defied their own class and all other majorities, and braved scandal and obloquy for a cause that they also knew how to blazon forth. Such men give the words "independence" and "example" the fullest meaning they are capable of, and this is so rare that the world can never forget it.

### 3

IN Byron's life, of course, scandal applied to him on other grounds than politics, and it is usual to say that the final Greek adventure redeems by its noble selflessness the ignoble self-indulgence of earlier years. Byron's reputation is so familiar to those who ignore his poetry and have never read his letters that he can be made to appear as a tragicomic Don Giovanni who reforms in the last act. Chronology itself discountenances this interpretation. For what we find between his burst into fame as the creator of *Childe Harold* and his departure for Greece is not a downhill course arrested at the last minute, but four distinct periods, twice alternating between dissipation and concentration. From 1812 until his engagement late in 1814, Byron yielded himself to friendship and fashionable life, easy love affairs and easy riming. This is the time of his Byronizing in verse tales and of his capture of the continental imagination. The two years of courtship and marriage that followed mark the first return to self-discipline. It produced only lyrics, but they include his finest, chiefly in the collection of *Hebrew Melodies*. Byron becomes a father and seems altogether settled.

Then comes the disastrous break with Lady Byron, grounded on a rumor which alienated all but a handful of his friends. Byron goes into exile, fleeing popular wrath. Fifteen years later, the poet being dead, Macaulay could call the British public's fit of moral indignation ridiculous, but at the time it was a hurricane not to be withstood.

On the Continent, and chiefly at Venice, Byron gave himself once again to the pursuit of sensual pleasure. Solace or pastime, a succession of mistresses and casual companions occupied his days and nights; but clearly not his heart and mind, since even at this time his actions and words show no relaxation of his grip on personal, political, or artistic reality. He took up *Childe Harold* and added two more cantos greatly superior to the first, began writing verse plays, studied Italian and Dante in particular, read copiously in science and history, and wrote incessantly both verse and prose.

Within less than two years, he has emerged still stronger and wiser, the ultimate Byron of history. His new liaison, with the Countess Teresa Guiccioli, coincides with a new period of domestic regularity, abundant and marvelous poetic output, increasing political commitments, and serious, indeed philosophical, friendships — notably with Leigh Hunt, Shelley, Trelawny, Medwin, and his future companion in the Greek war, Teresa's brother Pietro.

As regards Byron's public self, the mere amount of his lustful devastation has of course been exaggerated, so that the French, who like sobriety in these matters, have been put to the trouble of producing a work of scholarship entitled *Les Maîtresses AUTHENTIQUES de Lord Byron*. The fact is plain that other great figures have led far more disordered lives and received far less censure. One reason for this is that Byron's career came at a time of stiffening moral standards and increasing hypocrisy. What we call Victorian morality antedates Victoria's accession by at least two decades, and although Byron's social circle did not in fact obey the rigid middle-class code of sexual behavior, they paid it the respect of concealment. His impatience with every kind of fraud made him on the contrary ostentatious, communicative, defiant; implying what other men before and since Dante have seriously believed, that incontinence is not among the gravest sins. When he looked upon the new moralism from afar, he told the British quite justly: —

The truth is, that in these days the grand *primum mobile* of England is *cant*; cant political, cant poetical, cant religious, cant moral; but always cant multiplied through all the varieties of life . . . I say cant because it is a thing of words, without the smallest influence upon human actions; the English being no wiser, no better, and much poorer, and more divided among themselves, as well as far less moral, than they were before the prevalence of this verbal decorum.

For thus preaching what he practiced Byron again suffered the penalty meted out to minds complex and courageous. The paradox is that he was a faithful husband and devoted father and that he has been pilloried as a sinner without regard to time and circumstance. To this day he is "the bad Lord Byron" because people prefer him so; or else

he is condemned, like Admiral Byng, *pour encourager les autres* — all on the ground of his presumed affair with his half-sister Augusta.

What signifies, because it takes us back into Byron's inner self, is that late in his life, without shuffling for a moment about his past errors, he made it a claim to consideration that he had never been a seducer; and no evidence has ever turned up to contradict him. His statement must be taken together with what he feared might happen during the Greek campaign, namely, that a woman would be thrown at his head to influence his decisions. He says in so many words that he is "easy to govern" ("by a woman" is here understood), and he had every reason in past experience to be apprehensive once again. This fear and this governance unmistakably suggest that his career of love means something more complicated than promiscuous appetite — just the opposite in fact, as Byron doubtless meant to show in the story of his own Don Juan.

## 4

IN ANY case he knew that a disorder of the feelings was at the root of most of his troubles. As early as his twenty-third year, he writes to a friend: "The latter part of my life has been a perpetual struggle against the affections which embittered the earliest portion." Whether this refers to his mother or to his unhappy first love for Mary Chaworth, an older girl who made fun of him, Byron felt the need to overcome attachment. He "flatters himself that he has conquered," but now and again he has a relapse, characterized by depression of spirits and savage temper. This certainly describes the sort of relation in which he stood to his mother: he could not help loving and hating her and resenting the ambiguity of his feelings. He tried to conquer his affection and fell into gloom, despair, and savagery at the inevitable promptings of guilt.

And yet Byron was wise enough to feel no shame when the full tide of a genuine emotion mastered him. He wept on taking leave of England, and Lady Blessington, thinking it tactful, suggested that she, too, often broke down from nervousness. Byron angrily scouted the excuse: "Nerves!" But in acknowledging true feeling on another occasion, he cautions the witness: "Don't imagine that because I feel I am to faint."

To these cross-currents of passion and repression another force must be added. As the cripple George Byron became a handsome young nobleman, he was subjected not alone to the temptations of his age and station, but more regrettably to the almost automatic aggression of women. Lady Caroline Lamb was only the wildest of those who captured (rather than captivated) the poet. His letters include a good many replies to the unknown au-



thors of provocative messages, and in the accounts of other love-exchanges the reader will note how an English icicle, such as Lady Frances Webster, proved essentially as predatory as the Italian volcanoes of his Venetian period. It could make little difference to Byron that his eyes were open and his judgment unclouded, for it is the characteristic of damaged emotions that they are liable to the same hope and hurt endlessly. Every new proffer of love meant to him the possibility of recouping the loss felt in childhood, and when he himself sought love (or bought it), what we call his immoral act was undoubtedly part of an attempt to shut out the memory of rejection and stave off despair.

Perhaps the most striking feature of this not unusual involvement is the attraction Byron felt for Miss Milbanke, about the same time as he found a kind of substitute mother in Lady Melbourne. Annabella Milbanke was to become Lady Byron and Lady Melbourne was her aunt, besides being the mother-in-law of Byron's former love, Caroline Lamb. But the older woman's judgment and affection were not deflected by these relationships, and she gave Byron a taste of the solid and intelligent love that he wanted. He addresses her, one notes, in a different voice from all his other correspondents.

The woman Byron married should have been like her aunt. Annabella was unfortunately "mathematical" rather than passionate, and he seems to have chosen her chiefly because she stood out from the giddy, flirtatious crowd and did not pursue him. In marriage her tranquillity proved to be more conventional and sanctimonious than consoling and affectionate, and somehow, perhaps because Byron was still in search of elusive love, he goaded her into thinking of him as a godless reprobate. This belief justified to her, first her separation from him, and then his total exclusion from her life. Byron was denied all access to their daughter Ada as well as direct communication with herself by letter. His self-exile is thus in part the repetition of her act by his will, in part the symbol of his original situation in relation to his mother: baffled love, hate, and resentful guilt.

It follows from all this that the "cynical" Byron who wrote *Don Juan*, who affected coldness now and again, and judged la Guiccioli as if she had been somebody else's mistress, is not a new man, disillusioned at long last. He is the same man, showing his armored side. Nor is he a cynic in the sense of being meanly hardened. He is, if anything, too full of affection to be able to consume or convert it for his own use; he finds his warmth of feeling difficult to share because he thinks it unwanted or sees it undervalued. True, he lavished much of it on Lady Melbourne until her death, and again on Allegra, his little daughter by another Amazon, Jane Clairmont. But to his great grief the child died in her sixth year.

His friends, of course, could count on his good will to an uncommon degree, as the elaborate financial rescue of Thomas Moore proves. But the misfortune of such an education of the feelings as Byron had is that it develops the observer at the expense of the enjoyer. Byron mentions with a kind of shudder the "microscopic eye" one is endowed with at the end of a liaison. He might have added that with each accrual of insight the affections become more demanding. In childhood, he would have been content with any reasonable mother, and he could repose trust and affection in his "dearest sister Augusta." But as Augusta turned into a thoughtless and incoherent matron, he found it harder to feel anything for her but lost love's loyalty. Similarly, his friends could command his devotion but they required it according to their lights and not his, which he could not help regretting, given the pain and trouble this entailed.

Harassed on all sides by worry, grief, lawsuits, ill-fame, literary squabbles, stupid or malicious friends, Byron keeps his head and his good temper. In the biography of an artist, Judgment is as notable as Genius. With Byron at the last, the two are in equilibrium. Every successive crisis finds him as understanding of others as he is lucid about himself, and his impulse is truly magnanimous. This is what Carlyle — almost alone in England, and despite his dislike for Byronism — understood when he praised the poet for making light of "happiness" and preferring to be, in the honorific sense, "a man."

Seen in this light, the spectacle of Byron's life is the reverse of a tragedy. Tragedy shows original flaws bringing an acknowledged hero to his downfall. In Byron the original flaws combine to build up a character whom we acknowledge as great in the last act. The flaws are not in the end obliterated, they are transcended; precisely as the purely Byronic, which was brooding self-pity, is not obliterated but transcended in the satiric poetry and the moral poise of Byron's later life.

Byron would certainly be the last to resent our full scrutiny. He invited it in many forms; he was uncommonly self-critical, and if he entrusted his Memoirs to his survivors instead of braving the public with his disclosures, it was only because he believed that an autobiography published in mid-career persuades everybody the author must be dead. Neither as author nor as hero is Byron dead yet. He had much more than the accepted attributes of fame — genius, wit, resourcefulness; more even than the characteristics of heroism — courage, superior mind, forgetfulness of self. He was a being in whom virtues and powers fused with vices and weaknesses in so imposing a fashion that we are tempted to ascribe to the grosser earths the strength of the alloy, and to feel that it was he whom the Prince of Denmark apostrophized as the archetype of Man, wonder and paradox of Nature.



*Nobel Prize-winning novelist WILLIAM FAULKNER took special pride in delivering the Commencement Address at Pine Manor Junior College this past June, for among the graduating class was his daughter Jill. As in his speech at Stockholm in 1949, when he accepted the Nobel Prize, Mr. Faulkner again strikes a note of faith and affirmation: "It is man's high destiny and proof of his immortality too, that his is the choice between ending the world, effacing it from the long annal of time and space, and completing it."*

## FAITH OR FEAR

by WILLIAM FAULKNER

**W**HAT'S wrong with this world is, it's not finished yet. It is not completed to that point where man can put his final signature to the job and say, "It is finished. We made it, and it works."

Because only man can complete it. Not God, but man. It is man's high destiny and proof of his immortality too, that his is the choice between ending the world, effacing it from the long annal of time and space, and completing it. This is not only his right, but his privilege too. Like the phoenix it rises from the ashes of its own failure with each generation, until it is your turn now in your flash and flick of time and space which we call today, in this and in all the stations in time and space today and yesterday and tomorrow, where a handful of aged people like me, who should know but no longer can, are facing young people like you who can do, if they only knew where and how, to perform this duty, accept this privilege, bear this right.

In the beginning, God created the earth. He created it completely furnished for man. Then He created man completely equipped to cope with the earth, by means of free will and the capacity for decision and the ability to learn by making mistakes and learning from them because he had a memory with which to remember and so learn from his errors, and so in time make his own peaceful destiny of the earth. It was not an experiment. God didn't merely believe in man, He knew man. He knew that man was competent for a soul because he was capable of saving that soul and, with it, himself. He knew that man was capable of starting from scratch and coping with the earth and with himself both; capable of teaching himself to be civilized, to live with his fellow man in amity, without anguish to himself or causing anguish and grief to others, and of appreciating the value of security and peace and freedom, since our dreams at night,

the very slow evolution of our bodies themselves, remind us constantly of the time when we did not have them. He did not mean freedom from fear, because man does not have the right to be free of fear. We are not so weak and timorous as to need to be free of fear; we need only use our capacity to not be afraid of it and so relegate fear to its proper perspective. He meant security and peace in which to not be afraid, freedom in which to decree and then establish security and peace. And He demanded of man only that we work to deserve and gain these things — liberty, freedom of the body and spirit both, security for the weak and helpless, and peace for all — because these were the most valuable things He could set within our capacity and reach.

During all this time, the angels (with one exception; God had probably had trouble with this one before) merely looked on and watched — the serene and blameless seraphim, that white and shining congeries who, with the exception of that one whose arrogance and pride God had already had to curb, were content merely to bask for eternity in the reflected glory of the miracle of man, content merely to watch, uninvolved and not even caring, while man ran his worthless and unregretted course toward and at last into that twilight where he would be no more. Because they were white, immaculate, negative, without past, without thought or grief or regrets or hopes, except that one — the splendid dark incorrigible one, who possessed the arrogance and pride to demand with, and the temerity to object with, and the ambition to substitute with — not only to decline to accept a condition just because it was a fact, but to want to substitute another condition in its place.

But this one's opinion of man was even worse than that of the negative and shining ones. This one not only believed that man was incapable of anything

but baseness, this one believed that baseness had been inculcated in man to be used for base personal aggrandizement by them of a higher and more ruthless baseness. So God used the dark spirit too. He did not merely cast it shrieking out of the universe, as He could have done. Instead, He used it. He already presaw the long roster of the ambition's ruthless avatars — Genghis and Caesar and William and Hitler and Barca and Stalin and Bonaparte and Huey Long. But he used more — not only the ambition and the ruthlessness and the arrogance to show man what to revolt against, but also the temerity to revolt and the will to change what one does not like. Because He presaw the long roster of the other avatars of that rebellious and uncompromising pride also, the long roster of names longer and more enduring than those of the tyrants and oppressors. They are the long annal of the men and women who have anguished over man's condition and who have held up to us not only the mirror of our follies and greeds and lusts and fears, but have reminded us constantly of the tremendous shape of our godhead too — the godhead and immortality which we cannot repudiate even if we dared, since we cannot rid ourselves of it but only it can rid itself of us — the philosophers and artists, the articulate and grieving who have reminded us always of our capacity for honor and courage and compassion and pity and sacrifice.

But they can only remind us that we are capable of revolt and change. They do not need, we do not need anyone to tell us what we must revolt against and efface from the earth if we are to live in peace and security on it, because we already know that. They can only remind us that man can revolt and change by telling, showing, reminding us how, not lead us, since to be led, we must surrender our free will and our capacity and right to make decisions out of our own personal soul. If we are to be led into peace and security by some individual gauleiter or gang of them, like a drove of sheep through a gate in a fence, it will merely be from one enclosure to another, through another fence with another closable gate in it, and all history has shown us that this will be the gauleiter's enclosure and fence and his hand which closes and locks the gate, and *that* kind of peace and security will be exactly the sort of peace and security which a flock of sheep deserve.

So He used that split part of the dark proud one's character to remind us of our heritage of free will and decision; He used the poets and philosophers to remind us, out of our own recorded anguish, of our capacity for courage and endurance. But it is we ourselves who must employ them. This time it is you, here, in this room and in all the others like it about the world at this time and occasion in your lives. It is us, we, not as groups or classes but as individuals, simple men and women individually free and capable of freedom and decision, who must

decide, affirm simply and firmly and forever never to be led like sheep into peace and security, but ourselves, us, simple men and women simply and mutually confederated for a time, a purpose, an end, for the simple reason that reason and heart have both shown us that we want the same thing and must have it and intend to have it.

To do it ourselves, as individuals, not because we have to merely in order to survive, but because we wish to, will to out of our heritage of free will and decision, the possession of which has given us the right to say how we shall live, and the long proof of our recorded immortality to remind us that we have the courage to elect that right and that course.

The answer is very simple. I don't mean easy, but simple. It is so simple in fact that one's first reaction is something like this: "If that's all it takes, what you will get for it can't be very valuable, very enduring." There is an anecdote about Tolstoy, I think it was, who said in the middle of a discussion on this subject: "All right, I'll start being good tomorrow — if you will too." Which was wit, and had, as wit often does, truth in it — a profound truth in fact to all of them who are incapable of belief in man. But not to them who can and do believe in man. To them, it is only wit, the despairing repudiation of man by a man exhausted into despair by his own anguish over man's condition. These do not say, *The answer is simple, but how difficult*; instead these say, *The answer is not easy, but very simple*. We do not need, the end does not even require, that we dedicate ourselves from this moment on to be Joans of Arc with trumpets and banners and battle-dust toward an end which we will not even see since it will merely be a setting for the monument of martyrdom. It can be done within, concomitant with, the normal life which everyone wants and everyone should have. In fact, that normal life which everyone wants and deserves and can have — provided of course we work for it, are willing to make a reasonable amount of sacrifice commensurate with how much it is worth and how much we want and deserve it — can be dedicated to this end and be much more efficacious than all the loud voices and the cries and the banners and trumpets and dust.

Because it begins at home. We all know what "home" means. Home is not necessarily a place fixed in geography. It can be moved, provided the old proven values which made it home and lacking which it cannot be home, are taken along too. It does not necessarily mean or demand physical ease, least of all, never in fact, physical security for the spirit, for love and fidelity to have peace and security in which to love and be faithful, for the devotion and sacrifice. Home means not just today, but tomorrow and tomorrow, and then again tomorrow and tomorrow. It means someone to offer the love and fidelity and respect to who is worthy of it, someone to be compatible with, whose dreams

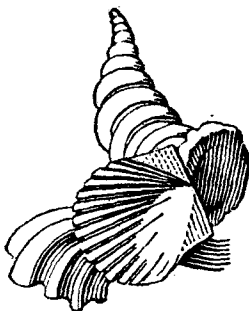


and hopes are your dreams and hopes, who wants and will work and sacrifice also that the thing which the two of you have together shall last forever; someone whom you not only love but like too, which is more, since it must outlast what when we are young we mean by love because without the liking and the respect, the love itself will not last.

Home is not merely four walls — a house, a yard on a particular street, with a number on the gate. It can be a rented room or an apartment — any four walls which house a marriage or a career or both the marriage and career at once. But it must be all the rooms or apartments; all the houses on that street and all the streets in that association of streets until they become a whole, an integer, of people who have the same aspirations and hopes and problems and duties. Perhaps that collection, association, integer, is set in the little spot of geography which produced us in the image of, to be the inheritors of, its problems and dreams. But this is not necessary either; it can be anywhere, so long as we accept it as home; we can even move it, providing and demanding only that we are willing to accept the new problems and duties and aspirations with which we have replaced the old ones which we left behind us, will accept the hopes and aspirations of the people already there, who had established that place as an integer worthy of being served, and are willing to accept our hopes and aspirations in return for their duties and problems. Because the duties and problems were already ours; we merely changed their designations; we cannot shed obligations by moving, because if it is home we want, we do not want to escape them. They are in fact still the same ones, performed and solved for the same reason and result: the same peace and security in which love and devotion can be love and devotion without fear of violence and outrage and change.

If we accept this to mean "home," we do not need to look further than home to find where to

start to work, to begin to change, to begin to rid ourselves of the fears and pressures which are making simple existence more and more uncertain and without dignity or peace or security, and which, to those who are incapable of believing in man, will in the end rid man of his problems by ridding him of himself. Let us do what is within our power. It will not be easy, of course: just simple. Let us think first of, work first toward, saving the integer, association, collection which we call home. In fact, we must break ourselves of thinking in the terms foisted on us by the split-offs of that old dark spirit's ambition and ruthlessness: the empty clanging terms of "nation" and "fatherland" or "race" or "color" or "creed." We need look no further than home; we need only work for what we want and deserve here. Home — the house or even the rented room so long as it includes all the houses and rented rooms in which hope and aspire the same hopes and aspirations — the street, then all the streets where dwell that voluntary association of people, simple men and women mutually confederated by identical hopes and aspirations and problems and duties and needs, to that point where they can say, "These simple things — security and freedom and peace — are not only possible, not only can and must be, but they shall be." Home: not where *I* live or *it* lives, but where *we* live: a thousand then tens of thousands of little integers scattered and fixed firmer and more impregnable and more solid than rocks or citadels about the earth, so that the ruthless and ambitious split-offs of the ancient dark spirit shall look at the one and say, "There is nothing for us here," then look further, at the rest of them fixed and founded like fortresses about the whole inhabited earth, and say, "There is nothing for us any more anywhere. Man — simple unfrightened invincible men and women — has beaten us." Then man can put that final signature to his job and say, "We finished it, and it works."





JOSEPHINE JOHNSON is a native of Missouri whose first short story appeared in the Atlantic and who won the Pulitzer Prize with her beautifully descriptive novel, *Now in November*. Some time ago, she and her husband, Grant Cannon, bought three acres on the outskirts of Cincinnati and a majestic house a hundred and thirty years old. There were bats in the attic — uncounted thousands who did not wish to be dislodged; and that struggle Miss Johnson described in her memorable article, "Tenants of the House" (August, 1952). Now, in a series of fresh essays, she depicts the explorations which she and her children have carried out in the summer and early autumn.

## THE MONTH OF THE LOCUST

by JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

### 1

**Y**EARS ago we bought a homestead in Ohio. I say a homestead because it is more than a house of fourteen rooms and a history that goes back a hundred and thirty years. It is also three acres, great maple trees, a swamp, an icehouse ruined and covered with ivy, a second building that was once a servants' quarters, a smokehouse, a view of alfalfa fields and corn, and the endless surf-like sound of quarry pits a half mile away.

The old house is beautiful and majestic in the way that houses never are any more, and it is also in need of eternal vigilance as are old and crumbling people, beautiful and majestic though they be in age. It is inhabited by memories and by insects, and formerly by four thousand bats, by mice and a flower-loving rat, and by odd noises like the indigestion of old people. When we first came it was porous to the winter wind, and the winter turned out to be the coldest in twenty years. I wore mittens and galoshes and a woolen cap in the kitchen, and the mercury dropped down to zero in the moonlit starbright nights. The children, Terry twelve and Annie nine, have grown accustomed to the vast *uncoziness* of all the rooms; to the height space which equals the floor space, and one only hopes their souls will grow in proportion to the unlimited freedom of their ceiling skies. Were one to paint a moon on the ceiling there would seem to be no roof at all.

In a shoe box full of sand by the western window live four lions. Probably the ugliest and most tedious pets a family ever chose to shelter. They have fat gray bodies and a big pair of falcate pinchers on their heads, and the whole setup reminds me of the great Whipsnade Zoo which I once overheard two old gentlemen discussing on an English train as "the most frightfully boring place — the animals *never* come out, you know!"

Well, these creatures never come out, unless they come at night when no one can see them, and remain most of their lives, hidden except for their claws, in their little pits of sand, poised and tense, waiting for ants to come scurrying along, single-mindedly bent on business of their own, intent and unaware. The ant lion is the gray larva of a winged thing something like a dragonfly, spindle-shaped and small with mandibulo-suctorial type jaws, with one small skill, the making of a pit in sand by backing downward, and one great gift, the ability to wait for days for food to come along.

But in their shoe-box home no ants come naturally scurrying to fall into the pit and be trapped by the sliding sand as they try to struggle upward; and even the lovely termite queens with juicy bodies and white luminous wings that suddenly materialized like ectoplasm from nowhere and glided over the living-room floor a few months ago are long gone about their dark and secret business under the earth, undermining the cellar beams. Food must be artificially imported for the ant lions, and members of the family seen wandering about in the sun and rain, staring idly at their feet, are not moody, thoughtful, or half-witted, but only hunting food for the myrmeleonidae.

This task was once much simpler when the route of an ant colony established in the roots of a maple tree crossed the concrete path of our sidewalk on their endless traveling to a willow tree where their aphid herd was pastured. Ants, black and large as ponies, galloped back and forth all day long, undeterred by storms that turned the walk into a Niagara, and washed their bodies out to sea, and the willow leaves were full of herdsmen tending to their silent sticky little kine through all the daylight hours. Then suddenly, for some mysterious reason, they abandoned the route. The small dark

beaten path under the grass is still there, worn smooth by countless chitined feet that hurried madly as most insects hurry. (What a relief to watch the mantis that moves with deadly dignity like a great sloth, or the still, armored immobility of the assassin bugs. Bees, ants, all the nervous zit-zit things that fly and buzz and scurry, possessed of demon souls in the knowledge of the shortness of their lives, they can drive you crazy.)

The path is still there but not an ant soul gallops over it. Perhaps reports of the great moon-headed hawks that suddenly swooped downward on the herdsmen eventually got back into the colony, or — a slightly more scientific explanation — they may merely have moved the herd to greener pastures for fear of overgrazing. Too many aphids, not enough honey. At all events, as the summer draws down to a close, ants seem to get scarcer and scarcer, and the spring throngs that fought all over the kitchen and blackened or reddened the laundry floor like Pharaoh's army have long since disappeared. It is high time for the lions to get busy on some metamorphosis into winged things or else curl up and go to sleep.

We found the ant lions in a pile of sand back on the farm in Missouri where they had written some obscure message on the sand in wandering hieroglyphics between the little pits, and brought them home when we went to get the children, who spend their summers where I spent most of my own childhood.

It is usually a mistake to go back to childhood places after a long absence. Time does curious and dreadful things to the well-beloved, and one is saddened with real grief, or saddened by what is worse, one's own indifference and chill detachment to the change. Some spots at "home" in Missouri had not changed, however, other than to grow more as they were in the beginning; and the curve in the creek where my heart as a child literally stood still at the sight of a muddy muskrat slopping up the bank with a mouthful of grass was the same with its long stretches of rock and pools of captured water, the stream trickling through legions of purple waterweeds, whose name I once knew well, and the willows' tangles that advanced and retreated as the course of the creek changed with each storm.

We all trooped down the hills in the morning heat, climbed the Never-Sag gate, and hunted for raccoon tracks in the brown gravelly mud. Annie had read a book on the preservation of tracks in paraffin, and so accordingly we carried with us a double-boiler bottom, still warm from the stove, with paraffin, rolls of cardboard for holding up the paraffin, and boxes for preserving the preserved tracks. The sun was hot on the flat muddy stones, a great melon vine escaped from the field in the bottom land wandered down to the water's edge under the willows with a few gold blossoms among

its massive leaves. Annie waded into the brown water and followed the bank, some instinct telling her what a raccoon would do, and there on the creek's edge were the marks of little hand-like paws that had come down to the crawfish shallows.

So like human hands are the paws that once when I discovered an old and graying raccoon dead by the roadside, the little out-stretched hands seemed encased in the small black leather gloves, genteel and slightly striated, that old ladies used to wear, and I almost felt a pair of gold-rimmed glasses should be lying there too, shattered on the road.

After the tracks were found it developed that the paraffin was too cool by now and so a small fire of leaves and twigs was painfully built in the mud and all the adult nature-lovers gathered in a circle like sachems on the bank, with endless flowing advice on which was the best track, which the best way to fold cardboard and pour paraffin, and whether the sun was at the right angle of incidence.

Annie, with the beautiful calm and native deafness of the nine-year-old child, ignored this barrage of ancient sagacity, and lying up to her waist in water, covered with mud like a muskrat, silently followed the step-by-step instructions in her how-to-do-it book, circled the track with a collar of cardboard, and poured the paraffin there-in. The result a short time later was a beautiful clear print of raccoon paw with all five fingers and a life-like little cushioned palm in the center.

The children had also organized a neat "insect killing kit" from some magazine instructions and had so far chloroformed and impaled three ants and a fly. We went on an insect-hunting expedition to find more specimens for their collection, but it turned out that neither of the children wished to kill anything any more, and the Kit being accomplished was now regarded with considerable horror like the sight of an Iron Maiden. And they refused to have anything to do with the death of a walking stick, which Grant, with man's love of the laboratory tools, could not forbear to accomplish, since the Kit was all set up and arranged so neatly. It now lies abandoned somewhere gathering dust, and nobody has any idea where it is.

## 2

THIS was the month of the emerging locust, and the dry whirring sound, one of the most evocative of all sounds, wiping out thirty years in a second, creating again the sense of summer in childhood with an almost unbearable reality, came from all the trees in the late afternoon, and the little ghostly shells were scattered in the warm grass or clung brittle and brown to the bark where they had climbed. Quite often there is an odd regularity about their clinging, and when you find one ridged ghost a few feet up from the ground, directly above it will be another, and then a third above this one on the



under side of a limb as though the same cicada had shed three shells in its long climb. For some reason children have never been afraid of these quaint and brittle things which are actually the exoskeletons of nymphs, and their empty honey-colored eyes hold no terrors; and so instead of snuffing out more insects, Annie gathered the innumerable pale shells until her basket held almost a pint of little ghosts, and a pint is the limit of a connoisseur; after that, one might as well rake leaves and call his pile a "collection."

We found the pale gray toadstools with fluted silk and the stair-step fungus that grows on trees, first soft and ominously white, and then turning brown and green and bark-like, and taking on the shape and color of a grouse's tail. The acorns had started to fall and were green and satiny with a peach-like fuzz. Some were still joined with their green cheeks pressed together just as they had plummeted from the rejecting twig above. Left alone they would dry and shrink and roll away from each other on the blind business of getting born, leaving their small scalloped platters still joined like the abandoned hats of children.

In August last year came an incident which took place not on the farm in Missouri, nor on our insect-stocked three acres in Ohio, but in an ice-cube-sized apartment in New York, where, in the heart of the city, my sister Marjorie raises a window garden of such magnitude that she claims not even Gene Stratton Porter had such favorable "conditions" for nature watching. Among pots of horehound, lilies of the valley, alyssum, sweet basil, mint, lace vines, bracken fern, sage and coriander, not to mention sweet peas, marjoram, plantain lilies, ruta, and thyme, she grew a plot of parsley. And from thence came the phenomenon of which she writes — the changing of a swallowtail worm into a chrysalis, that little living tomb in which it spends its time before emerging as a butterfly.

"I am compelled to write you of an incident, which in its small way was as terrifying as any I have ever experienced. Of how, after twenty years of Nature Watching in more appropriate places — on a window sill, where sound is drowned by the roar of buses, I was at last accorded the fearful privilege of Intimacy with Creation; and the thing is this: —

"Some weeks ago we were distressed to find the small patch of parsley in the garden was being absolutely denuded by parsley worms — the beautiful green and black-striped ones you no doubt remember. First a black stripe, then pale green, then a black stripe dotted with yellow. . . . The kind of worm which can be translated by illustrations of German gnome and fairy stories into a cheerful, if enigmatic, habitant of magnified leaves and flowers, or by the puppet maker into a jolly clown, easily identified by bright splashes of stripes, and the object of admiration for its ingenious construction.

(Usually a spring, covered with an enviable bit of velvet.)

" . . . It was difficult to do away with four such jeweled creatures, and so we housed them in a glass jar and bought them a handsome bunch of parsley. (A bunch *much* too large for ordinary household use was only 12¢.) For several days they ate, devouring not only the leaf but the stem, until their delicate jaws sensed things were getting too tough and it was time to travel.

"Then one day, although a new bouquet was bought, the water changed, the emerald fecula carefully removed, they became restless and hurried around the jar looking for something that evidently was not there. We responded with twigs (is it not wonderful that they will accept nothing that will wilt or break or freeze?), and after they had each fastened themselves by three silken threads they hung all day on the twigs absolutely quiet, their color only slightly changed, their bodies only slightly shrunken.

"At five-thirty in the evening the last worm to anchor himself to the twig began to move again, weaving his head back and forth, and we wondered if he had changed his mind, or was not yet ready for the little death. And whether, as sometimes with one who has taken an overdose of sleeping pills, he could yet be roused and made to walk again. At five forty-five I happened to look again, and what I saw has really shaken me for two days.

"Stretching, pulsing, his face had dissolved! The weird face of the worm had become a fibrous, flat green mask of a cat, the two horns protruding upright like pointed ears. A mass of tiny knobs had burst from the shoulder area. The feet had gone entirely, leaving only a smooth green casing in the front, though the body was still marked in rings.

"The whole object stretched, expanded, shrank again, as though it were a body which could feel the pain of corruption after death, or a Pharaoh, strong-willed enough to pump his soul through the tiny ventricles of linen and spice. The wings, wet with a solution of dissolved matter, lengthened and thickened, changing from a ring-marked mass to a smooth wing shape, as though to be prepared for instant flight with the expected verdict on judgment day.

"By six-thirty the movements became slower and slower, only a little pulling, a little stretching. The outer case became smoother, the wing shapes folded close to the body, a swelling appeared in the abdomen — and then all movement ceased, the little thing dropped closer to the stem, lying against its binding threads, to shrink and wait.

"It was, perhaps, a fitting finish to those creatures who alternately fascinated and terrified me. But I shall not feel safe until Osiris calls them up, past the brief humiliation that even a god must suffer as he passes through too small a door, to the light where only the bars on their lovely wings will remind them of their other selves."



*Editor-in-Chief of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., HAROLD STRAUSS was in the Army from 1943 to 1946; learned Japanese in the Army Language School; and served in Japan with SCAP until September, 1946. Last autumn he flew back to revisit the people he has come to admire. A graduate of Harvard, Class of 1928, Mr. Strauss subsequently became Production Director and Editor-in-Chief of Covici-Friede. He has written many articles about Japan in the hope of directing more American attention to the rich literature and art of that country.*

## EDITOR IN JAPAN

by HAROLD STRAUSS

### 1

BEFORE going to Japan, I had been in touch with many writers, publishers, and newspapermen in Japan. I thought I was pretty well oriented, only to discover that my Japanese friends had recommended either the least characteristically Japanese or the most superficially topical novels, on the assumption that these I could understand. I was saved from this patronizing — and quite false — notion by another trait of the Japanese: their wonderful idea of a proper conversation.

Serious conversations with writers are neither casual nor spontaneous nor hurried. An appointment must be made, the subject set and thought about. No less than five or six hours must be allowed. The setting must be arranged, the atmosphere created. Friends, disciples, and experts in the other arts may drift in and out, but they never snap the thread of the conversation. The writer's wife constantly serves, and if she is an emancipated woman or a former geisha, as she often is, she will sometimes join in the talk. Once a beautiful girl with a curious half-reserved, half-assured manner and, obviously, a special position in the household sat with us for a while — not to talk but to enhance the serenity of the moment by her bearing and her beauty.

At first there are formal, routine questions that must be asked and answered. After two or three hours one thinks one has exhausted the possibilities of conversation among strangers. A few long, awkward silences will have occurred, and one starts to make excuses for leaving. Just then a special dish is brought. There is a new painting to be looked at, or perhaps an unusual view of the garden. Suddenly one finds oneself seated again, relaxed, talking as if to a lifelong friend. And in this last hour or two of talk one comes to subtler, deeper meanings.

After a score of such conversations, not all equally rewarding of course, I began to discern five different

schools of Japanese writing. First, the classical writers who paint "floating" word pictures against a background of transience and change, pursuing lyrical beauty, symbolists all. Their novels have little architecture; they may be said to illustrate the indeterminateness of human existence. They neither entertain nor inform, but induce a mood of harmony with the natural universe, the *Tao*.

Second, the very popular novelists who entertain the least well educated classes with melodramatic historical novels.

Third, the young ideologues who devote themselves to expressions of despair, either Marxist or nihilistic. Their slogan is rationalism, and in Japan to be rational is to be skeptical, therefore unbelieving and nihilistic. The movie *Rashomon*, which illustrates the impossibility of abstract justice, is considered nihilistic; but today the nihilists are all existentialists and neutralists, full of undigested Western influences.

Fourth, the popular writers who take chaos for granted and deal with it humorously. Their favorite characters are opportunists, men of deftness and acumen, such as black-market operators and corrupt bureaucrats. They make no attempt to "clarify human feelings," the express purpose of the classicists; but they often command a keen satiric wit.

Fifth, a large and distinguished group of liberal humanists. They are familiar with the classical tradition but not confined by it. They regard human life as too indeterminate to use neat, conclusive plots, but they are more worldly than the classicists. Some of them would rate as eminent scholars anywhere in the world.

One of the first novelists I met was Shoohei Ooka, a relatively young man whose model is Stendhal. He came to see me at the Press Club, which still resembles an army billet, although the

lobby is roomy and comfortable. The personalities of Japanese change when they enter the club. They do not talk freely; self-consciously they try to adopt American mannerisms.

Ooka brought with him Kenichi Yoshida, the son of the Prime Minister; and also his publisher, Mr. Shimanaka, the head of Chuo Koron, one of the most distinguished houses in Japan. Ooka is a rather small, round-faced man with a quick glance. He was wearing a neat dark suit and had that carefully cultivated air of quiet self-possession, suggesting inner repose and serenity, one often finds in well-known Japanese. By contrast his young publisher seemed nervous, an impression no doubt magnified by his thin, sensitive face.

Yoshida was quite different. His Cambridge education has a top dressing of Bloomsbury mannerisms. He was much taller than the others and markedly plump. He had a heavy shock of black hair which he permitted to straggle a bit. He wore a loose, baggy blue serge suit and kept a handkerchief in his coat sleeve. The others sat upright and stiff against the pull of the leather easy chairs, but Yoshida tossed one leg over an arm and lounged comfortably throughout our talk. He had a high-pitched voice and an effeminate giggle which made it hard to take him seriously.

But serious he was — so serious that he had broken entirely with his father for the sake of the Bohemian life he chose to lead as a minor man of letters. He had settled in the literary and artistic colony of Kamakura, thirty miles from Tokyo, and made his living at the well-paid job of translating into Japanese. Japanese translators share in the royalties and can make handsome sums. Mark Gayn's *Japan Diary*, believed by the Japanese to reveal SCAP scandals, sold 530,000 copies, and must have netted its translator something on the order of \$35,000. The least a translator makes is \$200, but even that is not so bad in a country in which the annual base pay of railroad workers is \$444.

## 2

YOSHIDA pointed out how strongly Ooka had been influenced by French literature, and I asked the novelist how this began. He told me that he first read Paul Morand when he was in high school, in 1923, a year he remembers very well because of the great earthquake and fire in Tokyo. "I was taking a French literature course, but quite apart from it we students would read Radiguet, who was also very popular, Philippe Soupault, and Gide. I wrote my college thesis on Gide. When I began to do postgraduate work, I turned against Gide's decadence and looked for a more robust influence. I found it in Stendhal, whose works I translated."

I asked Ooka when he began writing his own books, and he sighed and said that the cumulating hatred of the West and then the war itself had

intervened. "We younger writers who were influenced by European literature could write very little in the late thirties. Then I was drafted and saw a good deal of fighting in Malaya and the Philippines, where I was finally captured. I was really free to write for the first time when I was repatriated after the war, and so it turned out that my first novel, *Furyo-ki*, dealt with my experiences as a prisoner."

He said that the book was instantly successful because it was in the main Japanese tradition of the *shi-shoosetsu*, or confessional novel, an interesting remark from a man who admires Stendhal's psychological objectivity. There is a tendency in Japan to confuse frankness and sincerity with objectivity and naturalism, so that not only the confessional novel but the *shinkyoo-shoosetsu*, or mental life novel — hardly a novel at all, but a day-to-day record of impressions, dreams, reactions, feelings, and *choses vues* — is called "naturalistic."

"*Furyo-ki* also succeeded," Ooka said, "because I have a deep hatred for military people, and therefore I understand the psychology of the common soldier. I've always been a lone wolf. I took very badly to military life or to any organized activity."

This gave me an opportunity to ask about literary cliques, and Ooka replied that most writers had French intellectual ties, and that they developed personal ties primarily for the sale of their books. Literary groups operate almost like guilds, protecting their members and finding opportunities for publication. With such sponsorship it is fairly easy to be published. Printing costs are low, and publishers break even on the sale of about 2000 copies. But there as here, publication and success are two different things. Ooka complained of the "jackpot system," in which some books sell very well and others of equal merit very poorly. I assured him that Japan was not unique in that respect.

This led to a discussion of what made books sell in Japan, and Ooka said that the influence of reviewers and critics is severely limited, and the influence of publishers and booksellers nonexistent. "The public prides itself on choosing its own books. A man of taste would be ashamed to rely on the judgment of others." He stared at me solemnly for a moment and added, "We would not think of having book clubs choose our reading for us!"

But all is not perfect in literary Japan, he said. The public worships famous names and prefers their weakest books to better books by unknown writers. Newspaper and magazine editors play the public's game, making it very hard for new writers. "You, on the other hand," he said somewhat accusingly, "are always looking for novelty."

He volunteered that he thought Faulkner and Hemingway better than any living Japanese or French novelists. "The best of everything is now in the U.S. or in the U.S.S.R.," he added wryly, a remark I was to hear often and which made me



wonder where judgment ends and the worship of power begins. "As for novels, the best are being written in English. I think that now, if I had to be educated over again, I would study English literature. I learned a great deal of objectivity from Stendhal and Zola, but I would have learned still more from English and American novelists."

## 3

THERE were many other interviews between that and the one with Jiro Osaragi; but none so Western as the first, and none so Japanese as the last. By the kind of books they wrote, I became able to guess the kind of houses novelists lived in, the clothes they wore, whether their manners would be Western or Japanese, and even what kind of food would be served.

There was Tatsuzoo Ishikawa, a fighting liberal of forty-eight, who stands halfway between the two schools most under Western influence, the young ideologues and the old humanists. I set out for his house on a cool, sunny day. It is difficult to tell much about Japanese neighborhoods, since fine houses are apt to be next to shanties; the world is kept beyond the garden anyway by high walls. But hills are a sure sign of mansions at the crest, and as I climbed and climbed from Kohonbutsu station, I began to suspect that Ishikawa's literary labors had not gone unrewarded.

The classicists and the popular historical novelists, who must have their illusionary gardens and their paintings and their spacious rush-matted rooms, would not dream of living in a stucco Tudor villa, as Ishikawa, a modernist, does. I felt flattered because a sign on the door read, "Mr. Ishikawa meets visitors only on Tuesday afternoons." It was a Saturday morning. After removing my shoes, I was ushered upstairs to a snug, sunlit study filled with a divan, two overstuffed chairs, and piles of books standing in all corners.

Ishikawa showed up soon, bluff and friendly, in shirt sleeves, looking as if he had just come from a round of golf, to which he is devoted. He is big, rather heavy-set, with strong features. In blunt words, he accused the older writers of disdaining politics, and the younger writers of being coarse and unskillful. "Young writers must broaden the scope of the Japanese novel, must take it out of the delicate private worlds in which it has lived. But they must not kill the basic tradition of Japanese literature, which is humanistic and sensitive to mood and feelings. And I think it will not die, even if it is now only faintly visible in their work."

The longer I talked to this man in his Western home, the more I sensed his Japanese roots. He wrote his documentary, controversial novels only because politics haunted his reluctant consciousness. "The world crisis has invaded literature, and cannot be dealt with in the confessional novel," he de-

clared vehemently. But what he really wanted most, were it possible, was to live simply, in harmony with nature, free of the pressure of politics and material things. "Nature has been kind to Japan," he said, "and our poetry and our art are never without reference to it. That is why even the poorest home has a small garden; and why even the richest Japanese dream of a simple teahouse, adorned with one flower, rather than of a grand place filled with material splendors."

Actually such a mode of living, simple at first glance, is one of the most luxurious in the world. It does not require much steel or wood or glass; but it requires space and quiet, two things hard to come by in Japan. And it requires time; one cannot hurry things in a Japanese house.

Such a house is Yasunari Kawabata's. He is one of the great men of Japanese letters, a classicist who will not change his own way of writing, although he is very tolerant of the youngsters. His sumptuous house in Kamakura is often filled with writers. He is a wiry, agile, steady man of fifty-three who looks considerably older. He has grayish hair, a sallow complexion, and very disorderly teeth. But he has an electrifying smile.

We sat on the floor of his *o-zashiki* (parlor) on either side of a low lacquer table, gazing out at the rain-swept garden. There was no touch of the West in the room except a gas fire that kept it unusually warm. A parade of food and drink began to move across the lacquer table, and never stopped during the hours we talked. First broiled fish of various kinds, then lobster and a kind of fish dumpling; then beer, then black tea with sugar, then *sushi* (finely filleted raw fish wrapped around cold seasoned rice balls), one of the best dishes in the world. And then bitter green tea. An immaculate white woolly fox terrier played in the corridor. Mrs. Kawabata, a very cultured woman, talked occasionally as she served us. Kawabata has one of the most exquisite collections of traditional charcoal-ink paintings in Japan, and our hours of talk were punctuated by the unrolling and rerolling of fine scrolls.

My visit to Osaragi was conducted and regulated — that is the only word — in an even more traditional manner, for his heart lies in the past. When previously I had gone to see him, in 1946, he had welcomed me in a Western-style living room piled high with books, prints, and paintings rescued from who knows what ruins. In a little island of space at the center we looked at some colored reproductions of Nō play masks so perfect that all their stylized, fragile beauty was preserved. Then Mrs. Osaragi, an attractive woman whose considerable Parisian chic she somewhat diminished by padding around in stockinged feet, came to invite us to a feast in an adjoining Japanese-style room.

When I returned this winter it was raining heavily and the main street, which was being rebuilt, was a sea of mud. The first landmark I remembered was

the public bath that marks the turn up Osaragi's lane. Two hundred yards up the lane I came to a high yellow wall with a large thatch-roofed gate, in which was set a small wicket gate about four feet high, with a nine-inch threshold. It was not easy to step through, and perhaps, like the miniature entrances to teahouses, these ancient wickets were designed to compel warriors to unbuckle their long swords before entering.

The garden was narrow, luxurious, and full of slender, shivering young bamboo trees; but it was raining too hard to see much of it. A servant directed me from the main entrance around the outside walls to the semidetached teahouse. I knew that Osaragi deliberately chose the teahouse for the beginning of our talk because it would summon a mood of quiet, repose, and trust. I crawled through the small sliding door into another world, and was motioned by another servant to the cushion of honor in front of the unpeeled sapling that was the lintel post. I was served tea and left alone a little while to compose myself after my journey. Custom required me not to rise when Osaragi finally came, in full kimono, a dress that dignifies any man.

Osaragi, now fifty-six, had been in the vanguard of change in his youth. His outlook is broader than that of most older writers, for he majored in political science and French law and literature at Tokyo Imperial University. But, he said, that was a long time ago, and unlike the contemporary imitators, he did not try to write "French novels." He used nothing from France he could not digest. "It is dangerous to ape style," he said. "Nor can a way of thinking be imported intact. But it can be useful to study foreign literature if you absorb its ideas. Even then, over the long run, one should accept only those ideas that really fit into Japanese culture. In Japan there is no abstract philosophy or religious dogma. We are unable to acquire thought as such." And he went on to speak of a life guided by feelings as characteristically Japanese. "But all the young people today are in too much of a hurry either to write well or to read well."

For three years, at the insistence of his father, who was a shipping company official troubled by government red tape and wanted someone on his side in the bureaucratic nest, Osaragi worked in the Treaty Bureau of the Foreign Office. Officials were not allowed to publish anything under their own names; so when, in 1924, he could no longer repress the urge to write, he had to find a pen name. Since he lives near the Great Buddha of Kamakura, he chose Osaragi, which is a variant reading of the characters for Great Buddha; and as a first name, Jiro, meaning "second son" or "next to."

His fine library is still located in the house in which we were; but because he has acquired eighteen cats and innumerable relatives, he has bought

another large house near by. Evidently he has flourished. Although there are five or six novels of which he is really proud, written with a delicate humanism and contrasting old ways with the new (his recurrent theme), he has also published many popular historical potboilers, filled with blood and heroism and death, out of which he makes a great deal of money.

He mentioned no figures, but a typical novel by a writer of his standing is first commissioned by a newspaper. When the novelist has completed 20 out of some 200 installments, it begins to run, and he is chained to the hungry presses for six or eight months. For the serial he is paid between \$4000 and \$5000. Then the novel appears in book form, and if it sells 100,000 copies, as is quite likely, he receives \$5500 more. From a reprint edition he nets about \$2000. Then it may be dramatized or made into a movie, for which he is paid from \$1000 to \$3000. These sums go a lot farther in Japan than here.

Because of the eighteen cats, Osaragi serves no food in the old house. We went a short way through the rain to the new one, a superb example of Japanese elegance. The large living room, bare except for a beautiful low table, a brazier, a charcoal-ink painting of a duck with a flower arrangement below it, faces a garden containing a sweeping lawn, a huge old pine tree, a stone lantern, and many broadleaf evergreens, of which one kind, *sazanka*, was still in full white flower in late November.

I met Mrs. Osaragi again. Now, as if guarding a small island of resistance to the tide of change, she was in kimono; like many other Japanese, since 1946 she has gotten a little fat. We had finished talking about Japanese literature and Osaragi's own work, and the conversation became more general. There was a great deal of food and different kinds of drinks. Innumerable people drifted in and out of the room, including an art dealer, evidently an old friend, who talked long and brilliantly about the significance (and price) of the charcoal-ink painting on the wall. Mrs. Osaragi, who had once been a geisha, sat down with us to nibble at delicacies. This prompted some gentle joshing about her "boldness," and Osaragi, with evident affection, boasted that long before the war, when women had not yet been emancipated by MacArthur, he used to take her with him on sprees in the gay quarters of Tokyo.

We talked on and on for hours. That morning I had been to the Northwest Airlines' office for my ticket home, and I already felt the sadness of departure. Perhaps it was that. Or perhaps it was because I felt immensely drawn to these people that I was loath to leave. Finally I called a taxi to catch the last, brightly lit, efficient train back to Tokyo. It was a little thing, but I remember that the driver refused a fare from anyone who had visited the master.



*Last summer PERRY MILLER, Professor of American Literature at Harvard, was one of five college teachers who were invited to conduct a seminar in American Studies at the Universities of Tokyo and Hiroshima. The impressions which Mr. Miller brought back with him were not those of an expert on the Orient, but of a man especially sensitive to the interests and the dedication of scholars all over the world. Atlantic readers will remember his provocative article "What Drove Me Crazy in Europe," the account of his experiences lecturing on the Continent.*

## TEACHER IN JAPAN

by PERRY MILLER

### 1

THE one thing I most insist upon — because Americans ask me, with an obviously skeptical implication, whether the Japanese spoke honestly — is that the conversations were utterly uninhibited and, after the ceremonial phases got over, completely ingenuous. No topic was barred, evaded, or taken too solemnly — not the atrocities, the atomic bomb, the irresponsibility which is both the charm and exasperation of Japan, the *pom-pom* girls, the Japanese lust for suicide, nor the thousands of babies left by the Occupation for impoverished orphanages to cope with.

One expects, when dealing with Europeans since 1945, that they will inevitably hold some things back from Americans; they have a pride. But the pride of the Japanese is curious, and to Westerners it may seem a flat inversion. It takes the form, often, of opening a conversation by asking, "What is the most ridiculous thing you have discovered in Japan?" Yet it does, strangely enough, facilitate the flow of talk and gives the visitor the feeling that no deceptions are being practiced.

The most analytical insist that the defeat has not really stirred the social structure, and that a Western conception of personality cannot emerge until the basic relationship of children to parents is changed — and this means redesigning the house itself! There is a strange serenity about these self-condemnatory analyses. It may be, as I am told, a trait of the society rooted in immemorial tradition; but today it is also something else: a calm realization, everywhere understood in Japan, that the Japanese stand on the firing line, and that if things go wrong in the world, they and the land will suffer horribly.

One of my good friends — even in a short summer in Japan, one makes very good friends indeed, though not too many — put the issue simply: can he be pro-American without sacrificing his intellec-

tual integrity? The wish to be friendly, the good will, exists; Americans would not doubt it could they have participated in the conference we held on American "civilization" in Hiroshima. I do not recommend the experience to fastidious consciences, but the people of the city do all in their power to shield you from the ravages of self-accusation. There is in this culture a quality of acceptance which is, I should say, hardly comprehensible to us; with it there goes a quiet but ruthless objectivity.

At the University of Tokyo, President Tadao Yanaihara opened our seminar by saying that a Japan which in the past looked for guidance to Europe had supposed that there was nothing of intellectual or cultural value in the United States; but now that the two peoples — this was his way of speaking — have inflicted terrible hurt upon each other, it is incumbent upon Japan to study with the utmost seriousness American doctrine, history, and practice. Our students did not need his exhortation. It would be hard to imagine students, graduate and undergraduate, more eager, avid, insatiable, even when the communication had to be agonizingly slowed up by an interpreter. For the American instructors, the drain was exhausting. I assure you that there is in Japan a hospitality toward, a resolution to comprehend and to emulate, the American way of life which is sincere, clear-eyed, burgeoning with affection. How widely diffused it is, I am unable to say, but it is certainly vigorous; it constitutes, in the situation, as openhearted a gesture as was ever made in modern international relations, and it puts an immense responsibility upon both our intellects and our hearts.

These students did not want praise; they sought, they demanded, criticism. But precisely there the difficulty commenced. We instructors had to contend with a habit of mind which soon came to seem



ineradicably Japanese. I call it an ingrained conceptualism, a disposition to take every term ending in "ism" as a solid chunk of the universe, to be trundled about like a box or a trunk. Their adoration of the instructor (he can resist the seduction for, at the most, a day or two!) was untroubled by the frenzy of his mounting denunciation of isms; if nothing else would serve, after he had expended himself, they would make an ism out of his anti-ismus and name it after him. The mystery of Japan, I am tempted to theorize, runs something like this: how can a mentality which in aesthetics finds joy in a miraculous seizure of the specific — the branch, the leap of the fish — manage to conceive of itself historically and psychologically as swathed in such thick bandages of abstraction?

Astute observers see a hidden but vital connection between this kind of thinking and those conditions in the culture which keep alive, even among the most cultivated, an exorbitant concern with "face" and which therefore militate against a further increase of any sense of personality. "Yes," said my friend the professor (he had studied at Harvard), "that is the problem with our students: you must break them up like eggs."

In such a setting the problem of Japan and Communism is formulated. The ism — if only because it *is* an ism — starts with an advantage. To make of America an Americanism introduces profound metaphysical confusions — which are important in a metaphysical community. "If I am pro-American," the argument constantly ran, "must I not then do everything in the American fashion? But how can I, when the American fashion constantly contradicts itself?" Americans need to be told — as they are not — that radical reversals in our Occupation policy, and in the more compelling pressures we still exert, create a ghastly confusion among those who are, or would like to be, our friends — among a people for whom the ideal of integrity cannot be separated from that of a consistency of concept. Our enemies, who are not stupid and take pains to study cultural mutations, exploit to the utmost this genuine bewilderment of the Japanese.

Japan attested the sincerity with which it accepted defeat by writing into its Constitution Article IX, which declares that in the name of international peace the nation forever renounces war as a right of sovereignty, and that it will never maintain land, sea, or air forces. Likewise Japan enacted American-inspired legislation against trusts and monopolies, and — also under our tutelage — guaranteed freedom of speech and enthusiastically released political prisoners. In 1945, for the first time, the Communist Party obtained legal status and freedom of action. But now, every visiting American businessman I encountered told me — as he certainly was vociferously telling the Japanese — that the dissolution of the trusts was a hideous

mistake, and that as for the Communists, they had all better be back in prison! By 1950 the country — barred from the indispensable China trade, offered no compensatory advantages by American tariffs, facing stiff and not always "fair" competition in the sterling area — was up against an economic wall as blank as the featureless stones which bring to an abrupt termination the flamboyant shrine of Nikko. Then the Korean conflict started; the American procurement of arms, ammunition, and services has — for the moment, only for the moment — saved Japanese heavy industry. It alone has staved off disaster.

## 2

WE WENT about freely, dealt with virtually all classes of people, and nowhere encountered overt signs of "anti-American sentiment." But that it is a factor, there is no reason to doubt, nor that it is fomented by the Communists, nor that it could, in suitable circumstances, be blown up into terrifying proportions. Even we could get glimpses into the situation expounded by Rodger Swearingen and Paul Langer in *Red Flag in Japan*. We perceived it most dramatically when we found our colleagues in the universities — led by such stalwart liberals as Yanaihara or President Tatsuo Morito of Hiroshima University — trying to promulgate the doctrine of academic freedom and yet having to counter the ruthless tactics of Communism among the students. They attempt to defend the ancient sanctuary of the dormitory against invasion by the police (even under the old regime it was respected), but certain students avail themselves of it in order to manufacture Molotov cocktails. In July of 1952 an association of Tokyo businessmen imperiously informed the presidents of the city's universities that unless the schools would certify the economic orthodoxy of the graduates, the firms would continue, as of old, to disregard the claims of ability and to employ the grandsons and nephews of executives. President Yanaihara talked back. Nevertheless, one of my best students cried in anguish, "Do you understand, in Japan there is no social mobility whatsoever — just simply none at all!"

Here then was the time and place for frank speaking. What it basically portends, our friends agreed, is a resurgence of the "Right," which you need go no further to document than the list of former imperial colonels receiving commands in the expanding police force permitted Japan by the National Security Act. In the summer of 1952 the Diet passed an Anti-Subversive Bill which, like some legislation nearer home, seems less addressed to the real and extremely present danger than to the brute act of suppression as an end in itself.

"We do have our childlike aspects," as another friend said, "and we did trust the father-image of America. You came in big and strong; you told us

that we were the supremely favored children of history, because we should now stand in the vanguard of peace, because we should not be allowed to play with the wicked toys of armies and armaments, with which we had so wantonly harmed both ourselves and others. We were proud of our chance, our unique chance, of becoming suddenly mature. We felt that, after all, our misguided youth had not died in vain. We — after those miserable years of militarism and arrogance — even we were to be the first really pacific nation of the world! Now, if you reverse yourself, and tell us to pick up again the accursed toys, what do you expect from us — from a people as docile, as abstractly-minded, and as emotionally excitable as are the Japanese?"

Compared with any other occupation, the American one in Japan was admirable, and the Japanese know this. But, to use a phrasing not original with me, the policy of our Occupation was an effort to make of Japan a new Middle West — not, of course, the Middle West as it is, or in fact ever was, but as it perpetually dreams of being. Japan was to be made over into the image of Main Street: hence no trusts, no soldiers, but full freedom of speech. And it must be said that the implementation of this policy (to use the lingo of officials) was largely entrusted to persons conditioned by Main Street whom the Japanese soon learned to call "carpet-baggers." (They knew, if only by report, *Gone with the Wind*.) There is no more comic chapter in the history of "imperialism" than the efforts of the Japanese bureaucracy to save, by making themselves ridiculous, the faces of their American conquerors. They contrived to take upon themselves the blame for some of the more idiotic decrees and speeches, and interposed a calculated inefficiency between American ignorance and the consequences of ignorance.

The Occupation identified democracy with a renunciation of war, with the breaking up of industrial combines, with a complete separation of education from religion. But many Japanese know about America; some visit us, and thousands of them read our books and periodicals. I was teaching Hawthorne, Melville, Faulkner, and Sinclair Lewis, yet somehow questions even of style and form always came round to the question of America. Is war there renounced? Are corporations kept small? Is education really separated from religion? What is the democracy you expect of us?

Most of them say that they do not expect to die peaceably in their beds. Their pessimism is deepened by what seems to them an image of American power riddled with self-contradiction. My students would take heart when presented with American scholarship, with the novel, with the fecundity and spontaneity of American thought. Could this picture of America be presented the masses, they were certain that the effect would be tremendous. But the masses see only the corporal (on precious leave

from Korea) picking up the *pom-pom* girl at Shimabashi Station; they don't resent his having the girl, but he seems to them a callous barbarian, utterly devoid of ideas, poetry, or manners. All Japanese, of whatever class, shudder at the mere suggestion that he should be invited to their homes.

Repeatedly when you are taken through the countryside you are shown a cliff or a gorge and told that it is "a favorite place for committing suicide." The choice confronting the young Japanese as between America and Communism is not, as most in the West might suppose, the same thing as a choice between life and death. Those who know the country say — and the newcomer learns to appreciate — that nothing in Japan must ever be allowed to fail; consequently, in Japan nothing succeeds like success, and no conception prospers so well as one that remains consistently conceptual. Other peoples, we know, have their ways of going with the party in power, often with a cynical disregard of consistency. The Japanese do not have that agility, that superficiality. So far, American rule has not spelled out the sort of coherent rationality which keeps believers loyal or dissuades partisans from suicide. Nevertheless, we may still at this moment (how much longer is a problem) count upon an aptitude which comes nearer than any that prospers in Europe or America to deserving the name Josiah Royce gave to the highest fidelity: loyalty to loyalty.

These islands face immense problems — overproduction of goods and of people (the former encouraged by our procurement, the latter by our soldiery), and a desperate need for markets. No American who looks carefully about him can come away without praying (to this resort he is brought) that America shall not make the fatal mistake of aiding the very forces it fought to destroy — that it shall not end by assisting those who in their heart of hearts are, although not at the moment outspoken, the most implacably anti-American.

The United States has become in Japan a foster father who, however unwillingly, has taken up the obligation. Can we let this child be himself, let him develop according to his own deep genius (not that false genius imposed upon him by the militarists), without trying to force him into our own image — or worse than that, into a sentimental image of our image? If we cannot, we shall be bound, sooner or later, to excite his revulsion. But there is among the Japanese — of this I am certain — a genuine desire to understand, to work with us. The ways of frank communication will prove, if they are utilized, more reliable than the opportunisms of policy. Those leaders who can, and may yet, lead Japan in the direction which offers the real hope for America and for the Pacific need in this crucial hour that which alone can sustain them: the assurance from Americans of a rich and sympathetic comprehension of their predicament.



BILL ADAMS was a writer of the sea who endeared himself to Atlantic readers by his stories and by his autobiography, *Ships and Women*. He was born in Sevenoaks, Kent, in 1879, and at the age of sixteen apprenticed himself as a sailor for a period of four years to C. E. DeWolf, shipmaster of Liverpool. During those four years he rounded the Horn a half-dozen times and learned to know the sea and the beauty of the great sailing ships. After some thirty years in sail, he came ashore in Dutch Flat, California, and there for twenty-five years he wrote the stories that won him national recognition. A short time before he went to the hospital for his final checkup, he sent this letter to the Editor of the Atlantic. It stands as his Hail and Farewell.

## ALOFT

by BILL ADAMS

IN a few days I go to hospital, and I do not know which way the cat will jump. But no matter. It has been a good summer with pleasant swims, and one bright afternoon I dived ten times from a springboard. How is that for a little fellow of seventy-three and a half? Never did I more enjoy myself. And, probably — or, at least, possibly — I shall be sending you a similar report, or one not greatly different, in five or even in ten years.

While reading "My Island Home" in the *Atlantic*, I came on the words "There is no such thing as a still night except, perhaps, in the Far North in the dead of winter," and I was taken back to a time when my ship lay becalmed in the North Pacific.

During the afternoon watch the last of the breeze had died. In the second dogwatch, from six to eight, she lay utterly motionless on an utterly motionless sea under a cloud canopy in which was no motion whatever. The cloud hung high above her lofty trucks, sullen, gray, as was the sea beneath. To me, a lad not yet twenty, there was something awe-inspiring and dreadful in that somber silence: no creak of block, lap of water, rustle of canvas, or slow kick of wheel. At eight bells, eight o'clock, I went below. When I returned to duty at eight bells, midnight, darkness was absolute.

For a few minutes there was slow patter of bare feet, murmur of voices, low laughter, or quick oath when bare toes struck on iron ringbolt on the deck, while all hands walked to the quarter-deck to answer the muster roll. It was the same when they returned forward: the watch on deck to keep handy, the others to roll into their bunks.

A few minutes after the changing of the watches the mate's whistle shrilled and the order came to clew up the royals. Then was quick squeal of hal-

liard blocks, rustle of canvas high in darkness, thud of ropes, as, at the quiet yo-ho-hoing of men and boys hauling on clew and on bunt lines, three royals slid down to rest on their motionless mastheads. On such a night, sailors, in tune with the rhythm of their watery world, refrained from the defiant shouting they delighted in when savage wind screamed and mad sea roared.

With the royals clewed up, with jib topsail, jigger topmast staysail, and gaff topsail hauled down, the mate said in a quiet voice audible the deck's length, "Aloft and make them fast. One hand stay on deck and coil the ropes up."

Why, I wonder, was a sailor, with two hands, always referred to as "a hand"?

With eight able seamen and four apprentices in the watch, one of them at the wheel, one on lookout, and one to coil the ropes, nine were left to furl the sails. Two to each royal, one to each of the three fore-and-aft sails. But when, in utter blackness, I climbed into the fore rigging to go up and furl the fore royal, no one followed. Hitherto I always had been very nervous when going high aloft, especially alone. Often I had suffered terror. Now, in inky darkness, I knew no fear, but felt completely at home. Barefoot, bareheaded, naked to the waist, with dungaree trousers rolled to the knee, I ascended the rigging without a qualm. To climb over the futtock shrouds, where one swung outward with the back down, ever had been a bitter trial. Now I swarmed up, and over them, without an instant's hesitation; and on, beyond the huge invisible foresail, up into the more slender topmast rigging. Past the night-hidden lower and upper topsail I went, and came gaily to the topgallant crossrees. Swinging outward again, back down, I climbed over



them; fearless and monkey-nimble; hurried past the great invisible topgallantsail and came to the royal yard. Now and again there came to me low voices of the two on the mainmast, or a scarce audible rustle of the sail they gathered up, a laugh, a curse, or a girl's name.

Soon all others had finished their job and gone down to the deck. With the 40 feet long by 16 feet deep royal to furl singlehanded, I alone was left aloft. First I picked up and secured the bunt, the center of the sail; next walked out along the swaying slender footrope to starboard and furled that side; then back to the mast and out along the footrope to port to finish my job.

With the sail furled, instead of going down to the deck, I stepped to, and stood upon the royal yard with one hand resting lightly on the mast. To have done thus boldly at any previous time would have been, by day or night, impossible. Had I tried to, I must have fallen and been smashed on the deck 170 feet below; or have gone overboard to quick death.

Now, with no human voice, cry of bird, rattle of block, rustle of canvas, I was completely at home in sheer silence and utter stillness. The night was mine; I was the night's. Though it never had oc-

curred to me that this could be, I was not surprised and, drinking the midnight peace, was unspeakably happy. It was the fulfillment of a young lad's yearning for beauty and for peace.

Suddenly there appeared at the ship's sharp bow, about 180 feet below me, a slim wedge of phosphorescent light. So slight as to be imperceptible to me, her gentle lifting and dipping, caused by slow undulations wakened by storm far away, had brought that pale green sea fire to being.

At the moment I became aware of it the mate's whistle shrilled, faint from the deck far below, followed at once by his clear though distant order: "All hands on deck, shorten sail!"

A moan of wind far off and fast approaching. On deck immediate tumult. Ropes skirling through blocks. Spars groaning. Halliards rattling. The crew's deep-throated yo-ho-hoing loudly defiant. Presently a sudden slap of spray and the skipper's stentorian command, "Look alive on deck there!"

I seized a backstay, wound my legs round it, slid swiftly down to the canting deck, and joined my jocosely and rowdy shipmates, none of whom ever knew of my happy masthead dream.

Shall not my dream be so when my day is done and I am alone in the dark again?



## THE RING OF KEYS

by EDGAR BOGARDUS

DRUNKENNESS, and heart, and work,  
And truths to spend a day on,  
I want to hear them strain and jerk,  
These flat black keys I play on.  
I have a key for anything  
Somewhere on this crude loose ring,  
Mother of every opening,  
The ring of keys I pray on.

The wife of Bluebeard only had  
One key and lock to haunt her,  
One basement room her lord forbade,  
One closeting to taunt her.  
She let a simple locksmith rob  
Her chastity and touched the knob  
That brought the blood and brought her sob,  
And let a doorway daunt her.

This hand, these fingers of chill steel  
Embrace me in my mumming,  
I make my rounds with this round wheel,  
This eye that I am thumbing.  
The rooms I walk are stark and dank,  
These keys are anchors that I yank,  
I roam and make their clumsy clank  
Warn evil of my coming.

Nothing actual touches me,  
I thrive on things that could be,  
O Peter, Janus, kings of the key,  
I know no things that should be.  
It locks me in and out of life,  
This crown with ornaments too rife,  
This iron wedding ring for wife,  
That never is nor would be.



## An Atlantic Story



*From his Irish grandmother, JAMES REYNOLDS inherited a wonderful assortment of Irish ghost stories, an intimate knowledge of Palladian architecture, and a sure touch with horses. Today he lives for part of the year in Virginia and for the winter months in New York City, and for the rest is on the wing gathering material for his novels, his short stories, and his volumes of travel. His illustrated volume, Fabulous Spain, has just come from the press, and his new novel, Haunt of Eagles, will be ready in the early autumn. Meantime, he is writing and sketching in Italy.*

### THE MUTED HARP

by JAMES REYNOLDS

I HAVE seen Temple Arklow many times, in all weathers and by day and night. I would say that the adjective which best describes the mood of it as it stands today is "dispirited." I fully remember the first time I saw the house. It was a dismal, windy day, and there was no sign of life about. The rutted and neglected turf lawns were bleak and lonely. One flick of movement caught my eye. At the side where the kitchen wing projected from the main bulk of the house there flapped a slack clothesline from which hung a dirty brown dishrag. Dejectedly it battered the wind. Nothing could possibly have brought home to me more sharply than this abandoned rag the desolate days that now must be endured by the formerly graceful Temple Arklow.

The once-white stucco which is thinly spread over the rough stone shell of the house is scabrous with lichen and mildew. Long ribbons of rust streak down the walls from patches of corrugated iron on the roof. Panes of glass in the many wide windows are cracked or smashed out altogether from stones hurled by small boys in the neighborhood. Doors sag in cobwebbed doorways, and any shutters still left on hinges bang-bang-bang against crumbling stonework. Thousands of noisy rooks nest in the branches of the one gnarled oak which still stands sentinel at the foot of the steps leading to the pillared portico. Verily a haunted house.

Visitors from Ballylancy at the foot of the hill shake their heads when passing this moldering relic of a lovely house. "Ochone, 'tis sad and a great

pity," they say. "When Miss Allie and Miss Rosetta were alive The Temple and its gay ways made the grandest tellin' in the country."

On a misty summer morning in 1880 Miss Alice and Miss Rosetta Blaney were deep in preparation for the approaching wedding of their younger sister, Kathleen, who was to marry Sir Denis Alcott on the following Wednesday, only five days distant. So many arrangements yet to be made, so many last-minute details to attend to, the young women did not know which way to turn. Of course, as Rosetta remarked — a shade acidly — to Alice, Kathleen could not be expected to *do* anything towards her own wedding. Never having been strong in any case, she was even now, at eleven o'clock in the morning, lying down in the darkened drawing room, a bottle of eau de cologne at her elbow. She had had a fit of the vapors shortly after breakfast. It would be such a pity if one of these all too frequent attacks assailed her during the ceremony on Wednesday.

Alice, pencil clicking against her front teeth, regarded intently the long list of chores to be done, which Rosetta had just handed to her. Let's see. Duggan the caterer in Kilkenny had warned her that eighteen dozen caramel meringues would not be enough for two hundred guests — better make it twenty dozen. For flowers there would be tuberoses and white Killarneys and great bowls of water lilies from the quiet lough on the boundary of Arklow Demesne. She would tell Danny Ennis, the gardener's boy, to gather a basketful on the

morning of the wedding. Bolts of white tulle were needed to go under the rose point wedding veil that adorned the heads of Blaney brides. Most important item on her list, Alice mused, was the note "Be sure to get the man from the iron foundry at Tullow to repair the heavy iron crossbar under stairs!" The stairs, so delicately swung in a curve, swayed dangerously. It was thought unsafe for ordinary use now, let alone the weight of a whole army of guests running up and down on the day of the wedding.

Temple Arklow at the time I am speaking of was full of guests from one year's end to the other. Great hunts were enjoyed out with the Kilkenny Hounds. Fishing parties, autumn shoots over the rough bogs which lay well stocked with wild life along the borders of Lough of Anner, and dinners, dancing, and a good deal of drinking were vastly enjoyed by the guests of "The Justice in the Temple," as Judge Blaney was called by his legion friends. Village Postmistress Margit Leehanna, who had been parlormaid at Temple Arklow, loved to retell to an interested listener all she could remember of the "grand, wide days." Sighing, her bright eyes gazing towards the hill, she would say, "The Blaneys lived very grandly in the old days. I can well remember, as well as if it was yisterda', when I first climbed that hill to do service at the great house. I was only fifteen, but a strathin' big girl for me age. I was first parlormaid and minded the front door to relieve Timsey Cullen, the laziest footman that iver trod." Then, smiling and shrugging her shoulders, she added: "He's been me husband fer fifty years, but no matter to me story. I had the drawin' rooms to dust an' I was as proud as a queen and twice as careful ave all the crystals and the hand-painted china. The three young ladies — Miss Alice, Miss Rosetta, and Miss Kathleen — were always in a great rapture over some-thin'. The house was always open to the wide. They'd a ball ivery Saterda' night, and Mass niver saw thim on a Sunda'."

## 2

THE day of Kathleen Blaney's wedding dawned brightly. A blue and gold day, a wedding day to remember. It was surely that.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, guests were still arriving. The small cow pasture with short, well-cropped turf, which lay along the River Barrow at the foot of the hill, had been turned into a carriage park to accommodate the droves of horses drawing all manner of vehicles which were constantly arriving under the portico. The roped-off space was clogged with coaches, broughams, landaus, and wagonettes — even a few sporty little gigs and dogcarts. In the park Danny Ennis ruled with dispatch but an iron hand. He ran importantly around in circles shunting carriages into rows.

Horses when unhitched were led to a shady stretch along the river. Fed and watered, the horses dozed or ruminated, switching lazily the alder branches which a thoughtful Danny had tied to their cobtails. A pack of lads and ragged little bogtrotters, sly and agile as weasels, kept an eye on the horses and cadged a sixpence or shilling from the owners. Next day the shops in Ballylaney would be awash with spending money.

The wedding ceremony was set for half-three o'clock. Late arrivals cooled parched throats with champagne cup, and at last the bridal party assembled in the big guestroom at the head of the stairs.

Kathleen, the bride, was the traditional vision in white satin and her great-grandmother Mountgarrett's frosty lace veil. Sir Denis was a handsome, florid bridegroom, soldierly in the green uniform of the Irish Lancers. Three little flower girls in pink muslin with ruches and rosy bonnets led the way. The two bridesmaids were Alice and Rosetta Blaney, proud but intensely fluttery in Paris frocks with woefully corseted bodices and huge bustles springing like billowing waves from their slender waists. They carried white Killarney roses. Flowers were everywhere. Alice had arranged the decorations throughout the house — white lilies and shafts of heavenly scented tuberose from the Mountgarrett hothouse. Danny Ennis had filched every water lily from the lough with the eager help of scores of dripping-wet bogtrotters.

Kathleen Blaney loved the almost overpowering, Oriental scent of the waxy tuberose. The flower had a strange fascination for her. It almost seemed that there was an affinity between this pallid girl who had chosen a life confined to a divan and the faintly decadent hybrid rose which blossomed its best behind glass in a humid atmosphere. Just before the bridal party started down the stairs, Kathleen picked one of the pointed buds from a tall shaft of tuberose in a vase at her elbow. She rubbed the bud between her palms, crushed it sharply with a fingernail, then sniffed the scent voluptuously.

The guests at Temple Arklow on this marriage day numbered over two hundred persons — County families for miles around, a few from Dublin and Cork, and a dowager cousin of Justice Blaney lately arrived from London. This rich and imperious Lady Charleville had given Kathleen the finest present of all, a pearl and diamond choker which encircled her throat as she stood, lightly veiled, at the head of the gracefully curving stairs. Assembled in a semicircle, the eager press of guests at the foot of the stairs gazed upward. Cousin Charleville, seated regally in a wing chair at a good vantage point, thought what a lovely staircase sweep it was. True, it looked somewhat fragile but, she recalled, it had cheerfully born the weight of generations of ram-paging Blaneys and their legion guests; so, she surmised, it was stronger than it looked.



There was a sound of harp music. For a moment all eyes turned toward Miss Carstairs, a well-known harpist brought at great expense from Dublin, who sat half concealed in a bower of palms and smilax in the bow window.

Immediately Miss Carstairs felt the eyes of the closely grouped wedding guests upon her, she struck a pose. She leaned the golden instrument against her knee and shoulder, and her expert fingers ran a liquid trill across the strings. The music sounded faint, far-off, almost like music under water, the memory of music once heard, for the harp was muted.

The familiar notes of Mendelssohn's Wedding March soared through the high rooms, awakening divers memories in the minds of the silent listeners. So soft was the music that a bird was heard in song outside an open window. Down the stairs came the wedding procession. First, sedately, walked the little flower girls scattering rose petals before them, then the two bridesmaids, and bringing up the rear of the procession the bride and her father. The flower girls had nearly reached the bottom of the stairs, with the bride and her maids halfway up the staircase, when the treads and spindled balustrade began to creak loudly and sway. With a rending crash the structure of wood and plaster scrolls collapsed sideways, scattering beams and iron joists among the guests, who, intently gazing upward, were not fully conscious of what was happening. After the tension and wild confusion had partly passed, it was found that the three little flower girls were stunned with fright but unharmed.

Sir Denis lay dead. A heavy crossbeam torn from the ceiling had crushed his skull. Rosetta, the fairest and gayest of the sisters Blaney, was the last to be found. She lay dead under the entire mass of wreckage. The condition of the bride was alarming. She lay inert but not bleeding or bruised. For days after the tragedy, she remained on her bed unconscious. Later she rallied and called for Sir Denis and her father, who had escaped with contusions. Then she took a turn for the worse. After a few days a high fever set in, accompanied by moaning and the ravings of delirium. Over the back of a chair near Kathleen's bed hung the tattered remains of her wedding dress. The rose point veil was in shreds.

Alice, who had emerged unscathed from the tragedy, sat stonily by her sister's bedside day and night, intent on watching over her, but appearing to see nothing, speaking to no one. Many persons pitied Alice most of all, for she blamed herself bitterly. Her thoughtlessness in not calling the foundryman from Tullow to mend the weakened support under the staircase curve had certainly caused this accident. As she sat beside her sister all night watching the deathlike mask of her face or listening to delirious ravings, Alice would bow her head and moan to herself, "Only I am to blame. All my life I

have been heedless. How can I atone — oh, how can I atone?"

The aftermath of the wedding day tragedy at Temple Arklow sealed the doom of both the family of Blaney and their house as surely as if the Dread Woman of Moher, that horrific symbol of all Gaelic furies, had sat upon the pediment of The Temple and ravened all earthly happiness from this earth. True the house still stands, but so sorry a shell of past beauty it were better gone entirely.

### 3

THE late autumn day when I last called on Margit Leehanna, she was bundled in six or seven shawls and head-scarves of Galway wool. Outside her thatched coteen the day seemed mild, drowsing in a fitful sun. I had to admit that except in the immediate radius of a small, smoky turf fire in a cavernous fireplace her coteen was damp and drafty. On my entrance into the half-lit interior, one large room and a loft, Margit stirred the peat turfs and set a huge black kettle to boil so that we might converse over bowls of strong red tea which she "damped down" in the traditional manner in a brown earthen pot set on the hob.

I asked Margit to tell me what she remembered about the tragedy. She looked off and away to the Druree Mountains for a space of minutes; then, bringing her mind back as from far roaming, she said, "I was in the back part ave the house when the stairs fell down. Mary Mother be thanked for the way I'm spared the scorch ave memory ave the terror ave it. If I'd seen me dear Miss Rosetta crushed in that vise ave timbers I'd niver be the woman I am this day. Ye'll agree, sir, at eighty-five I'm still strong made and have all me wits, if not me teeth." Margit smiled a wide smile and her sharp blue eyes snapped in good nature. She poured two more cups of tea that by this time, what with standing, had taken on the rich, strong color of Guinness stout, and continued her story.

"After they buried Sir Denis at Castle Cloon in Kerry, Miss Kathleen ailed worse 'n' worse as the days fled. Once she got up from her bed, had herself dressed, and was driven to Kerry to lay a wreath on Sir Denis's grave. When she came back to The Temple more than half layin' in the crook ave Miss Allie's arm, she looked like death itself. I'd the fright ave me life. She lay down that day and niver rose out ave her bed again. In two months time she was buried in Tullow churchyard.

"After that Miss Allie took to bein' silent and odd in her ways. The Justice lived mostly in Dublin. I heard him tell Corry the butler he'd niver bide in the house again. Miss Allie had a flight ave stairs built at an angle ave the hall to replace the grand one that fell. An odd class of stairway it was, surely, more the like ave a ladder. Just wide enough fer one person to walk up er down. Poor

Miss Allie, poor creature, she niver roused herself to come out from under the dark blanket ave blame that covered her. She brooded fit to destroy herself. Then one day, and herself rummigin' in a desk, she came across the list she'd made out before the weddin'. There, wrote down plain as yer hope ave Heaven, was the words 'See foundry man in Tullow to fix stairs.' A pity and shame she'd niver done it, but as I tried me best to tell her, it was too late to moan and cut all joy from her life. Gone's gone, I told her, but divil a bit ave attention she paid me."

Margit heaved a long sigh, stirred more sugar into her lye-strong tea. "A year to the day after Miss Kathleen died, Miss Allie came to me. She was dressed in deep mourning and no ornaments at all. She carried a little reticule in her hand in which was all her earthly belongings, or so she told me. She put her hand on mine and said, 'Good-by, Margit. I'm going out of the world; it would have been far better for this house if I had never come into it.'" The old woman paused. I could see she was deeply stirred by her memories. "That evening my dear Miss Allie entered the Convent ave the Immaculates at Portarlinton. It's a shut-away Order, the once yer in, yer niver out. That is, while yer alive. But after Sister Maria ave Atonement, the name she took on enterin' the Order, died in 1914 she took to walkin' abroad ave nights. I saw her minys the time meself."

During this narration I had been busily taking notes and now I was to hear of the ghostly appearances of the dark-habited nun seen by so many persons on her midnight prowls in the shuttered house. "Me aunt Mary Fogarty and I looked after Justice Blaney when he came back years later, a sick old man, to the house he hated, lookin' not long fer this world, which he wasn't. He lived fer two years at The Temple, thin could not bear the hauntings ave Miss Allie and Miss Kathleen. He went to his sister in Cork and there he died. One night a year or so after Miss Allie had died at Portarlinton I had taken a hot whisky punch to the master, poor creature, he seemed so lone and drear. As I came out of his room I saw the figure ave a woman movin' across the gallery at the back ave the upstairs hall. All in white she was. Me curiosity overcame me fright, as I looked closer. I saw that the white dress on the bony woman was all in tatters. Poor Miss Kathleen in her ruined weddin' gown. Whirra, whirra, the sad look ave 'er. She just stood gazin' mournful, down into the hall below, mournful as the look ave a priest at Mass on a cold mornin' and not a sinner in sight.

"A wave ave sweet odor, sickly-like, came rollin' down the hall. Tuberoses be the Holy, the like Miss Kathleen had always around 'er. Then a strange class ave thing happened. I heard the sound ave music. Far off and away it seemed. The like ave a Connaught harp it was playin' the same tune as on the day ave the weddin'. As Miss Kathleen

started to walk slowly down the stairs, her hands trailin' the wall, hangin' back like, the figure ave a tall woman seemed to appear, mostly in shadow, at the top ave the stairs. Holy Mother, it was Miss Allie in the dark habit ave a nun. Ave course I was rooted to the spot. As I watched, the creature in the weddin' gown hesitated halfway on the stairs, then turned and ran hurriedly back up the stairs. The last I saw ave the two sister ghosts that night, the nun was leadin' the poor sobbin' bride into the darkness ave the back hall."

When Margit told me of seeing Sister Maria of Atonement, I understood perfectly her feeling that having known these Blaney women so intimately she never thought of them as ghosts when she saw them moving about in their own house. Margit said, "As I told ye, that day ferninst, Miss Allie — or Sister Maria — died at Portarlinton before the Justice did at his sister's in Cork. I had seen her once on the night I told you of, but it was the afeard ave fallin' ghost ave his daughter Kathleen that upset the master and caused him to run off to Cork. Miss Allie did not rightly haunt the place in the way I'll tell ye of until The Temple had been abandoned. Mrs. Bannerman in Cork, the Justice's sister, niver came next nor nigh the house. She tried to let it but to bad case, because no tenant iver stayed the length ave a year. Two or three tried but soon whipped out ave it.

"Once, after the last tenants had left — that was in 1920, or about — I walked up to The Temple one evenin' in August. I had a mind to look fer some heavy linen sheets I'd lent to the Farley tenants. These were locked away in a big press in the upper hall. As I walked along the narrow hall I held the key to the press, left with me be Mrs. Farley, in me right hand. I suddenly felt somethin' cold, kind ave a draft drift past me, and immedjit after a cold hand strike me own, knockin' the key to the floor. I stooped to pick it up and called out, 'Here, here, what 'ud ye be after doin' now?' There, standin' a few feet from me, lookin' me straight in the eye, was a nun. Ave course it was Miss Allie, Sister Maria, or whatever. She'd on the dark habit ave the Order ave the Immaculates. She looked big in 'er strength and imperious like. She put 'er finger to 'er lips. Then I heard again, same as on the night when I saw Miss Kathleen's ghost on the stairs, the music ave a harp, soft and more like wind soughin' than music. The nun turned, walkin' down the hall. I let 'er go, I'd still me linen to git, ghosts er no ghosts. Lookin' over me shoulder, I saw the nun enter the room that used to be Miss Kathleen's, but she didn't open the door, she just sort ave melted through it."

I asked Margit if she often went to the house at night. "You are not afraid of these ghosts at Temple Arklow?" The grand old woman snorted. "Glory be to God, no. The Blaneys niver harmed me in life, why should they harm me in death?"

# Tariff

*An interested and articulate party in the dispute over the American tariff, DAVID L. HURWOOD is the assistant manager of the Textile Division of Drake America Corporation, a New York import concern. His article is a plea for realism; he cuts through American exaggeration to remind us that wool is an important factor in British economy and can play a leading part in building up British imports and in closing the dollar gap. He also reminds us that the woollen imports we receive from Britain, even were they increased, would still be only a trifling percentage of our total consumption.*

## THE CLAMOR FOR PROTECTION

by DAVID L. HURWOOD

### 1

A DANGEROUS paradox has bedeviled our foreign relations for the past eight years — a paradox lying in the reluctance of our country to shape its foreign trade policies in terms of its overwhelming economic strength. At a time when so many world issues rest on the uncertain purposes and tactics of the Soviet Union, it is refreshing to note that here, at least, no intransigent foreign power stands in the way.

The economic strength of a country lies only partly in its ability to produce. It is no less an index of its capacity to consume. The productive genius of America goes unquestioned, but in recent years we have acted as if we were not sure of our ability to consume — as if the American market were small and shrinking rather than broad and growing.

Since the Second World War we have piled up huge export surpluses year after year, and now we display an unwillingness to see a balance restored. At first this lopsided trade could not be helped; a disorganized and devastated Europe had to buy far more from us than she could possibly repay. More recently her productive and export powers have grown to the point where she is ready and eager to send an increasing flow of payment in kind to our shores. But, to her surprise, she finds in America a nervous reluctance to accept such payment.

As the world's one great creditor nation, we have a logical course of action open to us. That is to encourage an expanding volume of imports from abroad and at the same time undertake a sound program of foreign investment. This was the policy affirmed by the Administration after the war; the purpose of the Marshall Plan was to increase the productivity of the member nations and enable them to sell more of their output in foreign markets, particularly America.

Europeans, however, have become increasingly disturbed by inconsistencies in our principles and practices. They have seen demands for protection

multiply in this country, as various domestic interests have complained of real or threatened injury from foreign competition. Two years ago, for example, a rider was attached to the Defense Production Act permitting quotas to be placed on imports of certain agricultural products. Quotas were imposed on cheese and other dairy products, imports of which had, in many cases, not exceeded 5 per cent of domestic production. The quotas represented a 40 per cent cut in the import of an item that for several North Atlantic Treaty countries was a major export. The Danes, who were especially hard hit, pointed to the irony of our exhortations, on the one hand, to produce more blue cheese, and our imposition, on the other, of an import quota just when their drive was beginning to bear fruit. One Danish official said, "To the man in the street it is incomprehensible that the United States prefers to continue to assist us through dollar grants from the American taxpayer . . . instead of allowing us to pay in goods for dollars we urgently need to buy American products."

The cheese quota was not an isolated event. Various other devices were employed to frustrate European imports and thwart the attempts of our friends abroad to exchange the galling status of wards for the honorable role of trading partners. A bold reversal of this negative trend occurred last August when President Truman refused to increase the tariff on watches imported from Switzerland. But since then the clamor for protection has intensified, and Europeans are wondering whether there is any point in making great efforts to develop the American market when the first signs of success invariably call forth an angry demand for quotas and higher tariffs.

One fact cannot be ignored. The things Europe can send us are not the raw materials that constitute the vast bulk of our imports and supplement rather than compete with our own output. From Asia, Africa, South America, and Canada we im-



port the things that come in duty-free: copper, tin, and nickel; coffee; newsprint and wood pulp; crude petroleum; rubber; vegetable and essential oils; cocoa; jute. On the other hand, the only things that Europe *can* send us are manufactures — things which can be made here, of course, but in which she enjoys some special advantage based on centuries-old skills, traditions of craftsmanship, or the ability, because of lower wage rates, to lavish a degree of hand labor and painstaking detail unsuited to American methods of mass production. But these are the very items which cause such an outcry. There are always American producers who make things *similar* to (if not identical with) the imported article, and who experience competition from it. These producers draw on an arsenal of arguments to show that the import is playing havoc with the American economy and should be chased out.

## 2

A CASE in point is woollen and worsted cloth, imports of which have risen impressively in recent years. (In 1951 they were more than four times the 1947 volume, on a square-yard basis. In 1952 they rose another 25 per cent.) To Great Britain these woollen exports are an important source of dollar earnings. The British woollen industry exports over a quarter of its output, and the United States' share in these exports is large. Understandably Britain regards the protectionist campaign against woollen imports with misgivings, and to all countries of Western Europe the woollen issue is a crucial test of our intentions in foreign trade. As such it merits examination to see whether the complaints and warnings of domestic woollen manufacturers are valid, and whether the "threat" posed by woollen imports is serious enough to warrant protective measures that are contrary to our announced trade policies.

Those who are agitating for higher tariffs on woollens base their argument on these points: —

1. *The strategic importance of the woollen industry.* — Even the most doctrinaire advocate of free international trade readily grants that considerations of national security may justify measures not otherwise allowed under classic free-trade theory. No one questions the vital importance of maintaining a sound, functioning woollen industry, fully equipped to supply every need for wool cloth that may arise under a war situation. The record of our woollen industry in the Second World War was a proud one. If it can be shown that the strategic potential of the domestic industry is being impaired, then some measures (not necessarily import restrictions) are in order. But unless it is proved that imports are in fact impairing — or threatening to impair — this potential, the national security argument for higher tariffs begs the question.

2. *The high volume of imports.* — It is pointed

out that the volume of imports in 1952 was approximately 22.5 million square yards of woven wool fabrics. In 1951 the total was 18.7 million square yards. The impression is conveyed that these are very large quantities. Liberal use is made of such phrases as "avalanche . . . opening the floodgates . . . inundated by imports . . . surrender of our markets," and so on.

Of course import figures take on significance only when compared with U.S. production figures and translated into percentage terms. Imports in 1952 actually came to 24 million square yards. But U.S. production of wool apparel fabrics was 464 million square yards. So the imposing figure of 24 million square yards for imports is scaled down to a rather unimposing 5.2 per cent.

In 1951 the proportion was lower, only 4 per cent. In 1950 it was 3.4 per cent. If the production and import figures for the seven post-war years 1946 through 1952 are totaled and compared, the proportion which imports bore to domestic production is found to have been 2.1 per cent.

In the light of these percentages the appropriateness of such terms as "avalanche . . . inundation . . . death knell of the domestic industry" becomes questionable.

3. *Imports have caused depression and unemployment in our woollen industry.* — An advertisement in the *Daily News Record* on March 10, 1953, said, "It is no mere coincidence that the current depression in the wool textile industry concurs with the highest volume of woollen and worsted imports in the country's history."

The statement might have been in the form "It is an *unfortunate* coincidence that . . ." But the writer said "*no mere* coincidence," and therefore flatly maintained that there was a causal relationship between the high level of imports and the recent depressed condition of the domestic industry. Did such a causal relation actually exist?

From 1950 to 1951 the production of apparel fabrics containing 50 per cent or more wool by weight fell from 539 million square yards to 474 million square yards. This was a reduction of 65 million square yards. In the same period imports from abroad rose by one fifth of one million square yards. Can it be seriously suggested that a rise in imports by this amount had anything to do with depression in the domestic industry?

Perhaps the figures just cited are not a fair example. Let us take instead a comparison of the years 1949 and 1950. In this case imports about doubled, rising from 8.9 million square yards to 18.5 million. But at the same time U.S. production of fabrics containing 25 per cent or more wool by weight rose from 527 to 572 million square yards, a gain of 45 million, or almost five times the gain in imports. The fact is that fluctuations in production and imports have almost invariably been in the same direction. The depression years of the

thirties, for example, represented the lowest ebb of woolen imports, not only in quantity but in proportion to domestic production.

4. *The present duties on wool cloth imports are "grossly inadequate."*—Here the impression is given that the present rate of duty is a trifling impediment in the way of imports, and that foreign-made cloth flows into our market almost as if no duty existed at all.

The tariff on wool cloth is a compound duty, consisting of two separate levies. The first is a specific duty of 37½ cents a pound. The second is an ad valorem duty of 25 per cent. Thus, assuming a cloth weighs 12 ounces per yard the specific duty comes to 28 cents. Assuming further that the cloth costs the equivalent in foreign money of \$2.80, the ad valorem duty figures out 70 cents. The total duty, therefore, comes to 98 cents.

This is an effective rate of 35 per cent. If such a rate can be termed "grossly inadequate," one wonders what rate of duty should be considered "adequate." Perhaps a rate that would exclude woolen imports altogether.

5. *Imports come in not because they are better than domestic fabrics but because they are cheaper.*—On the first of these two points the United States Tariff Commission, which may be presumed to have some acquaintance with the subject, has this to say:—

There is a considerable preference for British fabrics on the part of many United States consumers of certain types of high-quality fabrics. This preference is based on the long-standing reputation for quality of the British goods.

The second part of this argument—that imports are cheaper than domestic fabrics—has a curious ring to many individuals who, like the writer, hear steady complaints day after day from would-be customers who say, "How can you expect to do business at such prices?" or "Why can't your mills meet the competition of such-and-such a domestic cloth?" It is an unending struggle to get quotations from foreign mills down to the point where they can compete with the domestic product.

But the day-to-day experience of individuals in the import business is not tendered as authoritative evidence. Why not see if available statistics cast some light on the subject? The figures for exports of woolens and worsteds to the United States in 1952 have been published in the Trade and Navigation Accounts of the United Kingdom. (The United Kingdom supplied 80 per cent of our wool fabric imports in 1952.) The figures are given on both a yardage and a value basis, from which a simple computation gives the following average unit values for British cloths:—

Woolens .....\$1.62 per square yard  
Worsteds .....\$2.23 per square yard

The adjustment to make these figures comparable to domestic prices would be as follows:—

	Woolens	Worsteds
Foreign value per square yard	\$1.62	\$2.23
On linear yard (58" wide) basis	\$2.61	\$3.59
Add:		
25 per cent ad valorem duty	.65	.90
Specific duty (at 13 oz. for woolens, 12 oz. for worsteds)	.30	.28
Minimum figure for packing, freight, insurance, etc.	.12	.13
Total cost f.o.b. eastern port	\$3.68	\$4.90

The United States Government does not publish statistics on average wholesale prices of woolen or worsted cloth. However, the Fairchild Index is regarded as authoritative. This index shows the following average figures for domestic cloths in 1952:—

Woolens .....\$2.46  
Worsteds .....\$3.98

Thus the comparison is:—

United Kingdom ..... \$3.68      \$4.90  
United States ..... 2.46      3.98

For the reasons given it is not claimed that these figures are exact to the penny. But they do suggest that the blanket statement "imports are cheaper than domestic fabrics" might be subject to some qualification or explanation.

6. *Imports have an unfair advantage over the domestic product because wage rates are much lower abroad.*—It is true that hourly wages are much lower in the British woolen industry than in the American. It is equally true that output per man-hour is far below the American level. Which means that no facile assumption can be made that the unit cost of production is lower in Britain. In some cases it may be considerably higher.

A report on the British woolen industry, published in England in 1947, included a comparison of productivity in the British and American woolen industries. It was shown that the yearly output per wage-earner in Britain was 1835 linear yards of cloth, while in the United States it was 3633 yards. These figures cannot be taken as an absolute measure of productivity, for reasons stated in the report, but they unquestionably reveal a sharp contrast between per capita output in the two countries.

In America the stress is on mass production, and our mills equip themselves with as much automatic machinery as possible. Most of the looms are the automatic type; in Britain, by contrast, they are mostly the nonautomatic type. A single weaver can tend as many as eight or ten automatic looms, but only one or two nonautomatic looms. Such figures would seem to explain why the supposed

advantages of lower labor costs are nullified by a much lower output per individual worker.

On the other hand, the predominance of non-automatic equipment furnishes the actual basis for much of the exportation from Britain to the United States. Various fabrics can be produced on "pick-and-pick" looms which cannot be made on automatic looms. Again, the appeal of certain classic British imports lies in their use of hand-spun yarn or in the exacting methods of finishing employed. These processes require more man-hours of work than conventional fabrics, and would not be, in the words of the Tariff Commission, "appropriate to the methods of production employed by most United States mills."

The so-called "cheap labor" argument evades the real issue, which is the total *unit cost of production*. It also overlooks the fact that where labor is cheap the resulting product is apt to be of a type that does not conflict with the major part of American output. A good portion of the fabrics coming in from Britain (Harris tweeds, Donegals, Shetlands, short-run worsteds) fill a demand that would not be met at all if imports were shut off. As for the rest, they cannot be shown to enjoy any advantage over American production by virtue of lower wage rates.

### 3

On the whole it appears that the case for higher tariffs on woollens is based on half-truths and misleading assumptions. In this respect it serves as a warning of what may be expected in other pleas for protection. By employing scare techniques and propaganda devices, by making imports the whipping boy for all domestic ills, the protectionists will attempt to stampede the lawmakers into ill-considered tariff measures.

It is not suggested that the tariff on woollens is wholly bad and should be swept aside. Apart from the matter of strategic preparedness, I do not advocate a scale of imports that would cause real harm to a great domestic industry. Neither should any business group try to mislead the public and hobble our foreign policy in the name of an unwarranted fear of imports.

It is not as if the American woolen industry had its back to the wall, with no other means of improving its position than to deny imports access to the market. The total demand for woolen goods is not fixed; it could be expanded tremendously by imaginative promotion. The competition of synthetics could be much more aggressively met. Indeed one wonders how the money spent to combat the claims of the "miracle" fibers compares with that spent on tariff lobbies in Washington.

Then there is the high cost of raw wool, which severely handicaps the woolen manufacturer. Domestic wool is priced at an artificially high level by means of the government price-support program.

On top of this, America — alone among the great wool-consuming countries — imposes a substantial duty on imported raw wool, and there is actually talk of raising it still further!

In brief, the current "crusade" against woolen imports is a case of misdirected energies. Ignoring the logical and wholesome means of strengthening their position, some of our manufacturers have chosen to set up a bogey and blow up the "menace" of imports all out of proportion. In so doing they make it difficult for Europeans to hope that they can ever sell enough in America to make an appreciable dent in their indebtedness to us. As Hume Wrong, Canadian ambassador to the United States, put it, "Inside the United States these protectionist breezes may not be important. In other countries, however, they are felt as a chill wind."

Europe does not seek the "surrender of the American market"; she asks only for a chance to compete on a fair basis without unreasonable handicaps. True, a limited segment of American production may be affected by European imports, and this is a problem to be carefully explored by the special study commission recently established by Congress in extending the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act. It is just as unconstructive to advocate the overnight scrapping of our present tariffs as it is to gull the public into "know-nothing" opposition to imports by appeals to narrow nationalism. This is not the time for a new "tariff of abominations." Nor is it ripe for the millennium of Smithian free trade.

But in all studies of the tariff issue let a sense of realism prevail. In 1952 dutiable imports, which include all the items that can be regarded as in any way competitive with domestic products, amounted to a little over 1 per cent of American gross national product. With competitive imports placed in this perspective, foreign-trade policy can be more soberly discussed than in an atmosphere engendered by talk of floodgates, inundations, and death knells.

The impact of our decisions on our friends abroad should always be kept well to the fore. They are not only willing to pay their own way, but *insisting* on it. As the President of the British Board of Trade put it, they "do not want American citizens to tax themselves into poverty in order that their country might become the soup kitchen of the Western World."

The alternatives before us are obvious. We can frame our tariff law in terms of exaggerated fears of foreign competition, and in so doing alienate our allies and isolate them between the Tariff Curtain and the Iron Curtain. Or, by dealing with the tariff issue in a statesmanlike way, we can win from the Europeans their warm friendship and secure their willing coöperation in our broad foreign policy. It will be a purely American decision; we alone will be responsible for the results.





*It takes nerve to dismantle a ball team of famous stars and rebuild it with youngsters. That has been the 1953 program of LOU BOUDREAU, manager of the Boston Red Sox, and midseason results seem to justify it. The youngest manager in major league history, Boudreau was the hard-hitting shortstop who took charge of the Cleveland Indians at age twenty-four after only two years in the majors. Now a veteran of thirty-six, he is looking to a pennant in 1955, if all goes well and the Yankees are willing.*

## MANAGING A YOUNG TEAM

by LOU BOUDREAU

### 1

ON a blazing spring day in Tampa the Red Sox were playing the Cincinnati Redlegs. Gene Stephens, only 19 but very sure-fisted, was stationed in left field, which happened to be the sun field. One of the Redlegs hit a routine fly to left. Stephens lost the ball in the sun, and it went for an extra base hit.

When he returned to the bench, I asked him, "Where are your glasses, Gene?"

His answer rocked me. "Glasses?" he asked. "What glasses?"

Gene didn't know about sunglasses because he had never used them in the minors, where games are played almost entirely at night. He was given a pair and taught how to flick them down to make catches while looking into the sun. He learned quickly about glasses and many other things, and today he is one of the most promising young outfielders in the game.

This inexperience, coupled with a quick desire to improve, makes my job of managing a young team like the Red Sox a great joy. I've never been happier in my life. These kids can run, field, and throw beautifully. In Boston's Fenway Park, long a hitters' paradise and a pitchers' graveyard because of an extremely short left field fence which seems to sit directly in back of the shortstop, the young Red Sox have been bunting, stealing bases, hitting and running, and turning in some wonderful defensive plays that have won them many games as well as a host of new admirers. The pitchers have taken advantage of this fine fielding support by working on opposing batters so that they have sent balls flying to the spacious center and right fields instead of over and against the short left field fence.

George Kell, at 30, the old man of the regular line-up, has been playing brilliantly despite being handicapped by a painful back injury. Billy Con-solo, 18-year-old bonus player from Los Angeles,

is the baby of the outfit. In between are Stephens, an easygoing boy; Tom Umphlett, 23, quiet and earnest; Jim Piersall, 24, sensational afiel, exuberant; Dick Gernert, 24, a long ball hitter, quiet and inclined to worry; Ted Lepcio, 23, quick-thinking and with a good arm; Milt Bolling, 23, a good fielder, personable; Sammy White, 25, alert, a fiery competitor who is always trying to better himself; and Bill Henry, 25, a young pitcher with a good temperament, who came up from Louisville, where he developed a curve to go with his fine fast ball.

Piersall, in right field, has already been compared with the all-time greats in the field. The Yankees are still talking about two catches Piersall made against them back in May. Johnny Sain was robbed of at least a double when Piersall, running full speed toward the bull pen, reached up for a one-handed grab of Johnny's long drive. The next day, Mickey Mantle hit one a country mile toward center field close to the bull pen. Once again Piersall, really flying and receiving an all-clear shout from Umphlett, made a one-handed catch to deprive the great young Yankee star of a triple.

Such plays delight the fans and please me. But the thing that really pleases me about these youngsters is their great spirit, which comes from a real desire to play good baseball. They hustle every inch of the way. They hate to lose, and especially to the Yankees, to whom they lost several close games early in the season. They are young and make mistakes, but they bounce right back.

Our defeats have been many since our early successes, and there will be more before the season is over. There will be changes and experiments as we go along. Injuries to stabilizers Goodman and Kell early in the season had a disturbing effect on some of the kids' play. Kell was shifted to left field, where he could play daily without too much strain on his bad back and still give the Sox a boost

with his good batting. Kell will alternate with Stephens. Hoot Evers will see a lot of action in the outfield, for he is a good hitter. White will get a rest from time to time behind the plate. When we face a tough veteran like Sain, the Yankee pitcher who has a wide assortment of curves, sliders, and slow "stuff," we may give some of the youngsters a rest. There will be other experiments, all designed to bolster confidence.

As they gain confidence, it usually follows that their hitting improves. The runs-batted-in records of Gernert and White, our biggest thumpers, are climbing steadily. We look for this year's singles and doubles to grow into triples and home runs next year. We take the long view: with a team made up almost entirely of young players and in a stage of rebuilding, we can't expect to be a pennant contender for at least two years. But we are still out to win every game we can and finish as high up in the league standing as possible.

The Red Sox didn't acquire such talented players easily. They had started developing players in their farm system long before I became their manager after the 1951 season. And they had started scouting players long before that. Our twenty-three full-time scouts are at work all over the country at sand-lot, American Legion, high school, college, and minor league games. The major leagues are scouted for possible acquisition in player trades or purchases. Among the scouts are such familiar names as Mace Brown, Earl Johnson, and Denny Galehouse, former Red Sox pitchers; Donie Bush, ex-major and minor league manager and executive; Jack Onslow, Tommy Thomas, and Glenn Wright.

The scout must have an experienced eye, for his job is a tough one today. When he looks at the player now, he envisions him in the future. His big questions are: can the boy run, can he throw, has he good power, and has he the ability to become a major league player? He checks into the boy's background, environment, family, personal and even food habits. After considering all these points, he may go ahead with an offer. But when he spends the club's money on a bonus for a player, he must be fairly certain the boy will be worth it.

Some scouts feel that it is better to give a promising player a big bonus rather than waste the organization's time and money with mediocre players. According to the new bonus rule written last fall, a boy becomes a bonus player when his salary and bonus exceed \$3000 for Class B, C, or D ball, or \$4000 for Class A or above. The catch to the rule is that the player must remain through the season with the minor league club with which he signs and go through the unrestricted major league draft in the fall. No club is likely to sign a boy to a minor league bonus contract, because a player with a bonus tag automatically lures the scouts and he is sure to be gobbled up in the draft.

The Red Sox have one bonus player under this

new rule — Consolo, a fine-looking third baseman who came straight to the Red Sox from playing high school and American Legion ball in Los Angeles. He must remain with the Red Sox for two years. With Kell suffering from a bad back and facing the possibility of an early end to his career, we are forced to hurry young Consolo along as his replacement. Consolo can't miss becoming a great star. He has all the tools; he is well built, is very fast, and has a great arm, a fine natural swing, and good power. He will make some mistakes as all kids do, but we expect him to be around for a good many years.

Consolo should be out playing in the minors this year. A year in the minors and he'd be ready to step into the regular line-up next year. As a fill-in, he can learn only about a third as much as if he were playing somewhere every day. I don't object to bonuses for youngsters, but I do object to their being denied the benefit derived from the experience of playing daily. Harry Agganis, the former Boston University football star who received a bonus for signing with the Sox last year before the new rule, is at our Louisville farm club in the American Association, playing first base every day.

The scout's biggest help to the manager, besides providing him with good material, is that of his daily reports on games of our American League opponents. This scouting was especially helpful on our first Western trip this year, when we compiled a good 6-2 record. Ted McGrew and Bush, two astute baseball men, went ahead of the club and looked over the Tigers, Indians, Browns, and White Sox.

I went over their reports with my capable coaching staff of Oscar Melillo, Bill McKechnie, Del Baker, George Susce, and Paul Schreiber. Later we called meetings with the players the night before our games. The players were more relaxed and got more out of the sessions. We set up our pitching plans, went over the opposition's batting order, and told the kids how to play the batters.

Some of the things that come up at these meetings are how to pitch to good spring hitters like Dave Philley of the A's, Chico Carrasquel of the White Sox, and Ray Boone of the Tigers. The opposition may be giving away a signal or it may have a player who has changed his batting style and is hitting to a certain spot. Whenever a vulnerable spot occurs, we plot to take advantage of it.

## 2

Two years ago, during one of my conferences with Joe Cronin, Red Sox general manager, he came upon the idea of the Rookie School at the Sarasota, Florida, training camp so that I could get to know our young players, their talents and personalities.

Some thirty-five players were invited to the camp to be looked over by me, the coaching staff, minor

league managers Pinky Higgins and Eddie Popowski, and Johnny Murphy, the old Yankee relief pitcher who heads up our minor league operation. We quickly got the players into shape, then worked on fundamentals. Batting and fielding practice followed, and soon we were playing squad games. I can honestly say that never before had I seen so many good young players assembled on one field. It was a refreshing sight.

Out of this camp came White, Lepcio, Piersall, and Gernert, who opened the season at Louisville and was brought up in June at the time of the big trade with Detroit. Then there were Faye Throneberry, a fine-looking outfielder, Stephens, and pitchers Ivan Delock, Bill Henry, and Dick Brodowski. Throneberry and Brodowski are now in the service. All of their various talents commanded our attention.

White displayed great natural ability but he lacked confidence. He loved to play ball, however, and it was easy to help build up his confidence. He worked hard on his receiving and improved so much that he was put into the line-up right at the start of the season. When he saw how well he was doing with the pitchers, he loosened up at the plate, hit well, and went on to catch over a hundred games. He promises to be one of the great catchers in the game today.

We kept about sixteen boys in all, carrying them through spring training and some of them to Boston for the early games. The rookies, who had been training and playing since January, were further advanced than the veteran players, so it was decided to open the season with Piersall at short, Lepcio at second, and Throneberry in right. White got into the line-up after the first two games. The kids did well, too, and their spirited play kept the club near the top of the league during those early weeks and in contention for a part of the summer.

This year our pre-training school lasted only ten days and was a mixed group including many of the veteran players as well as the rookies. Out of this session we came up with Bolling, our shortstop, and Hershell Freeman, a right-handed pitcher. The school also gave us an opportunity to work with young Consolo and Agganis.

Bolling is a fine fielder, can throw well, and can run. He was a stand-up batter at camp and was missing many low pitches. We put him into a crouch at the plate, similar to the one I used when playing with the Indians, and his batting improved considerably.

There is a reason for the Red Sox bringing up only one rookie pitcher this season. It is too much to expect a young team to stand up with a young pitching staff. We figure that after the other kids have gained confidence and proved themselves at their positions we can call in the young pitchers.

This year's opening Red Sox line-up included only two veteran players—Kell and Goodman.

White was behind the plate, Gernert at first, Bolling at short, and the kids in the outfield. Gernert and Lepcio, who saw a lot of early action when Goodman went out of the line-up with a rib injury, have more confidence this year, and it has reflected in their over-all play. Dick's fielding has improved and he is becoming more relaxed at the plate. Lepcio is good on ground balls and has a great arm for the double play. His hitting is improving all the time.

Umphlett wasn't with the club during spring training: he was with Louisville. But reports on him were so favorable that when Dom DiMaggio was late arriving at camp because of eye trouble and was slow in getting into shape, we called up Umphlett. He stepped right into the line-up and has been doing a fine job. He is a sound defensive outfielder, with a strong arm, and his hitting over the early weeks was a pleasant surprise.

### 3

THE offensive patterns of play with the Red Sox have been set up to suit the youngsters. We have few boys who have developed the power to hit the ball out of the park. So we bunt to get on, hit the ball where it is pitched on hit-and-run plays, work for bases on balls, and try to run the opposition off its feet.

Stephens, Umphlett, and Piersall are all good bunters. Umphlett is best at sacrificing; Stephens and Piersall are good on the push or drag bunt. The get-on-base bunt usually is set up by the manager and player before the player goes up to bat. Sometimes, however, a player will take advantage of a situation where an opposing third baseman is playing back too far by dropping a surprise bunt and beating it out.

Kell is the best hit-and-run batter in the game today. On this play, the batter gives himself up to advance the runner from first to third. He hits the ball where it is pitched and tries to keep from hitting into a double play. He attempts to hit through the hole vacated by the infielder who is moving over to cover second. The manager will flash the sign for a hit-and-run play to one of the coaches, who in turn notifies the batter and base runner.

The steal depends on the situation. An opposing pitcher may be lax about holding the base runner close to the bag, or the catcher may have a poor arm. The steal also depends on how many outs there are, the score of the game, how many base runners, and the speed of the base runner. Stephens, Piersall, and Umphlett are all good at stealing bases. Throneberry did well last year before going into the service. Minnie Minoso of the White Sox is perhaps the best base stealer in the American League.

I'll always remember a big game with the Yankees when I was managing the Indians. We had two men on and no outs when suddenly the base runners took off on a double steal and the front man was thrown



out by several feet. When the coaches returned to the dugout, I asked, "What's going on out there?"

"Why, you signaled for a steal with your handkerchief, didn't you?" asked Melillo.

"So I did," I said. But I never intended it that way. I had a severe cold and was merely pulling my handkerchief to wipe my nose. Needless to say, that signal was discarded.

The best time for a player to go for a home run is when he is the tying or winning run. For example, in one of the early season night games at Fenway Park against the Yankees, Billy Goodman came up in the eleventh in a 1-1 game and pulled an inside pitch down the right field line and into the stands for a homer to give us the game. A week later against the Indians, Maury McDermott and Bob Lemon, the Indians' fine right-hander, were locked in a scoreless mound duel. Kell came up in the seventh with no one on base. This was a perfect spot to go for the homer. Kell did, too. He worked Lemon until he got a high pitch and drove it over the wall. The run stood up for a 1-0 victory.

The batter is on his own except when there are men on base or until he gets ahead of the pitcher. When a batter gets ahead of the pitcher, he looks down to the coach to see if the manager wants him to take or hit the next pitch. When the opposing pitcher is getting the first ball over the plate, a smart manager will have his team hit the first pitch until the opposition catches on.

The chief difference between major and minor league play is hitting. Most players who come up to the big leagues are good fielders. Some of them are fair hitters, but most of them are mediocre. In the minors, a player has been batting against so-so pitchers; in the majors, against such mound tricksters as Sain and Eddie Lopat of the Yankees, and Connie Marrero of the Nats, he is put to the big test. How far he goes depends largely on himself. If he applies himself diligently to improve his batting, he's sure to succeed.

Kell and Phil Rizzuto, the Yankee shortstop, weren't good hitters when they came up to the majors. They worked hard and today they are two of the smartest men to step into a batter's box. They move around in the box, vary their swings, and hit to all fields. From what I'm told, Joe Cronin, the Red Sox general manager and former shortstop and manager of the Nats and Sox, was a poor hitter when he first came up. When he retired during the war, he had few peers as a batter.

Defensively, the manager may move his players around the field as different batters come up. Some left-handed batters are shallow left field hitters but may pull the ball a mile to right. In such a situation the left fielder plays a shallow straightaway field, while the center and right fielders play deep and toward right.

In infield play, with a deep right-handed batter up, the infield plays deep and toward left, with the

second baseman often playing behind the bag. With a deep left-handed batter up, the procedure is reversed and sometimes to extremes, such as the Ted Williams shift which I devised when managing the Indians in 1946. In that shift we had the whole infield packed on the right side, and the left fielder played on the grass behind shortstop. The second baseman played a short right field and, of course, robbed Ted of many base hits.

Pick-off plays are strictly up to the pitcher, catcher, and infielders. The pick-off play at second base depends on split-second timing. With a man on second and a left-handed batter at the plate, the pitcher looks at second, gives the shortstop a sign, and turns toward the plate. He counts, 1000-one, 1000-two, whirls and throws to the shortstop, who races for the bag as the count starts. If executed properly, the play can be highly successful. If a deep right-handed batter like Gus Zernial is at the plate, the second baseman covers the bag. Quick-moving pitchers like Bob Feller and Lemon are especially successful with this play.

To prevent big innings for the opposition at Fenway Park that would put us in an early hole, we have changed pitchers early this year. The move has worked out well on several occasions by stopping the opposing team, and our kids have bounced back to get enough runs to keep the team in the game. Ellis Kinder, who at 39 isn't quite the old duffer many would expect him to be, is the number one relief man for the Sox. He has exceptional control and can throw hard for two or three innings. He is usually saved for late in the game.

The manager must know his pitcher, and the most vital job he faces is knowing when to remove him from a game in which he suddenly loses his stuff and begins to get hit hard. He must know the signs of a tiring pitcher: wildness, mopping of the brow, shrugging of the shoulders, shaking off signs repeatedly, or beeing at the umpire. If he shows any of these signs, he should be relieved right away, especially in a close game. If he is allowed to stay in for one more batter, and the batter hits a home run, the team may get into a deep hole.

With all the statistics he must carry in his head — files of hundreds of box scores and reports of minor league games, scouts' reports on players before they reach the majors, how the weather affects their work — the manager never forgets that his players are human beings subject to moods, temperament, and loss of confidence. He wants to see them happy and see that they get along with their teammates. For good morale is a vital factor in molding a championship ball club. I shall never forget the great spirit on our bench and in our clubhouse after an early-season double-header against the A's in which we twice came from behind to win both games. With these 1953 Red Sox, it's comparatively easy. They are a great bunch of kids who love to play a great game.

# THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



## THE *Peripatetic* Reviewer

BY

EDWARD  
WEEKS

As a boy summering on the Jersey coast, I remember looking up from the sand to see a six-masted schooner, all canvas spread, coasting memorably close to shore against the thrust of a gusty west wind. Square-riggers were rarer, but we saw them too, though much further out on the rim of the sea. We set our clocks by the black and white single-stackers of the Old Dominion Line which passed our beach at 12 noon and at 6 P.M. on the dot, a warning to a boy that he had better hurry if he was going to get cleaned up in time for supper. These glimpses of seafaring we took for granted; it never occurred to us that these ships were the last of an epoch vanishing into history. Now, half a century later, I can remember so clearly the lumber schooner that came ashore in such shambles below Lavollette; I can see the black lumps of the fishing trawlers and the sun glistening on the oars of the lifesaving crew as they pulled out beyond the trough of the waves for their weekly exercise in capsizing. But I haven't the faintest recollection of when I saw my first plane, the vessel in which I have since voyaged several hundred thousand miles.

What I can remember is every uncomfortable detail of my first flight. It was in 1931, Boston to Hartford, where I was to speak in the midafternoon. "Why take that long train ride?" asked my friend, Dale Warren. "Fly down. You can leave here at one o'clock. The flight is only fifty-five minutes." So in my pressed blue suit, stiff collar, and my lecture cravat I presented myself at the Statler, where I boarded the limousine. It was a warm day for October, and the plane, a Ford tri-motor with tilted seats, which had been standing some time on the field, felt stuffy. I took the window seat looking out over the wing tip and waited with apprehension. The take-off tightened my stomach, and once we were in the air I made the mistake of concentrating on the wing tip. As it rose and fell,

so did my gorge. After we had been flying for some time, I felt a slight mistiness on my brow. "Well," I thought, "we must be almost there," and I looked at my watch, which showed that we had been traveling exactly thirteen minutes. The plane was now riffling over what looked like a forest, the wing tip rose and fell, and the thought of those forty-two minutes to go was too much; like the Whale, I gave up Jonah and wished I had never been born. When we came down at Hartford, I staggered into the nearest taxi and found sanctuary in a hotel room. There I sent out for a fresh shirt, necktie, handkerchief, and had a bowl of chicken broth. Before I left for the auditorium I cashed in my return ticket.

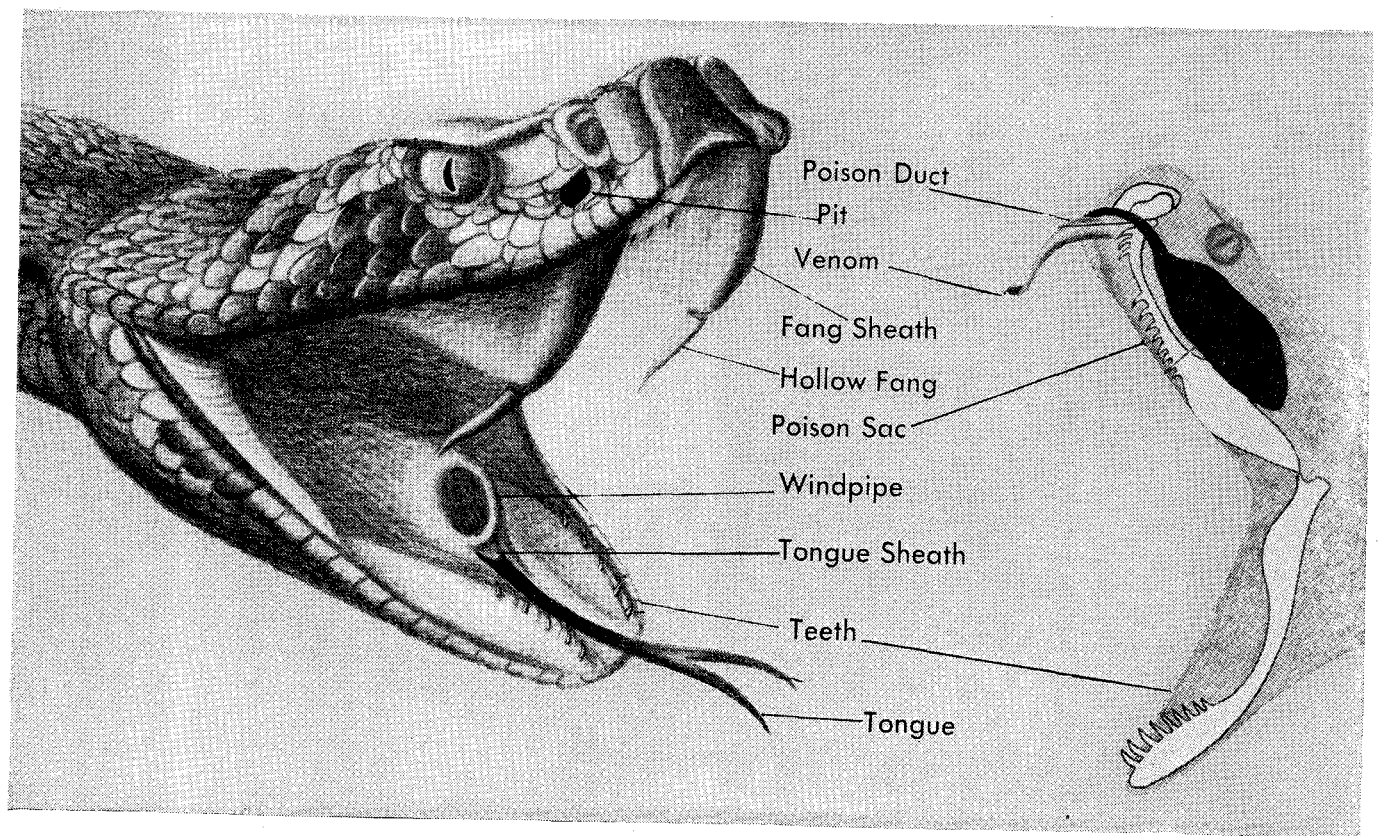
I didn't fly again until I crossed the Atlantic in 1943, and in that big seaplane I never felt a qualm. Oh, yes, I have felt my stomach tighten in a small plane over the Bay of Fundy, and I can't say I enjoy the sensation of stacking when a big plane flies round and round a winter-shrouded airport waiting for its call to come down; but flying has become so much a part of my editorial life, and such an enjoyable part, that my initial apprehensions have long disappeared and with them any thought of feeling sick.

Seen from above, the country takes on a wholly different aspect. When you travel in a small plane at 2500 feet, as I did a month ago on my way to Manchester, Vermont, you are amazed by the vastness of the forests and by the multitude of hidden water pockets, the ponds, small lakes, and mountain tarns beyond reach of road. You notice the remote tucked-away homesteads and imagine the Eugene O'Neill characters within; you spot the hunting lodges and the trail like a green crease leading to them; and then as you come in over the pass and dip down toward Mount Equinox, you almost feel the upthrust of the white steeple as you make the jouncy turn that swings you over the golf course for your run in.

The cabin of one of the big air liners has become for me a place of repose and exhilaration. Here as nowhere else I am alone with my thoughts, and they seem to be stimulated by the flight. I find it easy to write on a plane, and reminders of some of the more imaginative things I have been intending to do are jotted down on my yellow pad.

The hostesses have the Navy habit of serving Java at all times. This adds to the zest; so do the meals which invite rather than surfeit the appetite. The air-line trays are as ingenious as they are appetizing, and when they are served you talk. Then





## We anesthetized a snake... all for accuracy's sake!

**The curator was skeptical** when he saw the artist's first diagram of a snake's mouth. As Curator of Reptiles and Amphibians at Chicago Museum of Natural History, he had been chosen to write the article on snakes for World Book Encyclopedia. And he wanted this diagram to be accurate down to the last fang. So the curator kidnapped the artist, and off they went to Chicago's famed Lincoln Park Zoo!

**The artist was amazed** when she saw the learned curator (with the full approval of zoo authorities) skillfully administer chloroform to the most vicious of the snakes!

**The snake was cooperative** . . . remained obligingly limp, as its mouth was propped

open so that Nature's secrets could be recorded for World Book readers! The artist sketched at a safe distance, as the scientist pointed out the various features.

**The result was authentic** . . . an accurate diagram of a rattlesnake's mouth to enrich the pages of World Book.

**Whether it is** a snake diagram or a color reproduction of a Rembrandt, a map of North America or a drawing of "Presidential Administrative Events," the thousands of visual aids in World Book are checked and double checked for accuracy. Another important reason why World Book Encyclopedia has been first choice of America's schools and libraries for so many years.

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after the cigarette one again becomes reflective. Below you may be the golden fields and red barns of Pennsylvania valleys, or the towering white peak of Mount Shasta; or the huge waterways of the TVA with the shoreline melting at the edges like a chocolate bar: below you may be the brilliantly lit gridiron of Chicago or New York with the incredible neon colors and the firefly cars pursuing each other on the highways.

The full glory of flight is the sunrise and sunset. Flying home from Chicago this June at 19,000 feet, I saw the massing of the huge white cloud banks like explosions of frozen snow. Seeing these cloud mountains and crevasses as they rise above the brown haze of summer heat, so poised and outlined against the blue empyrean, with the setting sun lighting and shadowing their slopes, is to come closer than a boy could have imagined to the majesty and beauty of the heavens.

### H. M. Tomlinson

To H. M. Tomlinson it was given to see the clipper ships and the great docks of London as they were in the full tide of the 1880s before steam and the Blitz had altered the scene forever. He was born in Poplar in the East End. His father was a clerk who worked on the West Indian docks, and his life his son has compressed in this exquisite sentence: "He was a small and delicate man, easily moved to laughter, with an inclination to studies he was unable to pursue as he desired; and, as he was excessively conscientious, his work did not take long to kill him." Tommy's mother was of stronger metal; the daughter of a master gunner, who as a child had sailed with him in a three-decker, her heritage reached back almost to Nelson's day, and the courage with which she fended for the three children, the integrity and discipline of mind which she inculcated after their father's death (and he died penniless), shine forth in Mr. Tomlinson's autobiographical sketches, *A Mingled Yarn* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$3.50).

Tommy was born for the sea, and though he was apprenticed in trade at the age of thirteen, it was journalism which liberated him and which put him aboard ship. He began his travels while he was still working in the City of London for Scottish traders at wages of six shillings a week. Their trading was then with Bangkok, Brisbane, Shanghai, Antananarivo, and these pin points on the map became realities which beckoned. He knew every inch of the London docks from St. Katherine's to Tilbury; he memorized the ships that came and went; he talked to the great skippers like Captain Simpson of the clipper *Samuel Plimsoll*, and had from them a veneration of seamanship which was to inform his finest writing. The love of the sea and the love of London are the two brightest strands which he has woven together in these autobiographical essays of Elizabethan beauty.

Historian and lover of the stars, seafarer and Cockney whose lion-hearted prose was never better than when London seemed doomed, H. M. Tomlinson is endearing as writer, guide, and friend. I shall never forget the walks which he and James Bone took me on or the picture he gave me of London docks when the clippers were in, or the stories of the sea dogs, some of which are preserved in this affectionate volume. The measure of the man is found in his descriptive passages, as this when he was called suddenly to the bridge: "I went up hurriedly, in pyjamas and oilskins. Day had not come, but it was not night; night was lifted slightly in the east on a wedge of rose, though the wind was still bleak out of darkness. We were somewhere near the Burlings. What was this? My friend the chief officer pointed astern without a word. We were passing a ghost ship, under all canvas. The barque was so close that I could see the length of her deck. She was silent, and more pale than the twilight. She was tall, and tintured faintly with rose."

And the measure of the man is found in his philosophy. "If only," he writes, "we knew what progress is! Doesn't it depend on the way we are going, and what we want to do? I am all for sentiment while our destiny is uncertain; the earth would be as dead as the moon without memory and affection." To see what he means by affection, read the last and best essay of the lot, an offering to his wife entitled "After Fifty Years."

### The young Marines

Leon Uris has done a big job and a hard job in his novel *Battle Cry* (Putnam, \$3.75), which follows the fortunes of a battalion of Marines, "Huxley's Whores," from boot training to New Zealand and thence to the desperate assaults on Guadalcanal, Tarawa, and Saipan. Huxley's men formed part of the Sixth Regiment, 2nd Division: they came to camp an assorted, typical group fresh from high school, few older than twenty, and under the leatherneck training of sergeants "Mac" and Burnside they were converted into part of the most formidable fighting force of its day. This is the story of the almost unbearable discipline which toughened them; of the gripes, the drinking, and the fights which welded them; of the malaria, dengue fever, and wounds that cut them down; and of the women who were their solace or dream. The reporting in it is sweeping and graphic, the talk coarse and yet not dirty; the indomitable spirit under fire, that of the real gyrene.

By the time boot training is finished, the novel has been focused on a radio squad who are being given the special treatment by Sergeant Mac. Mac is the camera's eye which keeps the story in range, and under his scrutiny the men are well differentiated: there is Danny Forrester, the half-back from Baltimore, a clean bright kid and his worshiper; the little Pole, Ski Zvonski, so light that

# "I DIDN'T KNOW THAT PRESIDENTS OF WRITING SCHOOLS COULD WRITE...."

from what I have read of this book (*One Winter in Boston*, by Robert Smith, President of the Magazine Institute), Mr. Smith should immediately quit presidenting, which can be done well by millions, and get down to writing, since good writers are few indeed."

—CHARLES DRISCOLL

"*New York Day by Day*"

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they called him "the feathermerchant"; Hodgkiss, rechristened "Sister Mary," who liked reading and listening to records, who didn't smoke or drink but could always be relied on to salvage Spanish Joe Gomez, their troublemaker; Andy, the big Swede, and L. Q. Jones, the drawling humorous Confederate — they paired up as men have in all wars and their unit loyalty, under stress, is as sentimental as it is true. Only the Indian, Shining Lighttower, seems to me a phony.

The novel is one of primary colors, black and white, red and yellow, and in many episodes the violence of the action almost precludes the inner feelings. The blusterer O'Hearne is disposed of too swiftly; the leadership from the heroic Sam Huxley down the line to Shapiro, Mac, and Danny is undeviating and therefore little troubled by self-doubt or by shirkers like Lieutenant Bryce; the reflex of these men is one of fierce dedication and that the reader accepts, but their physical suffering and their anguish of mind come through only rarely. Yet as I say this I think of Danny's loss of control when he freezes on the net, and later of his humility as he sits watching the dying Jap; I think of Mac's rough consolation of Andy when the big Swede lost his leg; I think of how Levin, the replacement, the cocky Brooklyn Jew, finally endears himself to the outfit; and I realize what a sensitive range of experiences the author has to contend with. There is no touch of the neurotic in *Battle Cry*, nor is the book a tract either for the Marine Corps or against the agonies of war. It is the story of fighting men and of the *esprit* they live by.

### The spell of Somerset Maugham

Although one can assume from the copyright lines that the six essays **W. Somerset Maugham** has gathered together in his new collection, *The Vagrant Mood* (Doubleday, \$3.00), are reprinted from magazines, they are nevertheless so fresh, so shrewd, so illuminating, so witty, as to put any reader under the full spell of Maugham and his incomparable gifts as a storyteller. A minor recollection, flowing through his accomplished pen, is almost a sufficient objective for the essay itself; yet there are scores of them lavished through the pages of *The Vagrant Mood*, each deft and pointed.

Beginning with a memoir of Augustus Hare, a stuffy and highly idiosyncratic country gentleman, Maugham next supplies a perceptive study of Zurbarán and his work. His evaluation of Hammett and Chandler in an essay on the passing of the old-fashioned detective story is expert testimony, not to be missed, and so is his concluding chapter, "Some Novelists I Have Known" — surely an irresistible subject for any admirer of Maugham. The essays on Burke and Kant are perhaps less picturesque, but they fit comfortably into an assortment which, in its easygoing persuasiveness, many a pundit would envy.

## BOOKS

### *The Editors Like*

#### Fiction

**THE DARK ANGEL** by *Mika Waltari*. (Putnam, \$3.75.) War, love, disguises, assassinations, plot and counterplot — this historical novel has everything, including the fall of Constantinople. Mr. Waltari has a fine, convincing touch with battles long ago.

**WESTWARD THE SUN** by *Geoffrey Cotterell*. (Lippincott, \$3.50.) Linda, a witty, spirited Londoner, tells how she got rid of her solemn boy friend and married a Yank. The plot is trivial, but the dialogue and byplay are delightful.

**THE FACE BESIDE THE FIRE** by *Laurens van der Post*. (Morrow, \$3.50.) The story of a painter's pursuit of an ideal love is notable for fine African background and the author's attempt to translate external events into psychological symbols rather than the other way around.

#### Down to the Seas

**LADY WITH A SPEAR** by *Eugenie Clark*. (Harper, \$3.50.) Brisk, unpretentious reminiscences by a young ichthyologist who fell in love with the old New York aquarium at the age of nine, and has been hunting fish all over the world ever since.

**THE BUCCANEERS OF AMERICA** by *John Esquemeling*. (Macmillan, \$5.75.) This classic, firsthand report of piracy in Henry Morgan's day is full of bloody derring-do and rolls along at, for seventeenth-century prose, a terrifying clip.

**WHISTLING FOR A WIND** by *Charles Landery*. (Knopf, \$4.00.) Three amateurs sailed from Devon to the Aegean and survived, thanks to the ketch *Bessie* which was a better seaman than any of them. This is a fine voyage for an armchair sailor.

**THE SEA-HUNTERS** by *Edouard A. Stackpole*. (Lippincott, \$7.50.) The author has covered two centuries of American whaling, from matters of high policy to old ships' logs and diaries, and they make lively historical reading.

#### Art

**THE PHILOSOPHY OF MODERN ART** by *Herbert Read*. (Horizon, \$4.50.) A perceptive, original critic discusses the various schools of modern art and its development from Van Gogh and Cézanne to Henry Moore and Naum Gabo. The book is a series of essays rather than a single argument, but no less provocative for that.

**WATER-COLORS BY PAUL CÉZANNE** selected and with an introduction by *Georg Schmidt*. (British Book Centre, \$4.95.) Thirty-two color plates, most of them of works not widely reproduced, make this book a real delight.

**ROMAN PAINTING** by *Amadeo Maiuri*. (Skira, \$15.00.) Roman painting ranged over a wide field, including portraits, still life, landscape, elaborate figure compositions, and comic grotesquerie. The lovely color plates which illustrate it (eighty-four of them) are reinforced by a text which provides a great deal of information about Roman life as well as Roman art.



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## Reader's Choice

BY

PHOEBE LOU ADAMS

**Frederick Rolfe**, the Yellow-Bookish Englishman who titled himself Baron Corvo and is remembered chiefly for *Hadrian the Seventh*, ended his days writing *The Desire and Pursuit of the Whole* (New Directions, \$4.00) in and about Venice. He died there in 1913, but the novel has been published only recently because it is a thunderously bad-tempered, libelous work which had to wait for printing until most of Corvo's victims had passed beyond the realm of lawsuits.

As a novel, *The Desire and Pursuit of the Whole* is a freak, demonstrating the exact opposite of what the author intended to prove. It is also unbalanced, full of loose ends, and peppered with fairly dreary turn-of-the-century witticisms. The heroine is as close to a seventeen-year-old boy as Corvo could make her without actually admitting that she was one, as in reality she would have been. Corvo was a homosexual as well as a thoroughgoing paranoiac, and this novel, which is plainly the story of his own life as he wished to see it, is fascinating because it reveals how such a man views the world and his proceedings therein. Corvo intended to write a self-justification and turned out a confession by mistake.

Corvo called himself Nicholas Crabbe, for fictional purposes, with a perfectly clear understanding of the name's implications. Crabbe is represented as the noble hero, austere, accomplished, generous, reserved, intelligent, and invincible, with just enough fallibility of judgment to subject him to the continual persecutions of the vulgar. It is the nature of these persecutions and the extravagance of Crabbe's reactions (at one point he resorts to a plate of *risotto* as a weapon) which betray an addled mind. A casual word about the weather becomes evidence of a plot against him, while a letter from a kitten-witted friend in England is a studied insult.

Much of the book is therefore devoted to retaliation, usually by letter. Crabbe-Corvo was a genius at invective, and while one would hardly want him for a correspondent, his literary demolitions are a joy to a reader safely out of the line of fire. He had a sharp eye, an imagination like a distorting mirror, and an immense, esoteric vocabulary. His caricatures of the English colony in Venice, of a fraudulent financier, a sloppy hospital,

women's clothes, and worried Italian landlords (Corvo could never forgive a landlord for expecting him to pay rent) are as wickedly funny as his letters to publishers, lawyers, collaborators, and the grand master of a particularly absurd secret society which he takes with utter solemnity.

All these people are Crabbe's enemies for one reason only. They refuse to give him what he wants, which is unquestioned status as the most important object in their lives. He gets this status from Zilda-Zildo. The girl is an orphan, and when Crabbe fishes her out of a disaster she becomes dependent on and selflessly devoted to him. She is probably the only pure invention in the novel, and in a quiet way she is horrifying, an infantile daydream, faithful hound in ambiguous human form. She speaks only Venetian, and it is interesting that she sounds like Maria of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Corvo hit upon the slightly wrong word as a device for conveying the flavor of foreign dialogue in English well ahead of Hemingway.

The autobiography of a psychotic with delusions of persecution should make depressing reading, but *The Desire and Pursuit of the Whole* is, on the contrary, indomitably gay, partly because Crabbe fights his windmills with such joyous gusto, and partly because Corvo's sketches of the Venetians and their city glitter with life and affection. On Venice, Corvo was as sane as anybody.

### In search of an heir

In *The Schirmer Inheritance* (Knopf, \$3.00), **Eric Ambler** is back at his old game of setting a simple Anglo-Saxon adrift in Central Europe. This time it's a lawyer from Philadelphia. George Carey is shipped to Germany by his firm, which has been saddled with a missing heir case, thanks to an old lady who kept bonds under her bed and never made a will.

The heir, if there is one, must be a cousin in the German branch of the family, and the situation is not clarified by the fact that an ancestral dragoon changed his name after deserting from the army during the Napoleonic wars. Accompanied by a dour female interpreter, Carey sniffs about Germany and finally follows an almost cold trail to Greece. Any reader with memories of Mr. Ambler's earlier books will have hopes that once in the Balkans all this slow legal investigation will end, and that trouble will hover, bullets will fly, and suspense will rack his nerves. They do nothing of the sort. With a little face-slapping and a bit of midnight mountain climbing, the tale trundles to a peaceful end.

It's shocking to have to report that Mr. Ambler has written a book on his own fine formula without raising a single chill or inventing a single memorably terrifying character. The difficulty may be that Carey, whose adventures one is following, is a placid type and never in any real danger. The Greek

military, while scandalous, are beside the point. The Schirmer heir, a Nazified replica of the old dragoon, appears late and the female interpreter is notable only for sour temper and a capacity for brandy. Something has gone very wrong here.

### The weight of confusion

Hubert Creekmore's novel, *The Chain in the Heart* (Random House, \$3.75), is a four-generation panorama of a Southern colored family's efforts to survive and progress in a society determined to keep the Negro in his place. The novel begins in the 1890s with the death of old Lizzie Murchison, who was brought up in slavery and trusted her former owners to the last as friends and protectors; it ends in the mid-1930s with young George, who has earned a college degree but is so suspicious of all whites that even kindness throws him into a panic.

Reduced to a bare outline, the activities of the Murchisons are very like those to be found in any chronicle novel about a poor family, while the Murchisons themselves are familiar types. Annie, old Lizzie's daughter, is a quiet, conscientious woman who wants to improve the family standing. Henry, her husband, is a kind man given to vague yearnings and silly mistakes. One son is bovinely content, the other imaginative and unhappy. The daughter drifts off to be a singer and vanishes for good.

These commonplace ingredients have uncommon force because they are the actions of Negroes who have no elbowroom in a white-controlled world. Henry's silliness gets him lynched, and George's imagination, coupled as it is with ignorance, makes him a sucker for crooked labor organizers and phony Ethiopian princes. The second George, intelligent, ambitious, and college-trained, is almost paralyzed by the inherited weight of injustice and bewilderment.

Mr. Creekmore believes that the material progress of Negroes has been accompanied by increasing psychological strain, and that better wages and freedom from physical violence are not enough while spiritual isolation and confusion remain. It's a good point, made with restraint and skill.

### Days without Stalin

*Russia: What Next?* (Oxford University Press, \$3.00) contains Isaac Deutscher's analysis of Stalinism

and his speculations about the future course of Russian policy. It's a short book which frankly assumes that the author's reputation as an authority on Russia entitles him to omit some documentation and the rehashing of episodes discussed in detail in his biography of Stalin.

It is Mr. Deutscher's belief that Stalinism succeeded in imposing its rigidities on Russia because something of the sort was needed if the country was to function at all. The early revolutionists were international in their outlook and assumed that Communist revolutions in the West would shortly give them external support. They were intellectual and logical in a country populated largely by illiterate, superstitious peasants. They believed that political deviations should be tolerated, and clung to the belief even while expediency led them to muzzle the opposition. By the time Stalin came to power, it was clear that there would be no immediate Communist revolution in the West and that the peasants did not appreciate logic, while the opposition was already out of action. When Stalin turned Russia in on itself, created the ritualistic Lenin myth, and extended autocracy to barbarous lengths, he was acting on conditions that already existed.

Mr. Deutscher argues that Stalinism has ended with Stalin's death because the conditions on which it operated no longer exist. Nationalist isolation is not practical with a fringe of satellite allies around the border; the forced conversion of large numbers of peasants into urban factory hands has broken the hold of superstition and with it the usefulness of the Lenin myth; as for autocracy, it has simply worn out its welcome. He assumes that the cannier wing of the Soviet government understands this and that Malenkov represents that wing in spite of his record as a toe-the-line Stalinist. Mr. Deutscher's evidence, in unjustly simplified terms, consists of a slight show of Russian tractability in foreign affairs since Stalin died and such internal moves as the discrediting of the doctors' plot and the bundling off into minor posts of certain secret police officials. The author expects a period of increasing liberalism in Russia, provided, of course, that Malenkov and his supporters remain in power. He does not rule out the possibility of some sort of palace revolution, army coup, or what have you. In short, while Mr.



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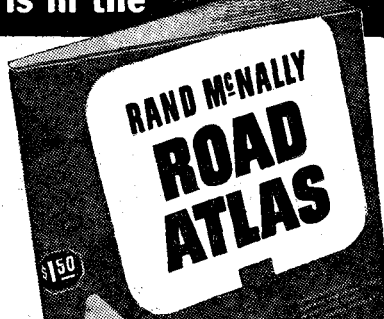
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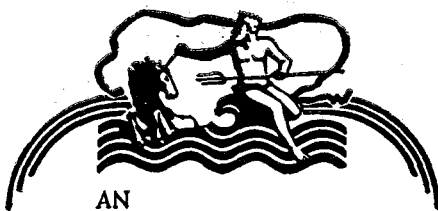
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## Sketches of an empire

*The Man Without Qualities* (Coward-McCann, \$4.00) is impossible to review in the normal sense because it is not all there. **Robert Musil**, the author, had been working on it for almost twenty years when he died, in exile from his native Austria, in 1942. He left an enormously long unfinished novel, of which the volume now published under the author's full title is only the beginning. Short of dredging up the out-of-print German edition, the reader is left in the position of a non-Shaksperian confronted with the first third of *Hamlet*.

Ulrich, the man without qualities, is an ex-cavalry officer and voluntarily unemployed mathematician, living alone in Vienna in 1913. A detached observer and impartial philosopher, all men in one, he serves as a window on the last days of the Austrian Empire, drifting in its ramshackle way toward Sarajevo.

Two actions run through the book: the case of Moosbrugger, a sexual maniac and murderer, and the proceedings of a committee to "create an organization to prepare the way for the framing of suggestions leading towards" a celebration of the emperor's birthday in 1918. These two matters stand at the opposite extremes of the human mind. Moosbrugger is very nearly the subconscious in overt action. The committee is conscious intelligence refined to the ultimate pitch of uselessness. Ulrich is a reluctant official of the committee because it has been tinkered together by his fashionably intellectual cousin Diotima and her friend Count Leinsdorf, a wonderfully comical old gentleman, naïve, idealistic, warily bewitched by the shimmer of political ideas that were in fact a trifle rusty in Voltaire's day. Ulrich is also bothered by a guilty urge to do something about Moosbrugger, who is plainly too mad to be hanged. Presumably Musil intended to fit the whole range of human thought and experience, plus a re-creation of the old Austrian Empire, into the space between Moosbrugger and the committee.

This huge project resulted in a novel vaster than empires and almost as slow, but very far from dull. Musil

was a formidably intelligent man, witty, ironic, and acute, with an arbitrary approach to the construction of fiction. He is quite capable of going on amusingly for three chapters about ideas which have no connection with any visible part of his story, but when he chooses to set a scene and report conversation in the traditional way, his characters spring to life instantly and their surroundings are real to the last fat chair and the smell of soap and polish.

Inconclusive as it is, *The Man Without Qualities* is unmistakably the work of a brilliant, original writer.

## Alaskan wildlife

To write *Icebound Summer* (Knopf, \$3.95), **Sally Carrighar** spent three years in Alaska studying the behavior of animals and birds during the short northern summer. While she sometimes describes what she saw in suspiciously emotional terms, she has on the whole steered a straight course between sentimentalizing her wild subjects and dissecting them.

The book covers the affairs of loons, whales, terns, seals, foxes, walruses, and lemmings. Miss Carrighar hunted up a colony of lemmings, and her account of their jittery migration to the sea, a flowing ribbon of small brown animals with an army of predators trailing at its flanks, is thoroughly absorbing. Her writing is delicate and precise, and she has a fine touch with the physical maneuvers of her subjects and the look of the country itself, the visual effects of cold, sunlight, wind, and water.

Miss Carrighar's approach is entirely impersonal, however, and she gives no hint of her reasons for assuming that an animal's particular action means some particular thing. The reader must simply take her word for it that the fox can think ahead to a meeting with his mate and that the tern destroys an enemy's eggs as part of a campaign rather than by instinct. This requires a certain amount of faith, which the cynical and the scientific may not be able to muster.

## Potpourri

**LEARNING LAUGHTER** by *Stephen Spender*. Harcourt, Brace, \$3.50.

Stephen Spender went to Israel specifically to study the country's program of training and rehabilitation for refugee children, which has been in progress for twenty years but has recently been in-

creased by the influx of Jews from the Orient and North Africa. His account of his trip covers much more than the children's program, however, for he picked up information about farming, politics, economics, roads, mining, the split between Israelis of European background and the newcomers from Persia or Morocco, and the financial troubles of the kibbutzes. He even collected a wry old joke, once the standard question to immigrants: "Did you come out of Germany or out of conviction?" Some of what Mr. Spender saw he liked, while some of it worried him. His book is informative, varied, full of sharp vignettes. A crisp report that is sympathetic in tone but evades set intellectual conclusions.

**THE VERMILION GATE** by Lin Yutang.  
John Day, \$4.50.

A novel set in western China during the Moslem rebellion of the early thirties ought to be a fairly exciting affair, whether it is intended as a serious study of Chinese life or not, but *The Vermilion Gate*, which is no serious study, is not exciting either. It has too many ingredients, from the bright newspaperman hero to the heroine and her soap-opera troubles, which are standard stuff in home-based U.S. fiction; and such specifically Chinese items as the clever concubine and the café singer kidnaped to amuse a visiting general are equally standard in the Oriental field. Coincidence runs amok too, with the right people always turning up in a crisis or dying off just when the plot needs a bit of stimulation. A great deal happens with no particular conviction, and virtue ultimately triumphs, a denouement clearly visible from page fifty.

**LOST TRAILS, LOST CITIES** by Col. P. H. Fawcett. Funk & Wagnalls, \$5.00.

When Colonel Fawcett disappeared into the South American jungle for the last time, he left the manuscript of this book behind him. His family withheld its publication in the hope that he would return to finish it, but since that seems unlikely now, the book has been released, edited and with an epilogue by the author's son, Brian Fawcett.

The colonel was an explorer in the fine romantic tradition, independent and resourceful, with a love of old legends and travelers' tales. His belief in the lost cities of South American myth must have been partly sheer love of the dramatic. It would have been so suitable for them to exist and, after all, considering Schliemann at Hissarlik, why not? His book describes his hectic early days as a surveyor, his later explorations, colleagues, hunting experiences, meetings with Indians, and experiments with spiritualism. The colonel emerges as a rather odd, decidedly likable man, and his narrative combines the practical detail of exploring primitive country with a fairy-tale quality that is unusual and beguiling.



**YOU** could have  
**SAVED**  
this  
little  
girl!

"The little girl I found covered with maggots and nearly starved on a street in Seoul last week is there again today. She is in the same cramped position, lying on her side in the street. But this time she is dead." So reports 1st Lt. Charles Vogel in a U.P. dispatch. He states that she was taken into an orphanage but there wasn't room for her and, "Then they turned her out from the orphanage." He goes on to explain that when he first saw her, "Of course she wasn't dead then. She could brush off some of the flies with one hand. She could do nothing about the maggots. Her chances weren't good but it seems to me she could have been saved if anybody had wanted to save her."

We do not know what orphanage refused to keep this child. We are glad it was not a Christian Children's Fund orphanage. But before anybody condemns whatever orphanage it was, let's face stern, cruel facts. They reduce down to just one hard fact. If you haven't the room and if you haven't the money to make the room, if you haven't the food

and if you haven't the money to buy the food—then you are helpless and have got to let the maggots finish the job for a homeless, friendless, sick child.

The little girl's life could have been saved—just as many other children have been saved — by being cared for in a Christian Children's Fund orphanage. In addition to the 5,000 children in 30 CCF Korean orphanages, Christian Children's Fund assists children in orphanages in the following countries: Borneo, Brazil, Burma, Finland, Formosa, Hong Kong, India, Indochina, Indonesia, Italy, Japan, Jordan, Lapland, Lebanon, Malaya, Mexico, Okinawa, Pakistan, Philippines, Puerto Rico, Switzerland, United States and Western Germany.

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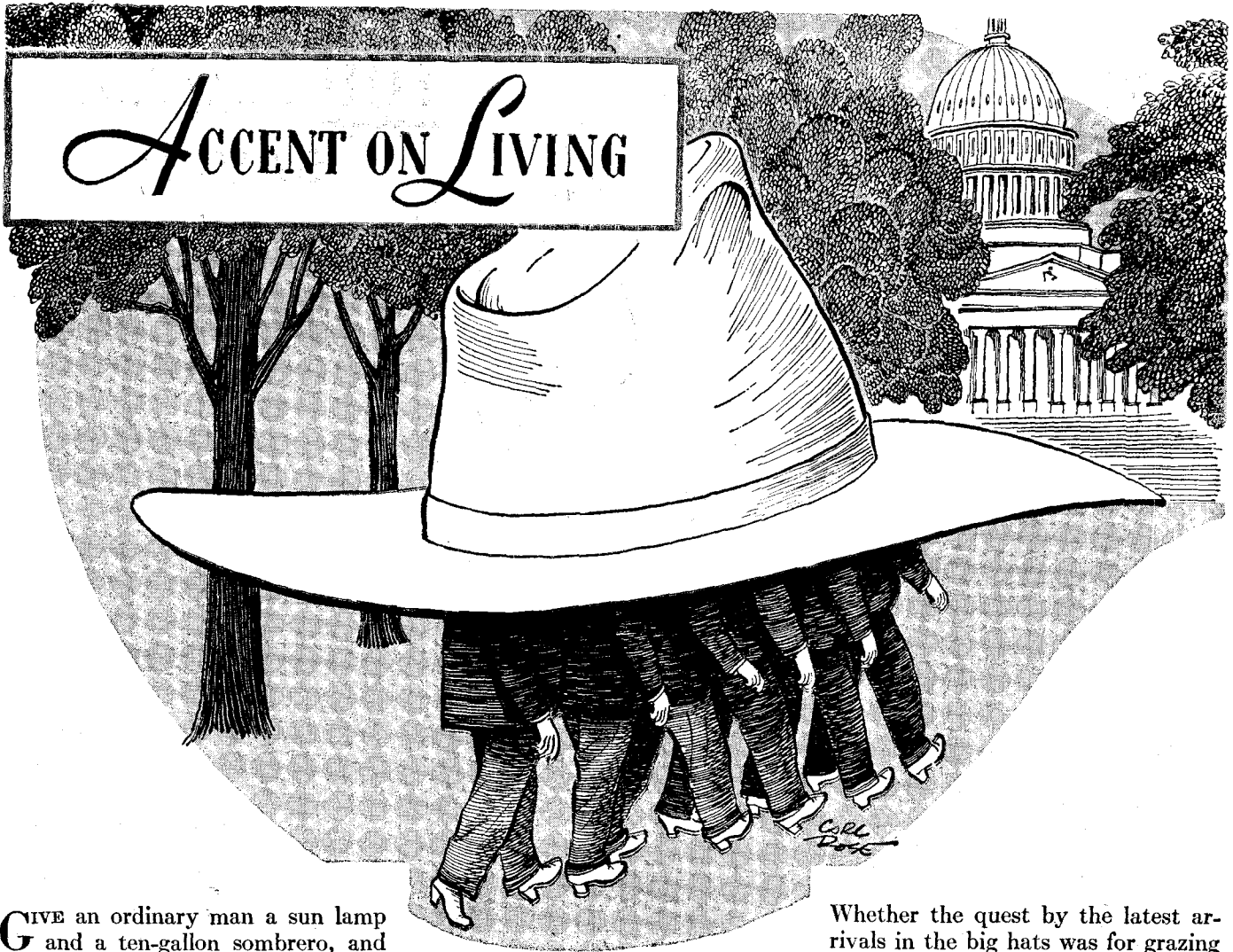
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# ACCENT ON LIVING



GIVE an ordinary man a sun lamp and a ten-gallon sombrero, and he can write his own ticket. Why this is so, nobody knows; but the combination of a tan and a Western hat seems to convince us all that their proprietor is a person of sterling worth, whose word is as good as wheat in the bin. Such a man stands above the chicanery of Homburg wearers and the pale, scheming, snap-brim people, who would cheat and hoodwink even their nearest and dearest. He comes among us, especially in the East, as a guileless, simple fellow, the sort of man more at home on the wind-swept prairie than in the counting rooms.

If he is a little man — a shrimp, if you please — he is probably tough and wiry and quick on the draw. The big man in the big hat is even more convincing; we envision him as one who likes to do business man-fashion — openhanded, genial, plain-spoken, and just as tough as the little chap when the chips are down. Both possess, in a degree certainly not shared by men in derbies or caps, the quality of courage — cold nerve. They care nothing what the odds may be.

What stirred me to these meditations was a newspaper photograph of

a half-dozen Westerners, all wearing big pearl-gray sombreros, who had just arrived in Washington. Without the hats, I dare say they would have looked like other middle-aged lobbyists invading the Capital, but the hats tend to blur the perceptions of the beholder. If one of the delegation was grinning too conscientiously, I found myself putting it down as joviality; the paunch of another was doubtless an aberration of the lens; and they all met my eye as honest outdoor folk, looking only for a square deal among the skinflints of the Interior Department and Congress.

As I looked at these upstanding men and the bold sweep of their hat-brims, I seemed to catch a whiff of sagebrush and saddle leather, to hear the sowbelly sizzling in the skillet and Old Paint whickering on his picket line.

Texans have been aided from time to time by the big hat — would it be fair to call it the hat trick? — in the recovery of their submarine oil resources (although Louisiana did just as well by snapping its galluses).

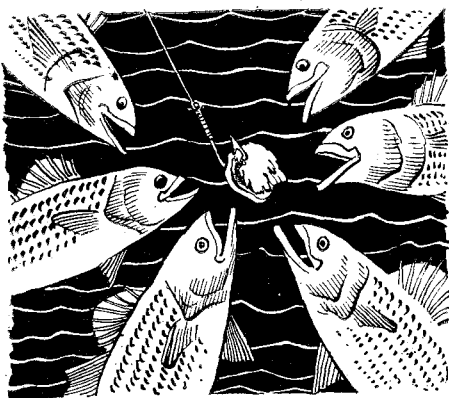
Whether the quest by the latest arrivals in the big hats was for grazing rights on the public lands, or a chance to use some of the timber now going to waste in the national forests, I do not recall.

But it's only common sense to make sure that we have plenty of critters on the range for our beefsteaks and enough lumber to help out on the housing shortage, especially when the proposition comes from such down-to-earth, friendly people as the men in the big hats. Let it not be said that we sent them back empty-handed to the Absarokas, or the Bitter Roots, Painted Post, Twin Buttes, or wherever they spread their blankets. In the name of hospitality alone, we ought to do something for them, and if a few acres of land — really nothing but scenery — are all they want, why not give it to them?

On realizing the direction in which my thoughts were turned by the newspaper photograph, I am moved to offer a few words of advice to legislators in general: whenever you are waited upon by a delegation of sun-burned men in \$200 sombreros, watch your national parks.

CHARLES W. MORTON





## THE PERFECT BAIT

by SCOTT CORBETT

*A native of Missouri, and thereby entitled to tell tall stories, SCOTT CORBETT now makes his home among the bass fishermen on Cape Cod. His newest book, We Chose Cape Cod, is scheduled for publication this month.*

THIS is the time of year when fishermen can't look at a page of print without seeing a column by some so-called expert telling us what kind of bait is best for what fish when; so while we're on that subject, I want to tell you about a little experience Judge Faggett and I had fishing on Cape Cod Bay.

We were out in the judge's skiff trolling for striped bass, and we weren't having any luck at all. The fishing had been terrible all week, and it hadn't improved any for us. We weren't getting a bite, we weren't getting a nibble. We weren't even getting a hard stare.

"Maybe we ought to try something else besides sea worms," I said. "We've tried 'em with spinners and spoons — maybe we should . . . Well, I don't know. Mac was telling me the fellows down that way have been using a blue nylon feather —"

"Poppycock!" snorted the judge. Judge Faggett is a large, imposing man, and his years on the bench somewhere — I never have found out exactly where — must have increased the powers of his voice. Nobody could have started out with a voice like that. His bald head was shaded by a discouraged old canvas hat, and he had on his usual fishing outfit — a set of garments which looked as if they had been stolen from some unusually slovenly sharecropper during the judge's recent swing through the South.

"All poppycock!" he went on. "Either they're biting or they're not.

People never stop to think what may be going on down there," he added, pointing to the water. Judge Faggett has a low opinion of people. "Maybe just this morning a mess of stripers ran into a mess of sea worms and had a regular feast. They're lying on the bottom down there picking their teeth with crab claws and groaning. One of 'em says to another, 'Friend, I'm so stuffed I couldn't look another sea worm in the face!' Just then some simpleton like us lets down a sea worm he's paid 75 cents hard-earned cash money a dozen for. What do the fish do? They take one look, burp quietly, and swim away fast as they can."

"I —"

"Stop talking so much and let's eat lunch," said Judge Faggett. "Get out the beer."

I stopped the boat, and we solaced ourselves with tomato-and-lettuce sandwiches and a few cans of beer.

"Another thing," Judge Faggett resumed. "People don't give fish credit for being as human as the next one. Fish are more like people than people think. They have fads just the same as people. One day some fish who's big and popular in the school decides he likes squid best, so for a while nothing will do but squid. It's all the fashion."

"Seems to me that that flies right in the face of your first thesis."

"My boy, you'd never make a judge," he said pityingly. "Hand me that sack of beer. And the opener."

I handed him the beer sack and the opener and dropped a piece of tomato out of my sandwich doing it. I picked it up off the floor boards and tossed it over the side.

There was a splash and a flip of a tail, and my eyes popped. "Judge! Did you see that?"

"See what?"

"That fish! It struck my tomato!"

Judge Faggett looked at the water and then he looked at me. "You're not getting any more beer," he said, rolling down the edge of the beer sack firmly.

"But I tell you it did! I threw out a hunk of tomato. The fish jumped. The tomato is gone."

"Took it down with him," snapped the judge.

With trembling fingers I picked another piece of tomato out of my sandwich. "We'll see," I said, and tossed it overboard.

*Slosh!*

"That was a worth-while fish,"

said Judge Faggett slowly, wiping the splash off his face. "How many more of those sandwiches have we?"

"Two."

"Get 'em out and let's bait up."

One hour later there wasn't foot-room on the floor boards.

"What I like about it is, only the big boys seem to go for it," said the judge as we gaffed a 50-pounder over the side. Water was lapping at the top of the gunwales.

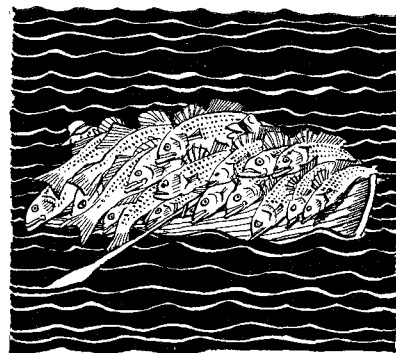
"Judge, we can't take any more fish," I said. "We don't dare. Any more and we'll sink — boat, fish, and all — and have to swim for it."

Judge Faggett cast a sharp glance toward the shore. "Think we could swim it from here?"

"Well, I don't know about you," I said somewhat vainly, "but I could."

"Then start swimming," said the judge, turning back to his work. "I'm going to boat a couple more."

"Now, there's several possibilities we've got to consider," said Judge Faggett back at the house, while I was drying my clothes in front of the fire. He poured himself a few more fingers of my best liquor and cleared his throat with it. "First of all, is it the tomatoes they like, or is it the mayonnaise? Well, they must have seen tomatoes before, and they must have seen mayonnaise. Lots of fishermen take tomato sandwiches with mayonnaise on them and drop pieces of 'em in the boat and then heave 'em out the way you did. Therefore, it must be either the special kind of tomato or the particular brand of mayonnaise. Now, those tomatoes out of your own garden certainly are exceptionally well adapted to the purpose. They stay on the hook. Those toma-



atoes have the nastiest, thickest, toughest skins I've ever seen."

I decided to overlook this insult, since it happened to be true. "Yes, but —"

"Now, the mayonnaise. What

brand of mayonnaise did you use?"

"Well, it's a new kind —"

"Ah!"

"It was on special. Cheaper than all the other brands at the supermarket, so my wife decided to try it."



"Now we're getting somewhere!" The judge rose and paced the floor for a moment, scratching his stomach thoughtfully, and then stabbed a finger at me. "Pick me up at 4 A.M. in the morning and we'll resume operations. Don't forget the mayonnaise. And the tomato. And the beer. Now let's drive down to the cove and go sell some fish."

We drove in the judge's jeep down to the out-of-the-way cove where we had beached his boat in order to keep the size of our catch a secret, and when we had loaded the stripers into the jeep we went out and sold part of them at each of four different fish markets, to keep anyone from getting wind of too much. During the fishing season, fishermen live in a police state of their own making. Every move a fisherman makes is watched. Meantime, he's watching all the others.

The second day we got the thing narrowed down in no time. Plain tomato got us nothing. Tomato with ordinary good mayonnaise got us nothing. But tomato with that bargain mayonnaise had our arms aching as we hauled them in.

"Prattley's Premier Mayonnaise," mused the judge, reading the label through his pince-nez, which were attached to his filthy fishing-jacket by a piece of 16-pound test Irish linen line. "I wonder if we could quietly pick up a block of stock in this concern? Well, that's for later. After we've completed our research. I can deduce part of this stuff's secret already, though. It's so guppy and gooky that even salt water doesn't wash it off the tomatoes. That's half the secret — it sticks."

Judge Faggett is a brilliant man. After all, he's a judge.

Well, the whole week went the same way. Every day we made a killing. Naturally, despite all our precautions, the other fishermen got suspicious and began to keep an eye on us, but we simply went off and fished in such unlikely places that they couldn't believe we'd get anything there. Wherever we went, though, the big ones followed. I suppose Judge Faggett and I are only flesh and blood, and prey to the same tendency to let success go to our heads as anyone else. It got so we were throwing back the 40-pounders.

The fifth day the wind came up a little too heavy to go out. "We won't let the day go to waste. We've got a job to do," said Judge Faggett, and we did it. We spent the day driving up and down the Cape buying up every jar of Prattley's Premier Mayonnaise we could find. We found 1263 jars. Judge Faggett was determined to corner the market if it took every cent I had.

The next day the weather leveled off and we went out again — and it happened. I knew something was wrong the minute I let out my line, because I ran out 75 feet without getting a strike. After I stopped my reel I still didn't get any action. Judge Faggett wasn't getting any either. We looked at each other, and the judge's nose seemed drained of color.

"I knew it! It was just a fad! A fish fad!" he groaned. "Now they've gone on to something else. The question is, what?"

"I'm not so sure," I said. "Something funny is going on here. I keep getting touches — extremely light touches. It's as if my tomato were out of balance. That's it! I'll bet

there's something wrong with the mayonnaise today. I'll bet it's coming off!"

"Poppycock!" snapped Judge Faggett. "I tell you they've had enough of Prattley's. I *told* you this would happen," he added not quite accurately, as even judges sometimes will in the heat of a bad moment.

"Well, I'm going to reel in for a look at my bait," I declared, and began slowly reeling in. All the way, that strange action of my line continued. It was scarcely discernible, and yet it was there. Then, as the end of my line approached the boat —

"Great jumping Jeroboams!" the judge shouted under his breath, if you know how I mean. "Look at that monster!"

It was by half again the biggest striper we had ever seen. Long as the boat. Must have weighed a hundred. Sure world's record. And it was slowly and contentedly licking the tomato like a kid licking an ice-cream cone. "Judge! They don't want the tomato any more," I whimpered. "They've learned to lick off the mayonnaise!"

Judge Faggett collapsed from a half-standing position onto the center thwart, and his huge pot sagged in defeat. "We're whipped," he muttered. "Plain and simple whipped."

We've talked it over up one side and down the other ever since last summer, but we haven't been able to come up with anything yet. So if you can think of any way to put Prattley's Premier Mayonnaise on a hook and keep striped bass from licking it off we'll *give* you a jar. You can get in touch with us % General Delivery, Cape Cod.

## MAP

by LIONEL WIGGAM

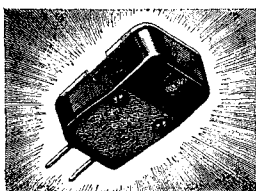
THE shallow hills are marked in shades of coral.  
The fields are silver-gray, a color of rain.  
This is the land we mean to take tomorrow.  
It is a level, uncomplex terrain.  
The parallel, darker lines are roads, the curliest  
Are little streams; the whole is scaled for distance.  
We shall launch out at daybreak at the earliest.  
We should encounter little or no resistance.

Of all impersonal things, a map is coldest.  
It does not tell us of the gullies where  
Mushrooms grow thickest, or which elm is oldest,  
Or where with spice wild marjoram clots the air,  
Or where a woman for simple loneliness wept,  
Or a boy ran into the sun, or lovers slept.



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by JOHN M. CONLY

**Albéniz-Arbós: Iberia** (George Sebastian conducting Orchestre des Concerts Colonne; Urania: 12" LP). Arbós orchestrated his friend Albéniz's piano suite in 1927, losing no delicacy or folk flavor, and adding sensuous appeal. Urania has recorded it richly. Wonderfully Spanish!

**Beethoven: Septet in E Flat with Cherubini: Symphony in D** (Arturo Toscanini conducting NBC Symphony; RCA Victor: 12" LP). Two favorites of the Maestro and his Saturday network following, performed with grace, fondness, and fantastic virtuosity; recorded with great clarity.

**Beethoven-Weingartner: Hammerklavier Sonata** (Kurt Graunke conducting Bavarian Symphony Orchestra; Urania: 12" LP). In orchestrating the *Hammerklavier*, the late Dr. Weingartner said he used no orchestral devices unknown to Beethoven—and he was a Beethoven authority. Yet, for some reason, this transcription always sounds more like Brahms, with touches of Wagner. Graunke's vividly reproduced performance is romantic. Weingartner's own performance, on LP reprint, will have been issued by Columbia when this review appears.

**Charpentier, Marc-Antoine: Médée** (excerpts); (Nadia Boulanger conducting vocal soloists, chorus, and instrumental ensemble; Decca: 12" LP). Charpentier's *Médée* ("Medea") was produced only four years after the premier of Purcell's *Dido*, to which it bears an astonishing and delightful resemblance, even to the wry treatment of a grim theme. The Boulanger group sing and play it faultlessly, and the engineers have treated them well.

**Festival of Choral Music** (Choral Chamber Group of Pamplona; Westminster: 12" LP). Pure, undiluted, heart-warming charm is the magical ingredient in this amateur Spanish group's success, though there is competence aplenty, too. The repertory ranges from classics to folk songs. Listen and succumb!

**Flamenco** (Carlos Montoya, gui-



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tar; Lydia Ibarrondo, mezzo-soprano; Remington: 12" LP). Splendidly infectious rhythm in big, gay sound. Authentic, too.

**Goeb, Roger: Symphony No. 3 with Bartók: Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion** (Leopold Stokowski conducting symphony orchestra; Gerson Yessin and Raymond Viola, pianos; RCA Victor: 12" LP). The jacket notes describe the Goeb symphony as, frankly, hard to take. It's not. Its idiom is modern, but it's gay and communicative. The Goeb and the more familiar Bartók get fine high-fidelity treatment from Stokowski and his confreres.

**Liszt: Concerto No. 1; Hungarian Fantasy** (Claudio Arrau, piano; Eugene Ormandy conducting Philadelphia Orchestra; Columbia: 12" LP). Columbia here challenges, directly, Westminster's hi-fi feat with the "Triangle" concerto. Who wins is open to dispute; the sounds are different, and about equally spectacular. Ormandy's orchestra stands the exposure much the better.

**Morley and others: The Triumphs of Oriana** (David Randolph conducting Randolph Singers; Westminster: two LPs in album, with

text). About 1600, Thomas Morley (as editor) and twenty-four of England's best madrigal composers prepared a musical bouquet for their queen, Elizabeth I. The coronation year of Elizabeth II seemed to David Randolph a good time to reassemble and record the madrigal bouquet, so he did. It's a beautiful job. Randolph even dug up seven madrigals that missed Morley's deadline. The engineers haven't lost a syllable.

**Mozart: Divertimento in E Flat Major, K. 563** (Jean Pougnet, violin; Frederick Riddle, viola; Anthony Pini, cello; Westminster: 12" LP). Why Mozart called this six-movement trio a divertimento is a mystery. Written in his maturity, it is a big, deep, attention-gripping work, played here with taste and verve in a live, close-up recording.

**Ravel: Daphnis and Chloë** (Ernest Ansermet conducting Orchestre de la Suisse Romande and Geneva Motet Choir; London: 12" LP). This review was delayed through mischance, but it is still worth pointing out that here is one of the year's great recording "firsts" — a true masterwork (complete) played by exactly the right musicians and recorded to perfection.

**Schubert: Symphony No. 4, "Tragic"** (Eduard van Beinum conducting Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra; London: 12" LP). Schubert was only nineteen when he wrote this; its "tragedy" consists of a few Beethovenian touches. Just the same, it is endlessly inventive and melodic. Both performance and recording do it justice.

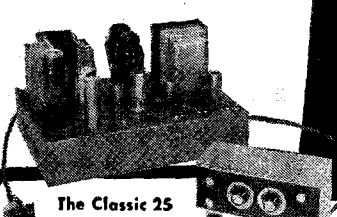
**Villa-Lobos: Cirandas** (Joseph Battista, piano; M-G-M: 12" LP). A week before he made this recording, Battista received a final coaching from the composer, who was happy about his interpretation — and so should you be! This piano-song cycle, under Battista's driving fingers, is wild, eloquent, moving, and beautiful. The piano sound is full, a little clangorous, just as it ought to be.

**Benny Goodman Presents Eddie Sauter Arrangements; Benny Goodman Presents Fletcher Henderson Arrangements** (Benny Goodman with his new and "old" orchestras; Columbia: two separate 12" LPs). Almost no comment is needed, except that the new band, recorded just before Goodman's ill-fated tour, sounds fine in hi-fi. The interlarded reprints originated in the late 1930s.

**Sauter and Finegan: Extended Play Suite** (Sauter-Finegan Orchestra; RCA Victor: EP 45). Apparently this is the first composition written for the new 12-minute 45 rpm records. It's really two works, Sauter's *Horseplay* and Finegan's *Child's Play*. Both are grown-up, fanciful, clever, and appealing in the extreme. The reproduction is spectacular.

**Shakespeare: Hamlet** (John Gielgud, Dorothy McGuire, Pamela Brown; directed by Homer Fickett for The Theatre Guild on the Air; RCA Victor: two 12" LPs, boxed with text). This radio version exemplifies some very clever, if extreme, cutting. Unfortunately, the acting is hurried and unsubtle, John Gielgud's incessant hollow vibrato being especially tiresome. Just passable.

**Adlai Stevenson Speaks** (Campaign speeches, edited by James Fleming; RCA Victor: 12" LP). Through September of 1952, Democratic Presidential Candidate Adlai Stevenson stuck to campaign topics. In October, for reasons known best to himself, he suddenly began to discuss, almost as a nonpartisan, the great issues of the day — and as few people ever had heard them discussed before. The man is a rare, real orator.

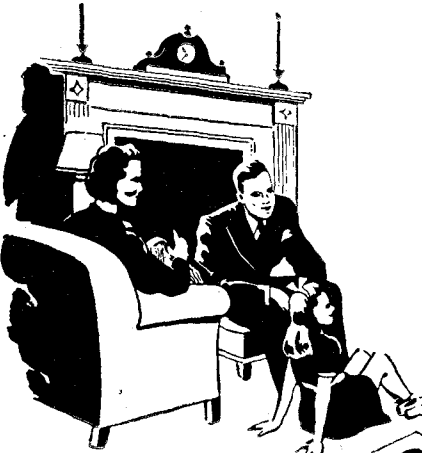


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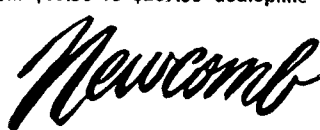
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## THE OTHER FOOT

by EDWARD WEEKS

*As the most peripatetic of the Atlantic's staff, EDWARD WEEKS has long had an occupational interest in feet and footwear.*

**D**URING the war I was in London when the first detachment of American WACS arrived, and I well remember what an impression they made on the British populace as they marched down the Strand. London was used to uniforms but this was something new. People stopped and stared. Our girls did look trim and attractive, and for all that mannish uniform their curves showed. But what really slayed the spectators was their legs. "Oh, I say," said the English woman standing next to me, "look at those legs, those long, beautiful legs!" And she spoke as much in envy as in admiration.

Now there is, of course, a fundamental difference between the British and the American build. The English woman with her nobbish little felt hat and rough tweed to set off her squareness suggests the rectangle; whereas the American, who is more rangy and longer-limbed, suggests the triangle. As a rule the English woman wears a skirt to conceal her legs, and the American to reveal hers. And that day in London, as I saw both types in motion, I was struck by the fact that a good shoe is essential in showing off a good leg.

Whoever designed the shoes and slippers for our WACS and WAVES did a neat and superlative job: they were easy to look at; they were practical; they had just enough heel and just enough point to please the male eye.

But what a job was perpetrated on American women not in uniform! I mean both during the war and after. Here was a time of shortage; silk and

nylon stockings were mighty scarce. So what did your anonymous fashion designers do? They gave you the Open Toe. This was certainly no thing of beauty. A woman has several more attractive features than her big toe, especially if the toe is glimpsed through a semi-soiled stocking. To paraphrase my friend Ogden Nash:

A toe when it's exposed to air  
Quickly loses its savoir faire.

It does indeed. And a toe when it is exposed to the subway does not bloom as a rose. It gets stepped on, the toenail cracked, and grimy.

In the Open Toe women mooched along, collecting pebbles, cinders, grime, in their shoes. Their stockings never looked quite clean; and thanks to the flow of raw materials, their nylons wore out much faster than if they'd been decently clad. This, as I've said, in a time of shortage.

The man who designed the Open Toe probably intended it as a hoax. Being taken seriously, he went a step further. Open up the heel too! So now you had an Open Toe and an Open Heel with a thin bracelet of leather to keep the contraption on the foot.

Happy day! This paid off in two new models. There was the low-heel, no-heel sandal type which went flap, flap, as the flapper — or her aunt — trod on parquet, the club porch, or the ballroom floor, there being no possible way of keeping the heel and the sole of the shoe intact. That this is the noisiest shoe yet invented sounds clear when you hear your charmer descending a wooden staircase.

The second model was the wedgie. The designer of the wedgie discarded the notion that a woman's foot could be dainty and her ankle trim; he thought it more natural that they should clump about as if they had been born with hooves. All the graceful part of the shoe was filled in solid. You get the same effect if you root around in the hall closet and find some worn-out rubbers, lash these in a black mass to the rear of an old shoe, and what have you? Well, you have a heavy, awkward stilted object which looks as if the wearer needed crutches. To get along, that is.

These assaults on women's feet have gone on and on. And at last the young girls themselves have risen in rebellion. Since it is the secret ambition of most of them to be ballet

dancers, what was more natural than that they should take refuge in the simplicity of ballet slippers. Now the ballet slipper may be the perfect mount for the perfect leg but, brother, what it does to those that aren't! Women look different when you see them flat-footed. Not till I saw Bostonians in ballet slippers did I realize how many of them were bowlegged.

There are a number of girls' schools in the neighborhood of my office, and as I watch the students from my window it occurs to me that they are having to adopt a new kind of walk. The ballet slippers very evidently stretch to the point where they won't stay on at the heel, so the wearer goes shuffling along, shuffle, shuffle, shuffle, with the toes pointed straight up in the air to hold the flimsy things, looking for all the world like a medieval court jester. The ballet slipper, of course, is not a very hardy protection against winter, and the leaping that goes on over our slushy, snowy Boston curbs is a sight to see.

I am old enough not to expect to have my advice about clothes taken seriously by the women in my family. But as a taxpayer and bill payer, as a husband and father, I should like to know, Who is responsible for women's shoes?

*Author's note:* The shoe men really



like has a high, thin heel, a sleek (closed) pointed toe; it fits tightly enough to arch the foot, and is of any good leather.

## KINGFISHER

by R. P. LISTER

A SHARP blue glitter on the stream  
Vanished as quickly as a scream,  
But left, vibrating on the air,  
A sharp blue glittering echo there.



## STRICTLY FROM THE BIRDS

by WILLIAM E. WILSON

WILLIAM E. WILSON, a native Hoosier and a Harvard graduate, is now Professor of English and Chairman of the Creative Writing Program at Indiana University. His most recent book, *The Strangers*, a novel, was published last year.

NOT long ago I was beguiled into the hobby of identifying birds by their songs on the assumption that it was an innocent and diverting pastime. Before I graduated from the book-and-tiptoe stage of bird-listening, I became convinced that ornithologists are as flighty as the creatures they study and that any attention lavished upon their subject only brings out the worst in our little feathered fiends.

Take, for example, my experience with the call of the Yellowthroat. To identify this bird, as I lurked in the honeysuckle thicket it frequented along with several million mosquitoes, I first had to tune out such sounds as the honk of frogs in a pond near by, the barking of a neighbor's dog, and the whine of a power saw in a half-constructed house a half mile away. At the same time I had to keep in mind the disagreement among my bird books.

One of these said the song of the Yellowthroat was a simple "witchity-witchity-witch," while another ascribed to it a complex "witchity-ta-witchity-ta-witchity-ta-witch," and a third and fourth worked out even more involved scholarly transcriptions. After twenty minutes in the honeysuckle, I invariably became so confused by the sounds that struck both my outward and my inward ear that I gave up and settled for the whine of the power saw. I still have it recorded in my notebook as the

call of the Black-throated Sparrow, which one of my authorities describes as "a hearty zip-zip-zip-zee-zee-zee."

Although my authorities on bird songs were only slightly less confused than the birds themselves, I made excuses for them at first. After all, none of the birds I knew enunciated very clearly, except the Bobwhite, and ornithologists are only human. It was not until I discovered how human they are that I became thoroughly disillusioned. The neuroses those fellows suffer from are something strictly for the birds.

The cry of the Ovenbird and what they do with it will illustrate what I mean. One of my books described it as "teacher, teacher, teacher," while another insisted that it is "Beecher, Beecher, Beecher." The discrepancy seems innocent enough until we examine these two authorities a little further. Then we discover that the one who heard the Ovenbird cry "teacher" noted also that it was conspicuous for its "pale pinkish legs"; whereas the one who heard it call "Beecher" reports elsewhere that the song of the Chestnut-sided Warbler is "I wish to see Miss Beecher." One does not have to be much of a psychologist to see what has happened here: this Miss Beecher was a teacher who distracted both these men in their schooldays and left one of them, at least, with a permanent traumatic fixation.

Such men are of course more to be pitied than censured. And perhaps there is no real harm in some of the others who indulge in the vain and petty practice of ascribing their own unbirdlike names to the helpless creatures they study. If Mr. Wilson and Mr. Harris want to pin their hopes of immortality on the tail of a sparrow, I suppose there is no great harm done to science. But there is a third group of ornithologists whose foibles make them downright unscientific, in my esteem. I am thinking of

those who lose their objectivity and indulge in the most obvious kinds of favoritism and prejudice.

Can there be any other explanation of the statement in one of my bird books that the Scarlet Tanager "sounds like a Robin with a sore throat"? Is there any conceivable excuse for the universal conspiracy among the ornithologists against the Booby, the Noddy, the Coot, and the Widgeon, whose vocalizations are not even recorded in my books? Is there any reason why the honest amateur who pays good money for these volumes should himself be given the bird, too, along with the birds? If you want to recognize the White-eyed Vireo, says one of these men of science, listen for him to say, "See me, you hick!"

But of course it is the birds themselves who are the first and worst offenders; after a very few weeks of bird-listening I decided that the sanest of men devoting himself to their twitterings and twirpings is in danger of becoming somewhat twittery and



twirpy himself. If you ask me, a bird in the bush is where it belongs, and anyone who tries to figure out what it is saying will soon find himself listening up the wrong tree.

I must confess, however, that I did learn one thing of value from my brief experience with birds and bird books. Now, whenever one of my bird-loving friends suggests a bird-walk, I answer in the words of the Brown-headed Nuthatch, "Nya — nya!"

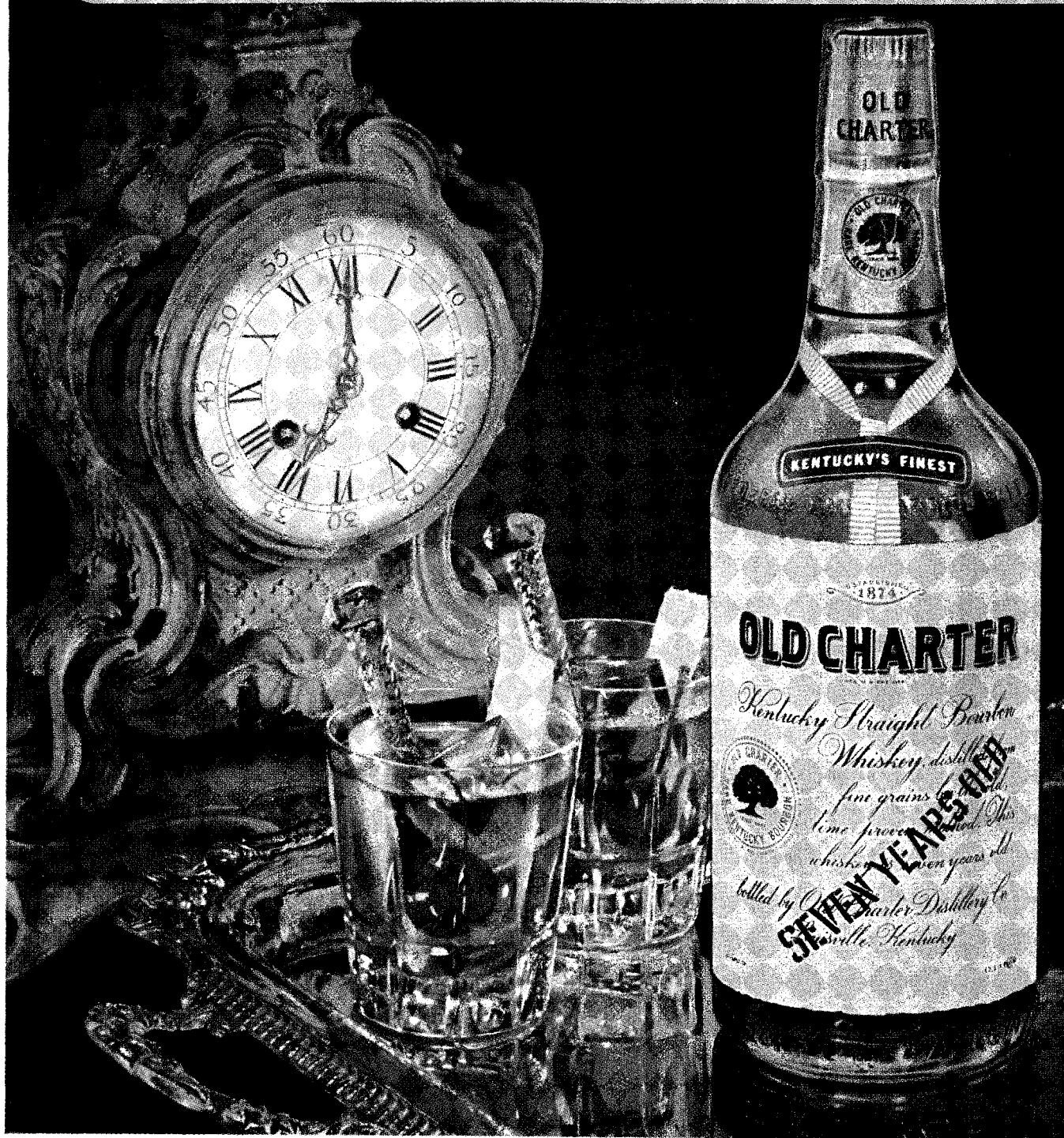
## THE SEA HORSE

by ROBERT GRAVES

TENDERLY confide your secret love,  
For one who never pledged you less than love,  
To this indomitable hippocamp,  
Child of your element, coiled a-ramp,  
Having ridden out worse tempests than you know of:  
Make much of him in your despair, and shed  
Salt tears to bathe his taciturn dry head.



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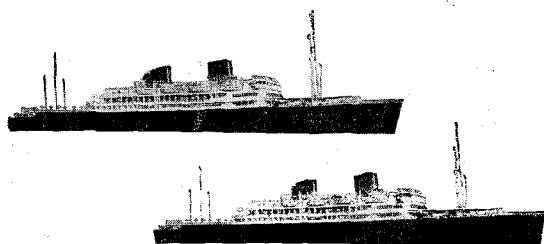
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